Nov. 30, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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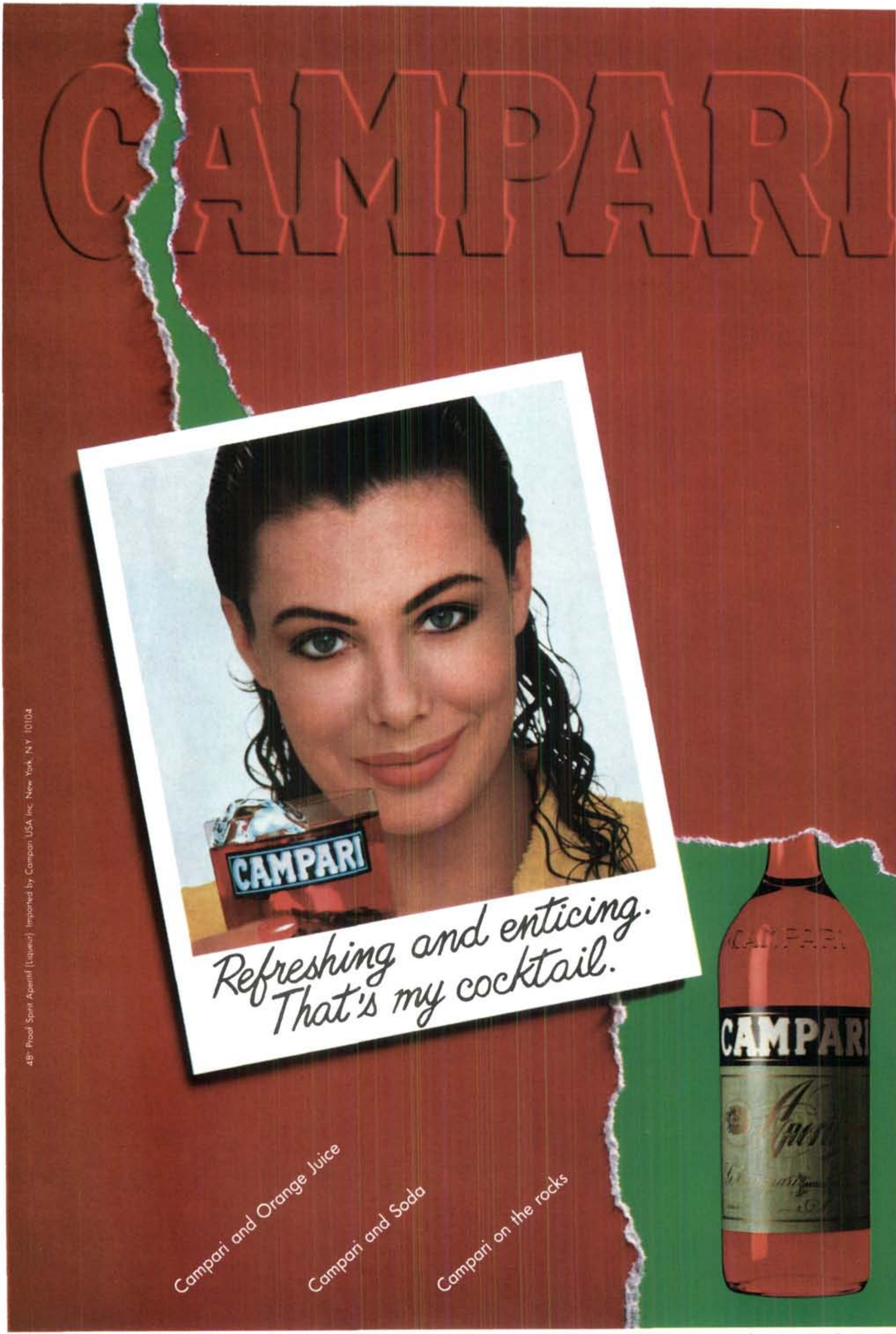
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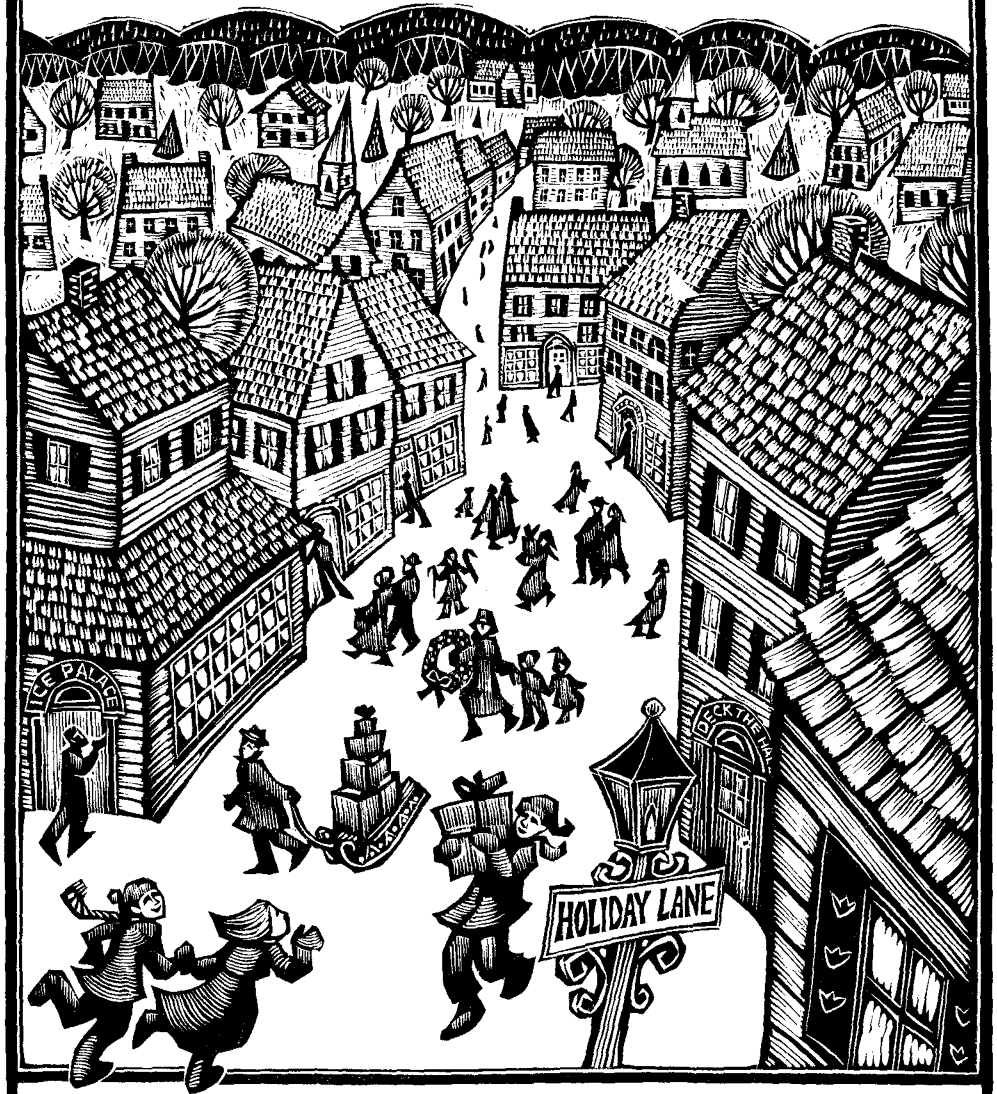

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Elektra—The première of a 1951 play by Ezra Pound. With Pamela Reed and Nancy Marchand. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210 Wednesday through Saturday, excep Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturday an Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a blac garbageman, formerly a baseball player o professional calibre, is as powerful as, an even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Blac Bottom." The triumphant performance, wit James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charle Brown, was directed by Lloyd Richards (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46t St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays a 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25 and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; specia matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy abou sex and the sudden onset of love in a apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fiftie Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the directio of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Manhatta Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55t St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sunday at 7 Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Afte Sunday, Nov. 29, no performances unti Friday, Dec. 4, when the show will reope at the Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St., 541 8394.)

House Arrest—Bill Bozzone's somewhat surrea domestic comedy chooses to see the world a

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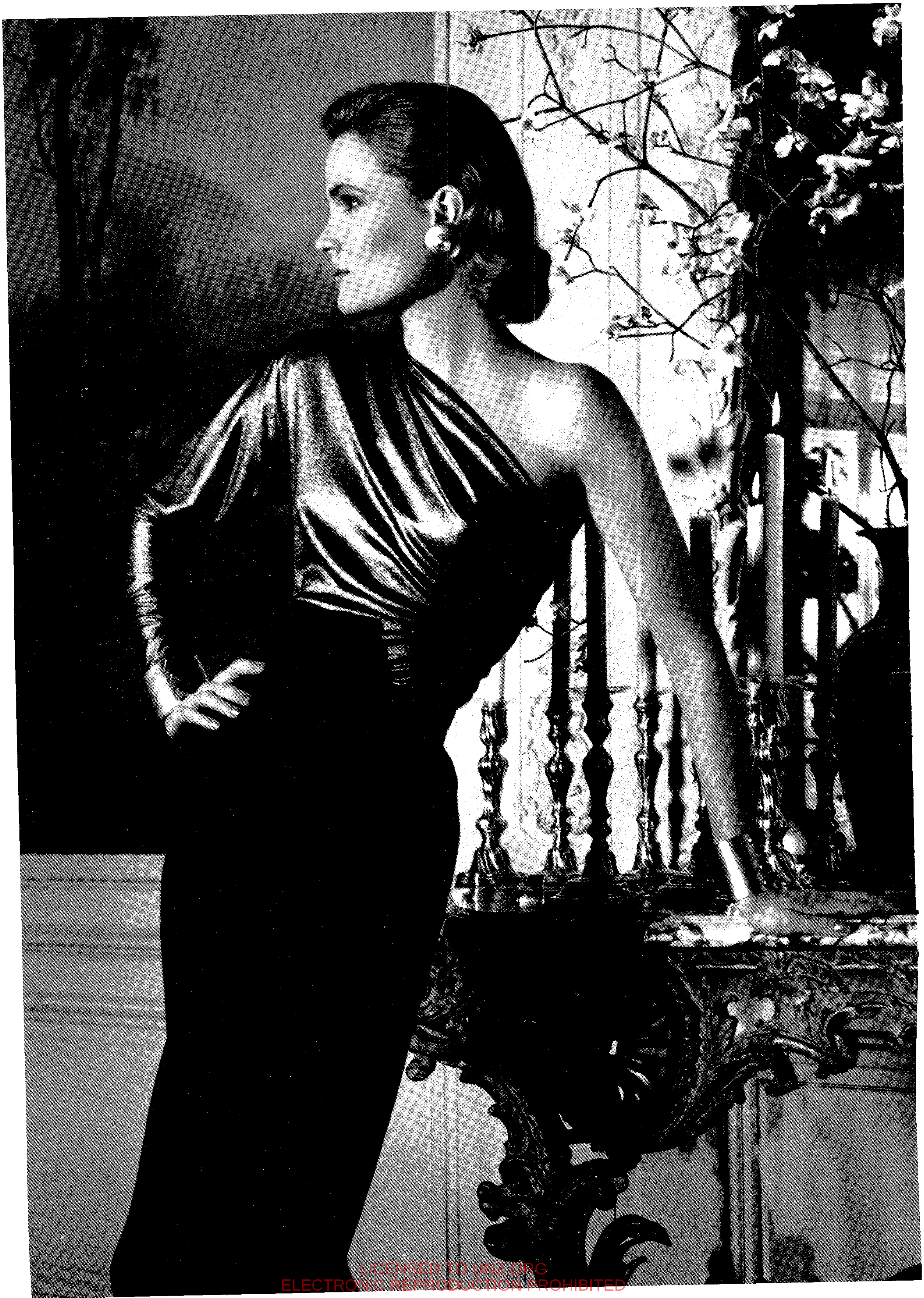

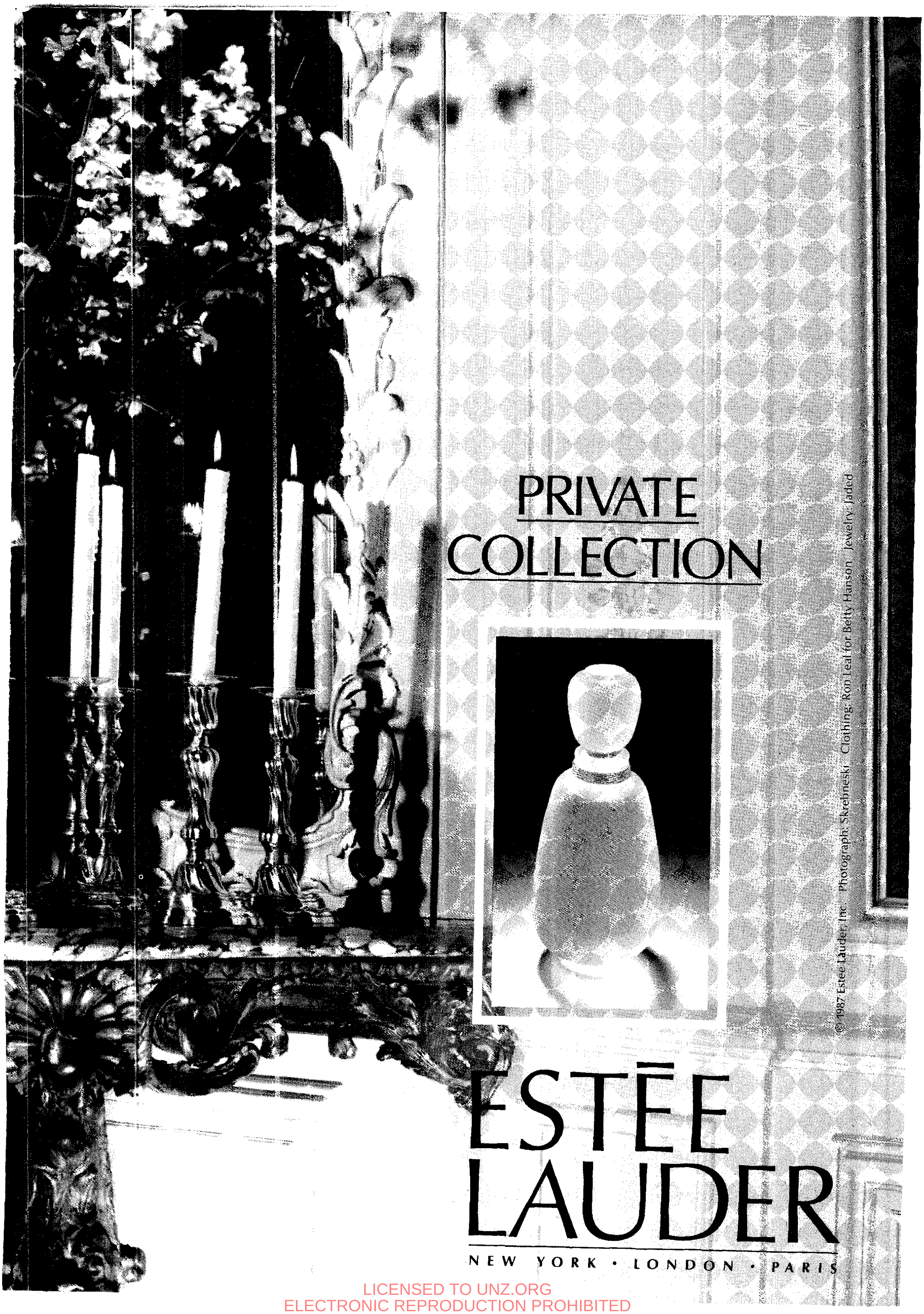

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an endless series of tract houses in which voracious, predatory women keep their sons and husbands prisoner in basement rooms. It's less authentic and original than the playwright's earlier work but manages to be funnier and less hateful than the material might suggest. The direction, by Risa Bramon, is so frenetic that even the furniture seems to be overacting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

LAUGHING WILD—Christopher Durang's comedy is not quite vintage Durang, but there is much wit and fun in it all the same. His performance and E. Katherine Kerr's are all they should be, under Ron Lagomarsino's nimble direction. (11/23/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE MAHABHARATA—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

MEDEA—Charles Ludlam's freely adapted fifty-minute version of Euripides' drama. With Black-Eyed Susan and Everett Quinton; a production of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, and Sundays at 8; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE—A revival of a 1962 play by Tennessee Williams. With Elizabeth Ashley, Stephen McHattie, Amanda Plummer, and Marian Seldes. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. Starting Monday, Nov. 30, Gary Morris will replace Mr. Wilkinson. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MOMS—A celebration of the comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

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THE NERD—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A dreary revival of John Steinbeck's dreary play about a pair of ranch hands—smart little George and big stupid Lennie. (11/2/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

OLD BUSINESS—Joe Silver and Michael Wikes in a two-character play written and directed by Joe Cacaci. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER—A return engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Wednesday, Nov. 25, Monday, Nov. 30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3-4, all at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3 and 7:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 6:30.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 27, at 7 and 10.)

LA PUTA VIDA TRILOGY—Three one-act plays by Reinaldo Povod. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SARAFINA!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.)

SCOONCAT—A play by Eve Ensler, with Dylan McDermott. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—Barbara Lebow's well-wrought and deeply moving play about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era is set in 1946. The production is beautifully directed (by Mary B Robinson) and designed (by William Barclay), and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor who comes to New York in search of her husband, and the other by Paul Sparer as her father, who failed to get her out of Europe before the Nazi invasion. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

SHERLOCK'S LAST CASE—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Dona Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov 27, at 2.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A bore on roller skates (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STEEL MAGNOLIAS—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a smal town in Louisiana, and much of the content i the often amusing, wisecracking chatter o the proprietress, her assistant, and fou steady customers. A rather pathetic story i told as well. The performances are good especially those of Betsy Aidem and Rosemary Prinz. Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87 (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TALK RADIO—A strong and funny play by Eri Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornfu host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87 (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov 29.)

TEDDY & ALICE—Len Cariou gives a powerful subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevel and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richar Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), i surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lightin by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robi Wagner, and the choreography by Donal Saddler are all admirable, as is the directio by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45t St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3; special matinée Frida Nov. 27, at 3.)

THAT SERIOUS HE-MAN BALL—A play by Alonzo Lamont, Jr. (American Place, 111 W. 46th S 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

TRINITY—Three one-act plays by Edgar Whit (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand S 598-0400. Thursdays, except Thanksgivin through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturda and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comed in which Neil Simon studies the middle-cla depths from which he sprang and has ke springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 23 6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Friday

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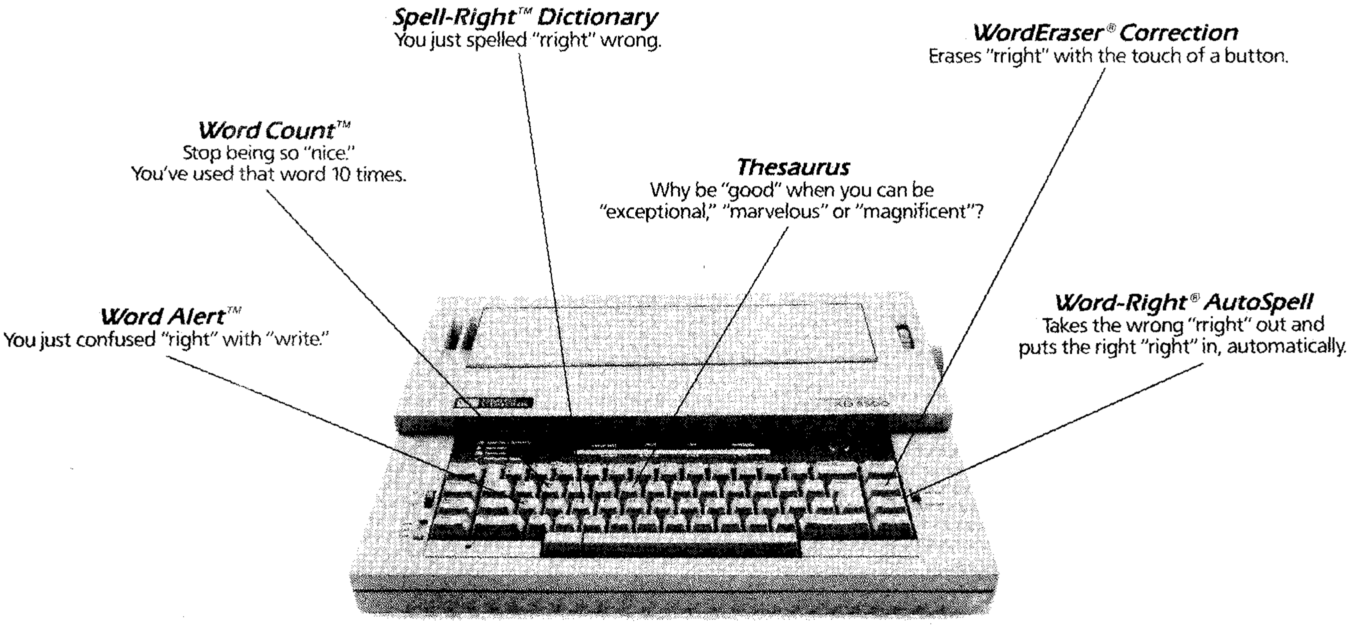
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and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,480 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Presenting **"ZANGEZI"**—Peter Sellars' staging of Velimir Khlebnikov's 1922 drama. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2 and 7. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ The Squat Theatre production of **"'L' TRAIN TO ELDORADO"**—Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 2-5, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 7. . . . ¶ John Adams' opera **"NIXON IN CHINA"**—With a libretto by Alice Goodman, choreography by Mark Morris, and direction by Peter Sellars. Friday, Dec. 4, at 7, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8. Through Thursday, Dec. 17. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 11 and 2:30; and Friday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6.)

Big Apple Circus—The seventh season at Lincoln Center for this one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park. Thursday, Nov. 26, and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 27, Sunday, Nov. 29, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 12:30 and 4; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 12:30, 4, and 8; Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3-4, at 11 and 7:30. The 7:30 performance on Dec. 3 will benefit the Children's Aid Society. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

Prison-Made Tuxedos—A play by George W. S. Trow about himself and jazz saxophonist Frank Morgan. The cast includes Mr. Morgan and his quartet, which will also provide onstage music. Directed by David Warren; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8.)

Circumstances—A one-man show written and performed by Louis Mustillo. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 691-7641. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julie Wilson: From Weill to Sondheim (A Concert)—Perhaps this "concert" should be titled "From Weill *and* Sondheim," since the first half is Weill and the second Sondheim. Miss Wilson is something between a *chanteuse* and a *raconteuse:* her way of talking through a song until its dramatic climax is perfectly suited to Weill (whose melodies were written to be growled anyway) and Sondheim (whose greatest talents are verbal). The program is well chosen—familiar favorites as well as songs more rarely heard—and stylishly performed by Miss Wilson and her fine accompanist, William Roy. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Second Avenue—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Sing Hallelujah!—A gospel-music revue. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "La Sonnambula," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1: "Allegro Brillante," "La Sonnambula," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Gounod Symphony," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3-4, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb 21.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 27—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: An all-Katherine Dunham program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3 at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness,' "Survivors," and "Caverna Magica." . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Speeds," "Bad Blood," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Divining," "Witness,' "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Speeds," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Final performances—"Presley Pieces," "Two Hearts in 3/4 Time," and "The Rainbow Room.' (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St 242-0800. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday Nov. 27, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8 and Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 7:30.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7, and Thursday, Dec. 3, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8 "Summer-Clouds People," "God the Reveller" (New York première), and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:30: "Today, with Dragon," "Ahab," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2: "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," "Black Lake," and "Agathlon." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Randy Warshaw Dance Company—Presenting "Sanctus" and "Fragile Anchor." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday Nov. 29, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Home of the bon mot, now the property of Caesar Park Hotels, a subsidiary of a Japanese conglomerate. **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** winds up her visit on Saturday, Nov. 28; **JULIE WILSON** begins a monthlong run on Tuesday, Dec. 1. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** small, delicate voice, a precision instrument, is the fashion here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight. **KAREN AKERS,** cool and long-limbed and a model of cabaret chic, sings at nine Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 25-26; at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28; and at seven and nine on Sunday, Nov. 29.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475 8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaque that are engraved with the names of visitin jazz stars and embedded in the blue table appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** whose name alon summons up coattails flying, will be out in front of his mighty sixteen-piece swing band on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 25-26 The Buddy Rich big band, which is now

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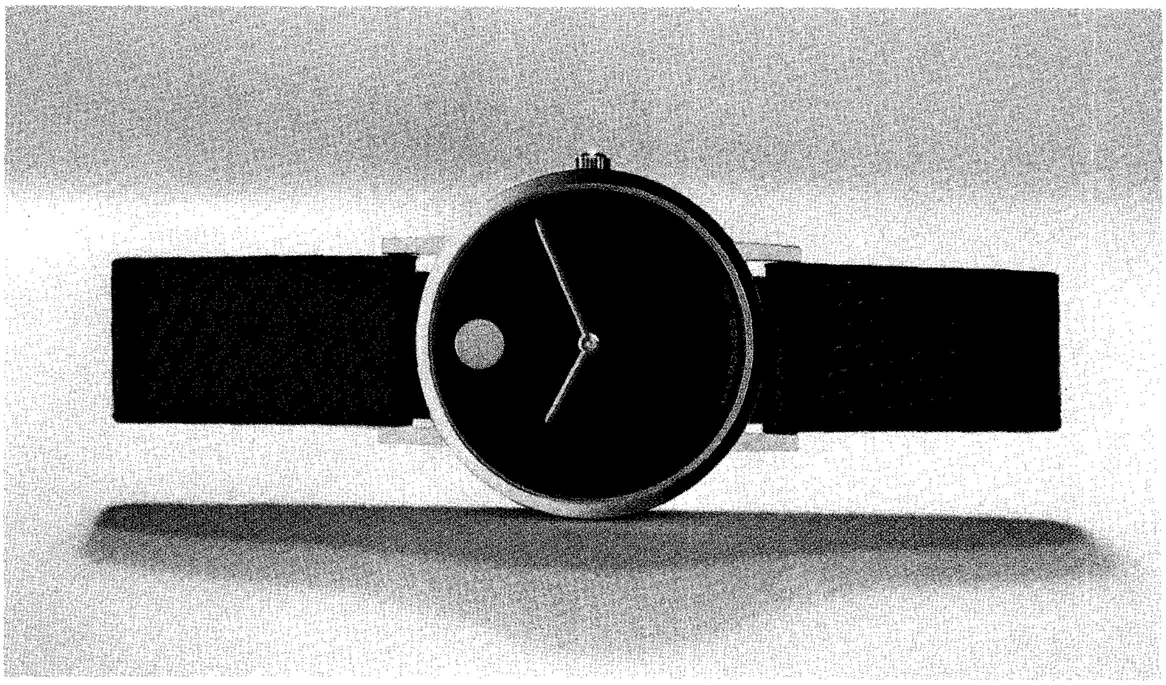

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under the leadership of tenor saxophonist and longtime Rich hand **STEVE MARCUS**, works out Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29; **ANITA O'DAY** will sing with it. Peter Yellin leads a combo on Monday, Nov. 30. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—*A vast pillared emporium that caters* to various musical tastes. **JOHN SCOFIELD**, a guitarist who spent several years in Miles Davis's electric funk shop, leads his own airy funk band Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28. **MARIANNE FAITHFULL**, a reformed bad girl of rock and roll who has taken to doing sad old numbers such as "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" and "Yesterdays" (in a voice that's a croak), will be here Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1. Thursday, Dec. 3, is Phil Ochs Song Night. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, one of the wonders of bop piano, works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Sunday, Nov. 29, alto saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** teams up with pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **CURTIS LUNDY**; and on Monday, Nov. 30, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**, the veteran baritone crooner whose *suave rumblings are made to accompany* smooching, holds forth through Sunday, Nov. 29; **IRENE REID**, a onetime Basie band vocalist, comes in on Tuesday, Dec. 1. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT**. He's flanked by **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums). Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **MC COY TYNER**, whose thundering, rhythmically insistent piano works on some people like an incantation, directs his thirteen-piece band through Sunday, Nov. 29; starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, drummer **LOUIE BELLSON** will be behind the wheel of a big band. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 25, **HAL SCHAEFER**; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 26-28, Keith MacDonald; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, **JOANNE BRACKEEN**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays, the twangy-voiced **BOB DOROUGH** is in the *catbird seat, singing such things as* "Your Feet's Too Big," Randy Newman's "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear," Henry Nemo's "'Tis Autumn" (which he embellishes with whistling wind sounds), and his own "Bijou" (a bossa-nova-ish song about love and insanity). **BILL TAKAS**, his longtime partner, is on bass. Music from ten. **BROOKS KERR**, a major fund of Ellingtonia, plays and sings Mondays through Fridays from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. Wednesday, Nov. 25, bassist-singer **JAY LEONHART** and guitarist **JOE BECK**; Friday, Nov. 27, Richard Rodney Bennett; Saturday, Nov. 28, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** trio; Monday, Nov. 30, pianist Andy Tuck; and Tuesday, Dec. 1, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER**. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

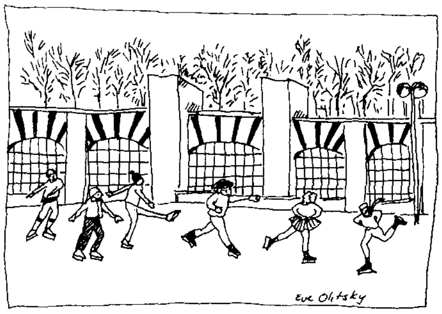
JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The excellent **SYLVIA SYMS** is the singer, and **DAVID LAHM** (piano) and **STEVE LA SPINA** (bass) are her accompanists, through Saturday, Nov. 28. Sundays are reserved for **BARBARA LEA**, and Dolly Dawn sings on Monday, Nov. 30. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays, and at six and eight on Sundays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **BILL MAYS** performs on it, with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** at his side, through Saturday, Nov. 28; **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** work together starting Tuesday, Dec. 1. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. No music Thanksgiving.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Saturday, Nov. 28, Carmaig de Forest; Monday, Nov. 30, saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, the **SOLOMONIC QUARTET** (trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, alto saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and drummer **CHARLES MOFFETT**); Thursday, Dec. 3, World Sax man **OLIVER LAKE**; and Friday, Dec. 4, World Sax man **JULIUS HEMPHILL**. Music after nine. Closed Thanksgiving.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Wednesday, Nov. 25, homme de zydeco **CLIFTON CHENIER** and Lucky 7; Thursday, Nov. 26, **ROBERT GORDON** and the Jon Paris band; Friday, Nov. 27, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES**, a Providence-based jump-blues revival band; and Sunday, Nov. 29, jazz-funk guitarists **KEVIN EUBANKS** and Jean-Paul Bourelly. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and the Mamas and the Papas on the bandstand. The current edition of the group consists of ur-papa John Phillips and three replacements (Mackenzie Phillips, Spanky McFarlane, and Scott McKenzie), and they do dim reproductions of "*Go Where You Wanna Go*," "Monday, Monday," and the rest. Saturday, Nov. 28, is their last night. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, a big band conducted by clarinettist Walt Levinsky will apply itself to the works of Basie, Ellington, Shaw, and others. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.



MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. A trio led by **MONTY ALEXANDER**, a Jamaican-born pianist, holds forth Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, are claimed by **HENRY BUTLER**, a New Orleans-born pianist whose solos tend to run to demon-fast displays of agility. Music from about ten until two. Closed Thanksgiving.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Wednesday, Nov. 25, **RON WOOD** and **BO DIDDLEY**; Saturday, Nov. 28, the Pogues; Tuesday, Dec. 1, the Al Di Meola Project; Friday, Dec. 4, Savuka (an interracial South African pop band formerly known as Juluka); and Saturday, Dec. 5, Chris Stamey and 10,000 Maniacs. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, bluegrass fiddlers, and others of a non-electric bent. The brothers **TRAUM**—**HAPPY** and **ARTIE**—play eine kleine Volkmusik on Saturday, Nov. 28; the following Saturday, Dec. 5, belongs to **ERIC ANDERSEN**. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A Village meetinghouse for moderns. Silence is requested before each service, and usually achieved. The **LEADERS**, six exemplary gents (**LESTER BOWIE**, **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, and **CHICO FREEMAN** make up the front line) who sometimes mix in a little Fats Domino or Sam Cooke with the deeper stuff, have the floor through Sunday, Nov. 29; **DAKOTA STATON** sings on Monday, Nov. 30; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, **DAVID MURRAY** and his octet propound his up-to-date views. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. An eighties version of the Marvelettes, the Detroit girl group that did "Please Mr. Postman" and "Don't Mess with Bill," will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 26-28. Music after *nine*. *Dining*.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, Nov. 25, **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** and Tall Lonesome Pines; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Sunday, Nov. 29, the **SURREAL MC COYS**; Tuesday, Dec. 1, Helen Hooke and Neck & Neck; Wednesday, Dec. 2, the Ordinaires; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, the **CAREY BELL** blues band. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for Latin bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On Nov. 30, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, an eminent Latinist,

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will take a solo or two with ensembles led by **TITO PUENTE** and **MONGO SANTAMARIA.** Music from nine-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, you'll find the trumpet-bass team of Allan Botschinsky and **NEILS-HENNING ORSTED PEDERSEN** through Friday, Nov. 27. Music from ten. Fridays through Sundays, from about six until nine-thirty, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her homemade picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **FRANK MORGAN,** an impassioned and often moving bop-rooted alto saxophonist, leads his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 29; on Tuesday, Dec. 1, guitarist **JIM HALL** arrives with his foursome. On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Violinist Pete Compo's group has the floor through Sunday, Nov. 29, and on Wednesday, Dec. 2, hard-bop altoist **LOU DONALDSON** moves in with his combo. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are on duty through Saturday, Nov. 28; **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **RUFUS REID** go to work on Monday, Nov. 30. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.

MCINTOSH COUNTY SHOUTERS—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.

KENNY BARRON QUINTET—Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.

KENNY G—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.

SWINGLE SINGERS—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.

RONNIE SPECTOR, BEN E. KING, AND THE GRASS ROOTS—With Lou Christie. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

BILLY TAYLOR—With his trio, in the second of three concert/lectures. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

THE ALARM—With Silent Running. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Marble sculptures, ranging from an abstraction to a family of penguins. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

TADASHI ASOMA—Figure and landscape paintings with impossibly bright colors. Through Dec. 12. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

HANNELORE BARON (1926-87)—Collages from the last ten years of her life. Through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—New constructions using found objects. Through Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964) **AND ARNOLD FRIEDMAN** (1874-1946)—Paintings by two American modernists. Through Dec. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Dec. 19. (Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St.)

RACKSTRAW DOWNES—Recent paintings of industrial landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—A benefit loan exhibition of fifty oils. Through Dec. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

WILL MACLEAN / ITALO SCANGA—Sculptures using such materials as driftwood and bone. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 24. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

PAUL MANES—Thickly painted abstractions. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Nude figures on docks, near railroad tracks, and in other unlikely settings, by a Nicaragua-born painter. Through Dec. 19. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1859-1924)—Pastel-and-watercolor works never before exhibited. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER (1899-1987)—Paintings of New York City scenes from the twenties to the eighties, in what has become a memorial show for the artist, who died this month. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BERNAR VENET—Collaged pastel drawings by a theoretical artist. Through Dec. 23. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

STANLEY BOXER—New paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROGER BOYCE / ELAINE REICHEK—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of multi-strand helices done on shaped plywood. / Large photocollages. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

TONY CRAGG—Cast-metal sculptures resembling objects from a laboratory—test tubes, flasks and a mortar and pestle, for instance Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Marian Good-man, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN (1880-1954)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Bor-genicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Abstract geo-metric paintings executed during his las twenty years. Through Saturday, Nov. 28 (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT JESSUP—A two-gallery exhibit of allegori-cal paintings and drawings relating to the four seasons. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Walls, 137 Greene St. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

JON KESSLER—New illuminated kinetic sculp-tures. Through Dec. 19. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALAIN KIRILI—Abstract bronze and plaste sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Works on paper. Through Dec 12. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—White Carrara marble sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

LUIGI ONTANI—Shaped canvases with freely interpreted motifs from Indian and Orienta art, and watercolors of Mexico. Through Dec 15. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARTIN PURYEAR—Large freestanding abstrac wood sculptures. Through Dec. 12. (McKee 41 E. 57th St.)

HARRY ROSEMAN—Small bronze tableaux Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

ED RUSCHA—New paintings. Through Saturday Nov. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . ¶ Thirty-five lunette paintings. Through Dec 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

SAUL STEINBERG—Large drawings, plus wood tables adorned with, among other objects miniature beds and buildings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings from the early sixties by four Spanish artists: Rafael Canogar Manolo Millares, Manuel Rivera, and Antonio Saura. Through Dec. 12. (Matisse, 41 E 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CAROL ANTHONY—Atmospheric landscapes painted with enamels and Cray-pas, and box assemblages. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson 415 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Oil paintings dating from 1964 to 1978. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

RICHARD BECKETT—Wall constructions, including one entitled "Sliced Green," which is made from the synthetic turf used for putting greens. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

BILL BECKLEY—Mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Dec. 12. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Stylized figure paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL (1923-87)—A memorial exhibition of her landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

MAX COYER—New paintings. Through Dec. 26. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

ADAM CVIJANOVIC—The artist paints landscapes

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and figures on canvas and Plexiglas, and combines the two parts (one in front of the other) in single works. Through Dec. 23. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Gianni Dessì—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

George Dudding—Copper wall sculptures lighted to cast shadows that sometimes seem to wrap right around the sculptures themselves. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Joseph Haske—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Stewart Hitch—Abstract paintings in which circles predominate. Through Dec. 23. (Shainman, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Patricia Johanson—Drawings of flower patterns and wildlife which the artist used as a basis for outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

David Kapp—In these new paintings and drawings the artist continues to reduce traffic jams to blurred outlines. Through Dec. 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Bertrand Lavier—New freestanding sculptures, wall sculptures, and paintings by a conceptualist. Through Jan. 2. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Recent diptychs on irregularly shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Keith Milow / Loïc le Groumellec—Gouaches with architectural motifs. / Four black-and-white landscape paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Paul Mogensen—Abstract paintings by an artist who was once allied with the minimalist movement. Through Dec. 23. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Guido Molinari—Abstract paintings, including his most recent canvases in various hues of red. Through Dec. 19. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

James Nares—Abstract oil paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Small abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Brown, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Paintings of nature, the artist, and his wife. Through Dec. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Poems by Mr. Schlossberg that he has silk-screened on large folding screens, scrolls, and canvases framed with bamboo. Through Dec. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Abstract paintings inspired by Indian petroglyphs near her home, in Albuquerque. Through Dec. 8. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Leon Polk Smith—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Meyer Vaisman—Very large mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Otto Wagner (1841-1918)—Architectural drawings for some of his structures in Vienna. Through Jan. 16. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Bill Woodrow—Sculptures made from found objects. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Tino Zago / Li-Lan—Imagined landscapes painted with acrylics. / Large trompe-l'oeil paintings of business forms, postage stamps, and sheets of computer-printout paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sculpture—Wall reliefs and freestanding pieces by John Duff, Robert Lobe, and Al Taylor. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Roxanne Blanchard—Glass sculptures, some with anamorphic images etched on them. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon.)

Chris Burden—Six hundred and twenty-five miniature cardboard submarines hang from the Burgin Gallery's ceiling. Through Dec. 23. (270 Lafayette St.)

David Cabrera—Monochromatic paintings on unfinished-mahogany panels, plus Hydrostone sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

General Idea—Canvases from several of this group's series, including "The Trinitron Paintings," "Copyright Paintings," and "AIDS Paintings." Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon.)

Heidi Glück—Paintings from her "Ramp Series" (1971-85). Through Jan. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Grey Organisation—Paintings; the Neale Gallery's press release describes the artists as "a group of sad young men from Europe." Through Dec. 19. (320 Lafayette St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Christopher Lucas—Molded- and laminated-wood constructions mounted on canvases and painted. Through Dec. 19. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

John Miller—Conceptual works. Through Dec. 6. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Max Miller—Very large, thickly painted abstractions. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon.)

Edgar Negret—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St., and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Joel Otterson—Sculptures, including a large table the artist built from parts of other tables. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Ann Purcell—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Dash, 632 E. 11th St., between Avenues B and C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Stephanie Rose—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Yolanda Shashaty—Landscapes. Through Dec. 20. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ed Valentine—Stylized still-lifes. Through Dec. 6. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, installations, and videos by artists whose heritage is American Indian. Through Dec. 23. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marina Abramovic and Ulay—Color Polaroid diptychs and triptychs of urns and of the artists. Through Friday, Dec. 4. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

John Baldessari—Conceptual photographic works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Mark Berghash, Rimma Gerlovina, and Valeriy Gerlovin—Collaborative works in which Miss Gerlovina is photographed with words, numbers, and figures painted on her face. Through Dec. 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Harry Callahan—Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hamish Fulton—Photographs with texts which document his walks. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of the Southwest. Through Dec. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Michael McCartney—Black-and-white photographs of Liverpool in the sixties, including portraits of the artist, his brother Paul, and the other members of the Beatles. Through

Dec. 6. (Sander, 51 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Norman Parkinson—A retrospective of works by this fashion photographer and portraitist, who is now photographer by appointment to the British Royal Family. Through Jan. 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum**, 17 White St.: Surrealist-inspired photographs by more than forty contemporary artists, including Lucas Samaras, Barbara Ess, and Frank Majore. Through Dec. 23. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ledel**, 168 Mercer St.: Prints of stairways and chairs. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** Prints from the thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar paintings in three installments; the first (through Dec. 20) concentrates on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935): Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Through Monday, Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . ¶ Paintings and models of dinosaurs as they have been envisioned by artists and paleontologists in the past hundred years or so. Both shows through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-eight contemporary American artists have paintings, drawings, and prints in the thirty-ninth annual purchase-fund exhibition. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in a show (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of a show of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Jasper F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for, and architectural drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Pooh Kaye (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 3-6, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mark Dendy (dance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, at 9. . . . ¶ On Monday, Nov. 30, at 7 and 9:30, Eiko & Koma, the

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Mignon Dunn, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Tosca" (a nonsubscription performance), with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Richard J. Clark; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Anthony Laciura; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Claudio Nicolai; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 1:30: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge.

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Fridays, except Dec. 4, and Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 3 on Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30. With Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. . . . ¶ Leonard Slatkin conducting a Carter-Haydn-Fauré program on Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8. With Arleen Augér, soprano; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Dresden Staatskapelle—Colin Davis conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: A Weber-Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: A program of music by Mozart, Strauss, and Sibelius.

Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra—Hans Graf conducting a Haydn-Mozart-Weber program. With Avo Kuyumjian, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

"Alexander's Feast"—Gerard Schwarz conducting the New York Chamber Symphony in Handel's oratorio. With Jane Thorngren, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Y Chorale, directed by Amy Kaiser. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Ensemble—Patricia Handy directing a program of classical and contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the first New York performance of Respighi's opera "La Fiamma," in concert form. With Alessandra Marc, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Andrew Smith, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing a Kodály-Barber-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Thanksgiving at the Cathedral—Three nights and an afternoon of music, with free programs ranging from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to classical jazz to choral and chamber works. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: Yaacov Bergman conducting the Y Symphonic Workshop and vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: Leroy Jenkins' Sting! . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 7:30: The Greenwich Choral Society and Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3:30: The Schubert Society of New York.)

Kronos Quartet—Performing pieces by, among others, Bill Evans, Miles Davis, and Cecil Taylor. With Eddie Gomez, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Carol Vaness—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Bobbie Glover—Tenor. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 5:30.)

Rudolf Firkušný—Piano. Music by Janáček, Martinů, Schumann, and Schubert. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Leona Mitchell—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Nina Tichman—The first of three concerts covering Debussy's entire repertoire for solo piano, in honor of the composer's hundred and twenty-fifth birthday. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Dawn Upshaw—Soprano, in a program of songs, seven of which are set to poems by Emily Dickinson. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Ophra Yerushalmi—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt program. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Bach Ensemble—A six-member instrumental group, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and Jan Opalach, bass, performing three cantatas: Nos. 49, 82, and 58. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Martha Anne Verbit—Piano, in a program that includes three New York premières. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Michael Blum—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Anthony Davis—Piano and composer, with his ensemble, Episteme. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-2820.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting a program of chamber music by Orlando Garcia and Rocco Di Pietro. With Jan Williams, conductor and percussion; Anthony Miranda, percussion; and others. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Tone Over Tone—A program of contemporary works written for pianos tuned both normally and in quarter-tones. With Constance Cooper, Loretta Goldberg, and Ursula Oppens, piano, and assisting artists on oboe, tape, film, and percussion. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Irene Worth will read Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," the inspiration for the evening's featured piece, "Conte Fantastique," by André Caplet. With Elmar Oliveira, violin; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle Supersonics, Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30.

Football—Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 7:05. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 3, at 7:45.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

Tennis—Nabisco Masters: Ivan Lendl, Stefan Edberg, Mats Wilander, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 2-4, at 6, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at noon; semifinals Sunday, Dec. 6, at 12:30; and finals Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Lectures—At the New York Public Library. Monday, Nov. 30, at 6: Dore Ashton's topic will be "Art at the End of This Century." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 6: Joyce Carol Oates will be speaking about one of her favorite sports—boxing. (Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Note—If everything runs according to schedule, the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up and ready to have its lights turned on at about 5:30 on Tuesday, Dec. 1.

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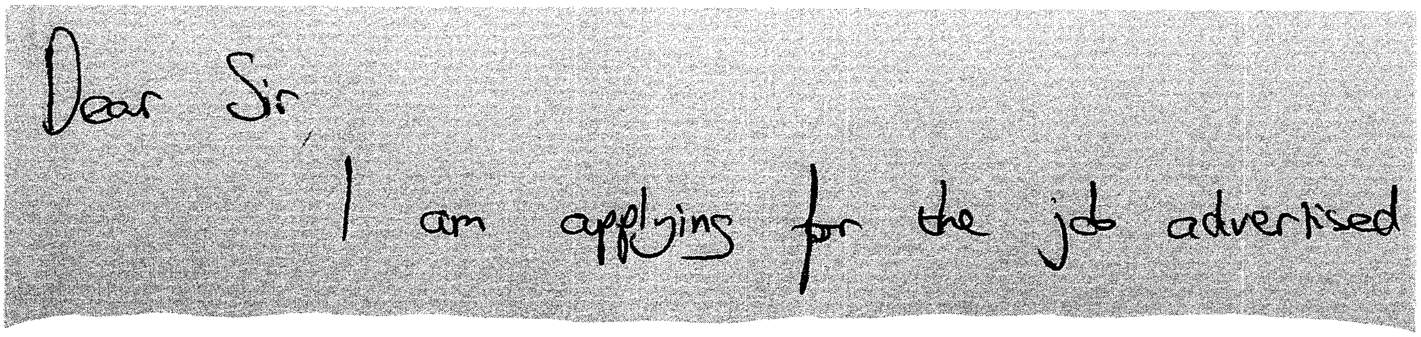

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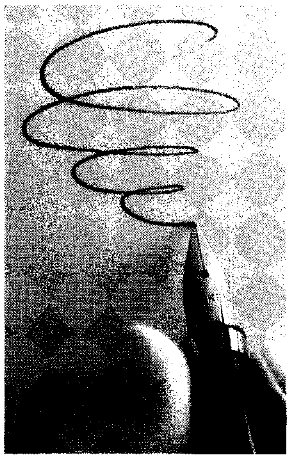

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After all this work we feel the only way we can guarantee the ink won't mess up our pen (and your writing) is to make our own.

Making a fine quality ink is as much an art as a science. It's easy to cut corners, so even though it is far from being our most profitable endeavor, it's not one we would entrust to anybody else.

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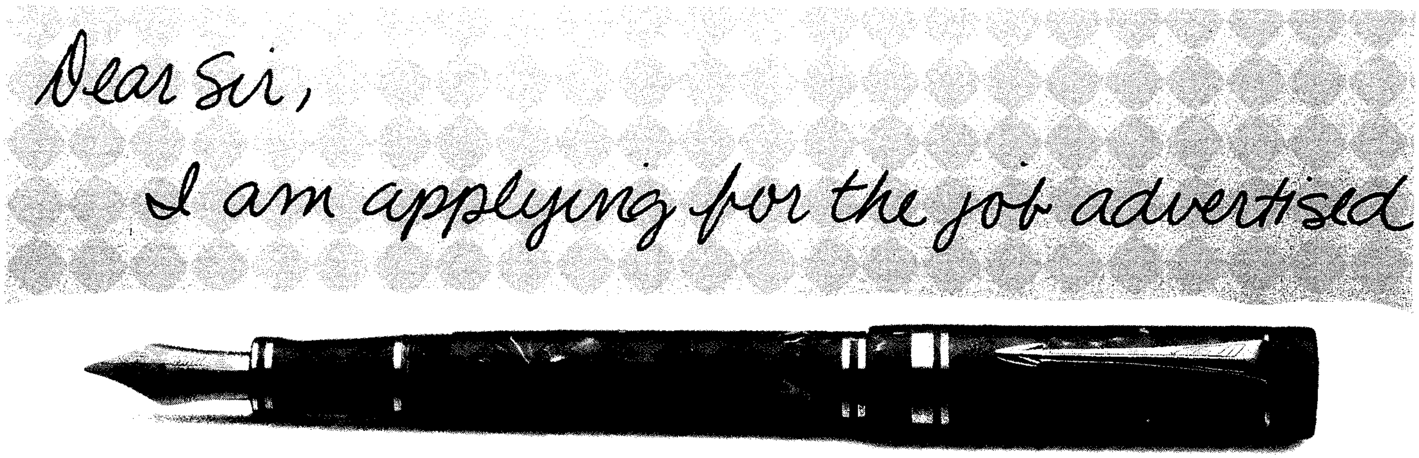
Before we sign off on a Parker fountain pen we literally sign off with it. A legion of white gloved inspectors tests every one by hand.

The pen is mightier than the sword. And some pens, as you've just read, are mightier than others.



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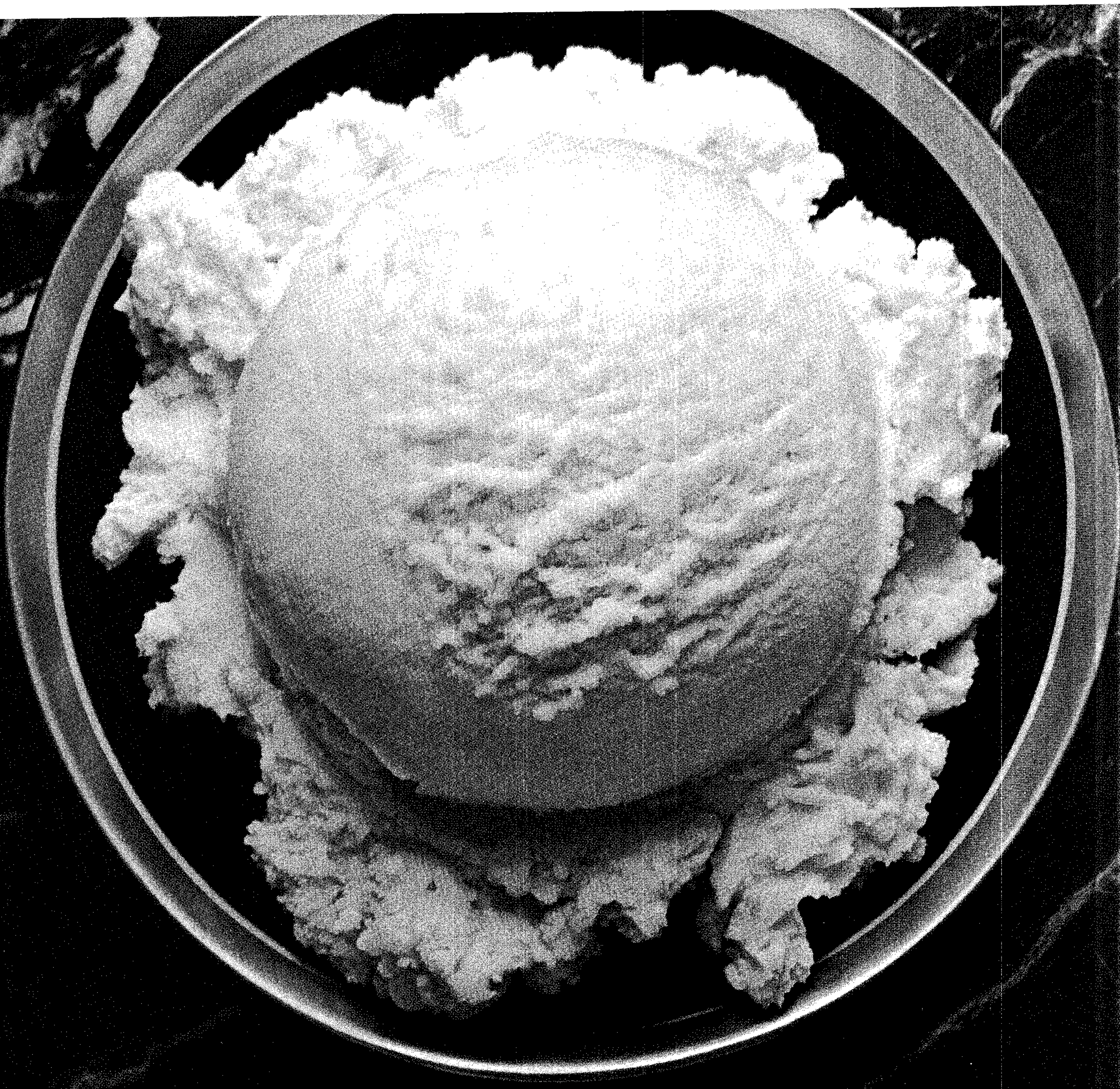

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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 25: At 6:30, "Early Spring" (1956; directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 9:15, "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.
Nov. 26: Theatre closed.
Nov. 27: At 5:30, "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French), with Philippe Erlanger; at 7:30, "Hail Mary" (1985; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and, at 9:30, "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp" (1968; Jean-Marie Straub; in German); and "The Wizard of Babylon" (1983; Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder filming "Querelle."
Nov. 28-29: At 3:45, "Othon" (1970; Jean-Marie Straub; in Italian); at 5:30, "The Rise of Louis XIV;" at 7:30, "Hail Mary;" and, at 9:30, "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp" and "The Wizard of Babylon."
Dec. 1-2: At 5:30, "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); at 7:40, "La Notte" (1962; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni; and, at 10, "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Dec. 3: At 5:45, "Young Törless" (1968; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); at 7:30, "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and, at 9:15, "Pull My Daisy" (1960; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie), a short film; and "Adieu Philippine" (1961; Jacques Rozier).
From Dec. 4: At 5:30, "God's Angry Man" (1980; Werner Herzog) and "Huie's Sermon" (1980; Werner Herzog), both short films; at 7:15, "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel" (1985; Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish); and, at 9:30, "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 2: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Theatre 3: "Less than Zero" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
(Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Baby Boom" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Anna" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Teen Wolf Too" (Chris Leitch), with Jason Bateman.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "La Vie Est Belle" (directed by Benoit Lamy and Ngangura Mweze; in French), with Papa Wemba. From Dec. 2: "Blind" (1986; Frederick Wiseman), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 26: "Jean Renoir, the Boss;" and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. From Nov. 27: (Separate admissions) The 20th International Tournée of Animation; and "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 26: The 20th International Tournée of Animation. From Nov. 27: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 26: "The Hidden" (†).
From Nov. 27: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog"(†).
Theatre 2: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 4: "Loyalties" (Anne Wheeler).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Cross My Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Wannsee Conference" (Heinz Schirk; in German).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gaby: A True Story" (Luis Mandoki), with Liv Ullmann, Norma Aleandro, and Robert Loggia.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"A Boy from Calabria" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volontè.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barfly" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Funeral" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Housekeeping" (Bill Forsythe), with Christine Lahti.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Mi-

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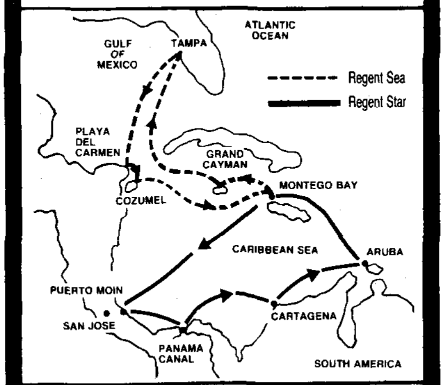

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chael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 2: "Barfly" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Hope and Glory" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Theatre 5: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 6: "Less than Zero" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 3: "The Hidden" (†).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Teen Wolf Too" (Chris Leitch), with Jason Bateman.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 26: "Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Sicilian" (†).
Theatre 2: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

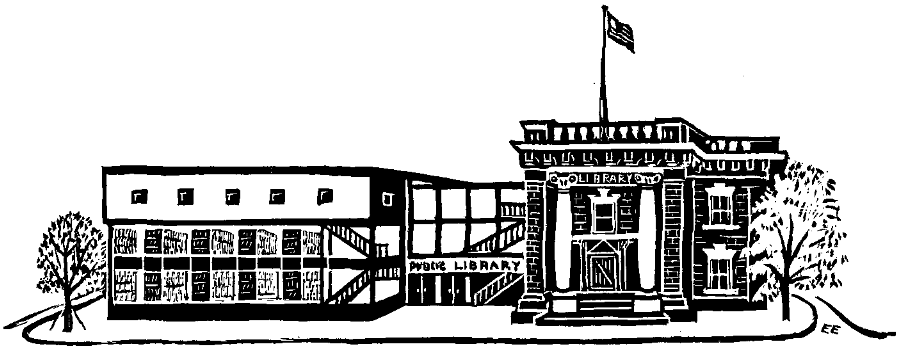
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 26: "Funny Face" (1957; directed by Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Nov. 27–28: "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with Talking Heads; and "Swimming to Cambodia" (1987; Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.
Nov. 29: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, and Lee Grant.
Dec. 2-3: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Dec. 4-5: "Betty Blue" (1986; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 26: "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Pierre Chenal; in French), with Harry Baur; and "The Man from Nowhere" (1937; Pierre Chenal; in French).
Nov. 27-29: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).
Nov. 30: "The Girl with the Hatbox" (1927; Boris V. Barnet; a silent film), with Anna Sten; and "A Girl in Every Port" (1928; Howard Hawks; a silent film), with Victor McLaglen, Robert Armstrong, and Louise Brooks.
Dec. 1-2: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.
Dec. 3-4: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker; and "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy.
From Dec. 5: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 25: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.
Nov. 26: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Henry Travers; and "Pot o' Gold" (1941; George Marshall), with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart.
Nov. 27-28: "The Mosquito Coast" (1986; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Nov. 29: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati.



Nov. 30: "Elmer Gantry" (1960; Richard Brooks), with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Arthur Kennedy, and Dean Jagger; and "Angel Baby" (1961; Paul Wendkos), with George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge, and Joan Blondell.

Dec. 1: "Era Notte a Roma" (1960; Roberto Rossellini; in English, Italian, Russian, and German), with Leo Genn, Giovanna Ralli, and Sergei Bondarchuk; and "German Year Zero" (1949; Roberto Rossellini; in German).

Dec. 2: "Wise Blood" (1979; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

Dec. 3: "The Mission" (1986; Ronald Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.

Dec. 4-5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (1986; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, and Michael Caine; and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 25: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, and Marius Goring; and "But Not for Me" (1959; Walter Lang), with Clark Gable, Carroll Baker, Lilli Palmer, and Lee J. Cobb.

Nov. 26: "The Star" (1953; Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden, and Natalie Wood; and "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, and Jack Klugman.

Nov. 27-28: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Henry Travers; and "A Christmas Carol" (1938; Edwin L. Marin), with Terry Kilburn, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll.

Nov. 29: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

Nov. 30: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Dec. 1: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Dec. 2: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, and William Eythe; and "Tarnished Lady" (1931; George Cukor), with Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, and Alexander Kirkland.

Dec. 3: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable, Rudy Vallée, and Cesar Romero.

Dec. 4-5: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 28 at 2: "The Edge" (1967; directed by Robert Kramer). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5: "Ice" (1969; Robert Kramer). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "Milestones" (1975; Robert Kramer), with Grace Paley and David C. Stone. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5: A program of films by László Moholy-Nagy. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1985; Trinh T. Minh-ha), an experimental documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "Body and Soul" (1924; Oscar Micheaux; a silent film), with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Goodbye, Columbus" (1969; Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6 and Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Daisy Miller" (1974; Peter Bogdanovich), with Cybill Shepherd, Barry Brown, Cloris Leachman, and Eileen Brennan. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Goodbye, Columbus." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6 and Dec. 5 at noon: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (1981; Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Karen Allen. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Three Days of the Condor" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, and Cliff Robertson. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard.

Theatre 2: Nov. 27 at 3: "Army" (1944; Keisuke Kinoshita, in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka and Chishu Ryu. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6:30: "Outcast" (1948; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yoko Katsuragi. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "A Record of Youth" (1951; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Akiko Tamura. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5:30: "The Yotsuya Ghost Story, Parts 1 and 2" (1949; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Outcast." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Army." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6:30: "Lenz" (1984-86; András Szirtes). Mr. Szirtes will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 3 and 6:30: "And the Pursuit of Happiness" (1986; Louis Malle), a documentary. Mr. Malle will be present at 6:30. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 3: "The Yotsuya Ghost Story, Parts 1 and 2." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6:30: "A Record of Youth." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "A Japanese Tragedy" (1953; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30: "You Were Like a Wild Chrysanthemum" (1955; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of. The performance is a tour de force, but the movie doesn't add up to much. Bogayevicz, whose background is in theatre, does best in a handful of backstage scenes and a funny audition sequence; outside the theatre, he seems to have some very peculiar ideas about where to put the camera. Also with Robert Fields and Stefan Schnabel. Music by Greg Hawkes, of the Cars.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Baby Boom—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. Keaton is smashing: she's an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema. Evenings only.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties—a budding writer who was beginning to be published. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The hero isn't afraid to lose a fight or to hit bottom. And he isn't tempted by security. Offered the guesthouse on the publisher's estate, he snubs her; he calls her world "a cage with golden bars." (Of course, she's infatuated with his integrity.) Waking in her bed, he gets up saying, "I belong on the streets. I don't feel right here. It's like I can't *breathe!*" He goes back to his grimy haunts, where—we're supposed to believe—the real people are. This might be a film about the leader of a religious cult which was made by an altar boy. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (11/2/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema.)

Cross My Heart—The premise of this lame "relationships" comedy, written by Gail Parent and Armyan Bernstein, is that "daters are liars." Martin Short and Annette O'Toole, on their third date, are both covering up important facts of their lives: he's just lost his job; she has a daughter. Bernstein, who directed, is trying to put one over, too—he wants us to think this is a real movie, not an old sketch from "Love, American Style." The lighting is gloomily "realistic," the pace is slow, and Short's manic talent has been reined in—as if too much spontaneity, too many unplanned laughs, would distract us from the big truths about Love in the Eighties. (O'Toole, whose comic style doesn't depend on shtick, looks much more comfortable: miraculously, she transforms her sitcom character into a funny, believable woman.) There's lots of up-to-the-minute business with condoms here. In fact, the whole movie seems encased in something thin and self-protective. Also with Paul Reiser and Joanna Kerns, as the stars' formulaic confidants. —T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

Cry Freedom—With Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Funeral—This 1984 comedy was the first film written and directed by Juzo Itami; the second was "Tampopo." "The Funeral" isn't as exuberant and recklessly imaginative as the movie that followed it, but it's a funny and intelligent work in its own, more deliberate way. An Altman-like take on an Ozu theme, the film follows a large, extremely modern Japanese family through the ordeal of arranging a traditional religious funeral. Crowded together for several days in the country house of the deceased, the bewildered relatives seem like actors in a poorly rehearsed classical play, on an unfamiliar stage—bumping into each other, blowing their lines, looking anxious and miserable. Itami orchestrates their discomfort with real visual wit, and the genuine grief that lies beneath his characters' farcical panic emerges clearly and unsentimentally. With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (the stars of "Tampopo"), and Ozu veteran Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

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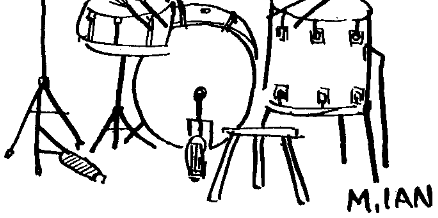
The Hidden—Director Jack Sholder's cops-and-aliens urban thriller is fairly representative of the current comic-book style in violent entertainment. This one has a sluglike extraterrestrial monster that slithers from one human body to another, causing a succession of previously ordinary folks to go on nasty sprees: while inhabited by the beast, each turns into a savage, unstoppable consumer, a dangerous customer indeed. (Anyone who denies it its favorite things—red Ferraris and heavy-metal tapes—is dead meat.) In pursuit are an L.A. cop (Michael Nouri) and a mysterious F.B.I. agent, played by Kyle MacLachlan, of "Dune" and "Blue Velvet," whose overpoweringly weird presence gives the picture a few moments of inspired deadpan comedy. Unfortunately, Bob Hunt's screenplay isn't quite inventive enough to sustain the fun all the way to the end—in the last half hour or so, as the monster flops from body to body with increasing rapidity, we feel as if we're watching the same chase-and-shootout scene over and over again. If you're keeping score: better than "RoboCop," not as good as "The Terminator." Also with Clarence Felder, Claudia Christian, Chris Mulkey, and, memorably, William Boyett as the most hilariously avid of the alien-possessed Angelenos.—T.R. (Embassy. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 26.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet, and Olympia.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)



The Last Emperor—With John Lone, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Less than Zero—Bret Easton Ellis's fast-lane best-seller about alienated L.A. rich kids—their heartbreaks, their nosebleeds—has been turned into a wildly overwrought Hollywood melodrama: "Valley of the Dolls" in super-saturated colors. Thanks to screenwriter Harley Peyton, who gives Ellis's free-form narrative a "classic" (i.e., simple) structure, and director Marek Kanievska, who heats up the book's cool style with feverish visual effects, the movie is terrible in a completely different way. It isn't dull, though: it has the lurid, hyper pace of a B picture, the earnest moralism (anti-drug) of a TV movie, and the sleek surface of an arty commercial. All this, plus a couple of strenuously awful performances by Andrew McCarthy as the straight-arrow hero and Jami Gertz as his cokehead girlfriend. (Over all, his readings and facial contortions are the more grotesque, though Gertz has one stupefying moment during a big sex scene, in which she thrusts her strong jaw out so far that we expect her to turn into a werewolf.) As Julian, the most self-destructive of the kids, Robert Downey, Jr., has the worst role and performs with heroic lucidity; at times, he almost convinces us there's something real going on in this demented movie. Also with James Spader and Tony Bill. The flashy cinematography is by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. Ten years after the hunchback's death, his daughter, Manon—whose fierce gaze at the end of the first film seemed to promise an icy, satisfying revenge—has grown up to become a ravishing, dewy-eyed blond nymph, played by Emmanuelle Béart. She looks as if she's modelling a line of designer goatherds-wear for *Elle* or *Marie-Claire*, and her very contemporary sexiness might make us a little suspicious of the ostentatious purity of this big-budget period drama. Also with Hippolyte Girardot and Margarita Lozano. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

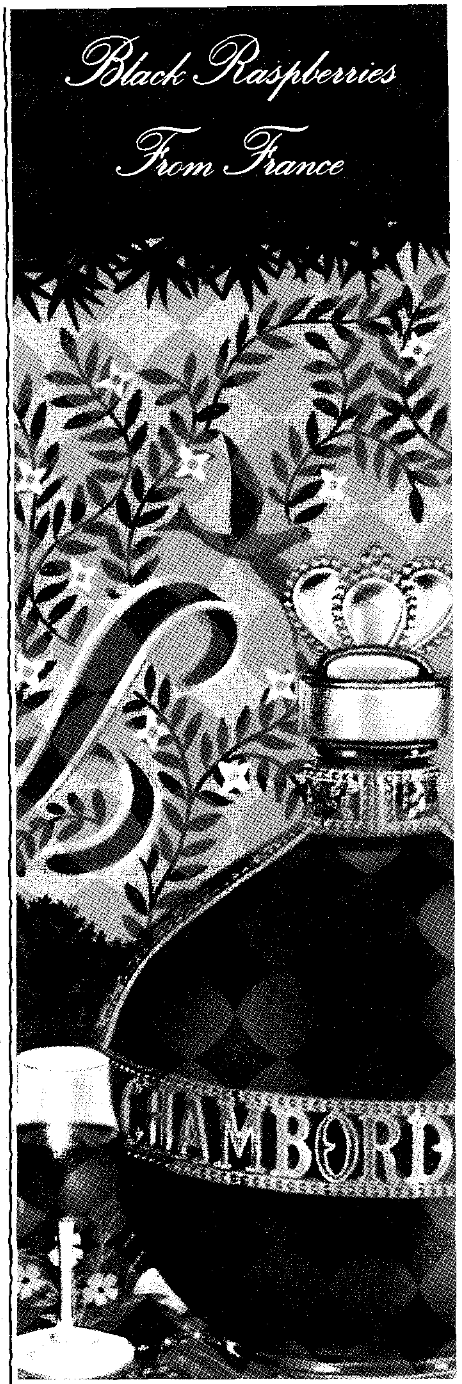
The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. Houses and cars have been set on fire and we are supposed to see the flames as a destructive-creative element. (Sammy explains the rioting in the streets to Rafi: "Rosie says these revolts are an affirmation of the human spirit. A kind of justice is being done.") What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor, and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Sicilian—Michael Cimino's film of Mario Puzo's fat best-seller is solemn, incoherent, and aggressively inauthentic—a worthy successor to "Heaven's Gate" and "Year of the Dragon." Here Cimino casts the pale-eyed Frenchman Christopher Lambert as the legendary Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano, and surrounds him with such convincing Mediterranean types as Joss Ackland, Terence Stamp, Richard Bauer, Ray McAnally, and Barry Miller. (John Turturro, an Italian-American, looks jarringly plausible in this company.) Barbara Sukowa, hilariously dubbed, plays an American. None of it makes a bit of sense, and the direction isn't even energetically bad. Cimino seems to have decided that the making of a movie is only a cumbersome pretext for his real art—squabbling with the studio over the final cut. This is the studio's version; Cimino's version will, reportedly, be shown in Europe, where he's been very successful at portraying himself as a victim of Hollywood, a misunderstood and persecuted American genius. The most appropriate way to see this insane international co-production, though, would be on a 747: the airlines' editors will surely give "The Sicilian" its true, definitive form. Script by Steve Shagan. (Gore Vidal, who's uncredited, also worked on it.) The story was the basis of Francesco Rosi's classic "Salvatore Giuliano," filmed in 1961.—T.R. (National Twin.)

Suspect—Is there a piece of casting more ineffably Hollywood than Cher as a busy, weary public defender? She's all wrong for this role: her hooded, introspective face doesn't give you enough—she needs a role that lets her use her body. With the camera on her steadily here, you might be watching a still picture. This laboriously set-up thriller has her defending a deaf-mute (Liam Neeson) accused of murder, in a Washington, D.C., courtroom, before a rigid, cold-eyed judge (John Mahoney). It's impossible to know how we're meant to interpret the lame-brained job this lawyer does at the trial. She'd be lost if one of the jurors—a young lobbyist (Dennis Quaid)—didn't do the detective work that helps her out. Probably the director, Peter Yates, and the scriptwriter, Eric Roth, were just so proud of not having made the woman a bimbo that they didn't notice they'd made her a lummox. The way Washington is shot it looks like a shopping mall. (11/16/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Whales of August—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhovian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction: the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity. Also featuring Ann Sothern, in good sidekick form as a gossipy neighbor, and Vincent Price. —T.R. (Cinema II.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

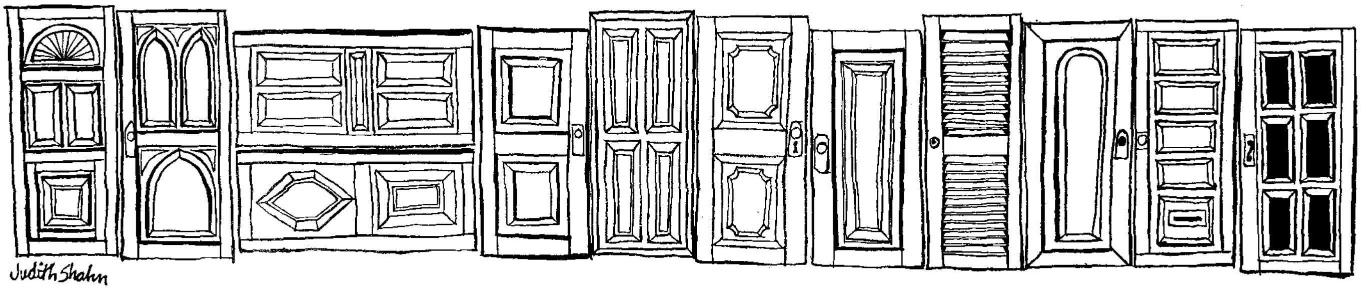
Notes and Comment

LETTER from a friend of ours who has been living in Rome:

Whenever I come back to the United States, I find myself savoring and trying to isolate the peculiar quality of Americanness—a quality that travels poorly and is present in expatriate communities only in transmogrified form, like the flavor of the canned succotash we all pretend to enjoy every Thanksgiving in Rome. Yesterday, I spent an hour in a place where this quality seemed fresh and concentrated: the Department of Motor Vehicles in a small Southern California town. The first thing that struck me was the sheer size of the cars in the parking lot outside—big, shiny cars waiting to bear away possessors of new or renewed licenses, those small oblongs that serve as basic identification for most Americans. As I stood in line to renew my license, I reflected on the bafflement I've always felt at the fact that Italians and so many other Europeans are required to carry around what amount to domestic passports simply to say who they are. A lot of the Italians I know find it amusing and appropriate that for Americans the only thing akin to a *carta d'identità* is a driver's license, a brash, undersized document confirming our national passion for speed, instability, and glittering chrome—all the things that Europeans associate with Americans in the first place. That's not to say that Italians haven't tried to emulate our love affair with the automobile—they have. But they do it wrong. They drive badly, or they try to refine driving into an art—something it really isn't. Anyone who has seen a pack of tiny Fiats jammed into the cobblestone square of a medieval Umbrian town is familiar with the incongruity that marks the Automotive Age in Italy. And surely, I thought as I shuffled forward in the renewal line behind a muscular young Japanese-American woman wearing a Transformers T-shirt, it is significant that the Italian word for a driving permit, *patente*, is often slurred so that it sounds like *potente*, and suggests an overweening masculinity, while the American word is "license," suggesting—well, all the unbridled romantic feelings that sweep over us when we settle in behind a steering wheel.

The cars parked outside the D.M.V. were not all American, of course; there were Hondas and Mercedeses among the Fords and Chevrolets. But to me, fresh from the congested streets of Rome, even the so-called compact cars had a ranginess that seemed to have come with the climate, the way plants that are small in some countries grow a lot bigger in others. Foreign or American, these cars all looked built for travel across miles of land totally unlike the exquisite pastures and forests of Italy. The countryside these cars suggested was open space so vast that from it a huge carelessness rises like dust to the skies. And, oh, the grandmotherly amplitude, the majestic smooth ride of a big car that shifts automatically! How different from the nervous little model I drive in Rome: a car whose motor buzzes angrily, like a bottled wasp; a car from whose windows I engage in shouting matches with contemptuous pedestrians; a car so small that—it's embarrassing to admit—after parking I occasionally lift it closer to the curb.

The people at the D.M.V. were as various in make as the cars outside: Mexican, black, Wasp, Oriental; high-school students, superannuated hippies, sun-furrowed ranchers, office workers, suburbanites. Yet, like the cars, they shared the quality of seeming American. What they all had in common, I decided, was the set of the shoulders, the tilt of the back of the neck: a look of people calmly in control, or soon to be in control, of a license—of a sort of miniature deed to the big, careless country outside. They were people who didn't have to go around carrying any passport except this voluntary ticket to distance, speed, and change. They were people whose subconscious had at its very center the possibility—the pleasure—of going a long way in a big, lazy car; people who sometimes spoke their innermost thoughts by pasting on their cars strange, dreamy bumper stickers, like "Sorry If My Karma Collides with Your Dogma" or "Jesus


Judith Shahn

LOVES VANNA WHITE." As I came out of the low concrete building with my new temporary license and with a fragile, temporary exaltation—a short reprieve from the guilt all expatriates feel at denying their lungs their native air—a van backed out in front of me with a bumper sticker that said "I BRAKE FOR HALLUCINATIONS." For a minute, I had a feeling of repletion that could never come from canned succotash—only from the real thing. I stepped respectfully aside.

• •

The Hustle

THE other day, we found out that Frank Stella, who for thirty years has deconstructed pictorial structure and challenged representational art with his formalist paintings, is a C-level squash player. He claims to be a D-level player, which in squash's ranking system would make him an advanced beginner, but people who are intimate with his game insist that he's really a C. These people also say that anyone new to Mr. Stella's squash game should be warned that he is a genius practitioner of the hustle—that is, the classic and artful maneuver of saying you're worse than you are, getting your opponent to drop his guard, and then beating the pants off him. To this, Mr. Stella just says "Oh, phooey."

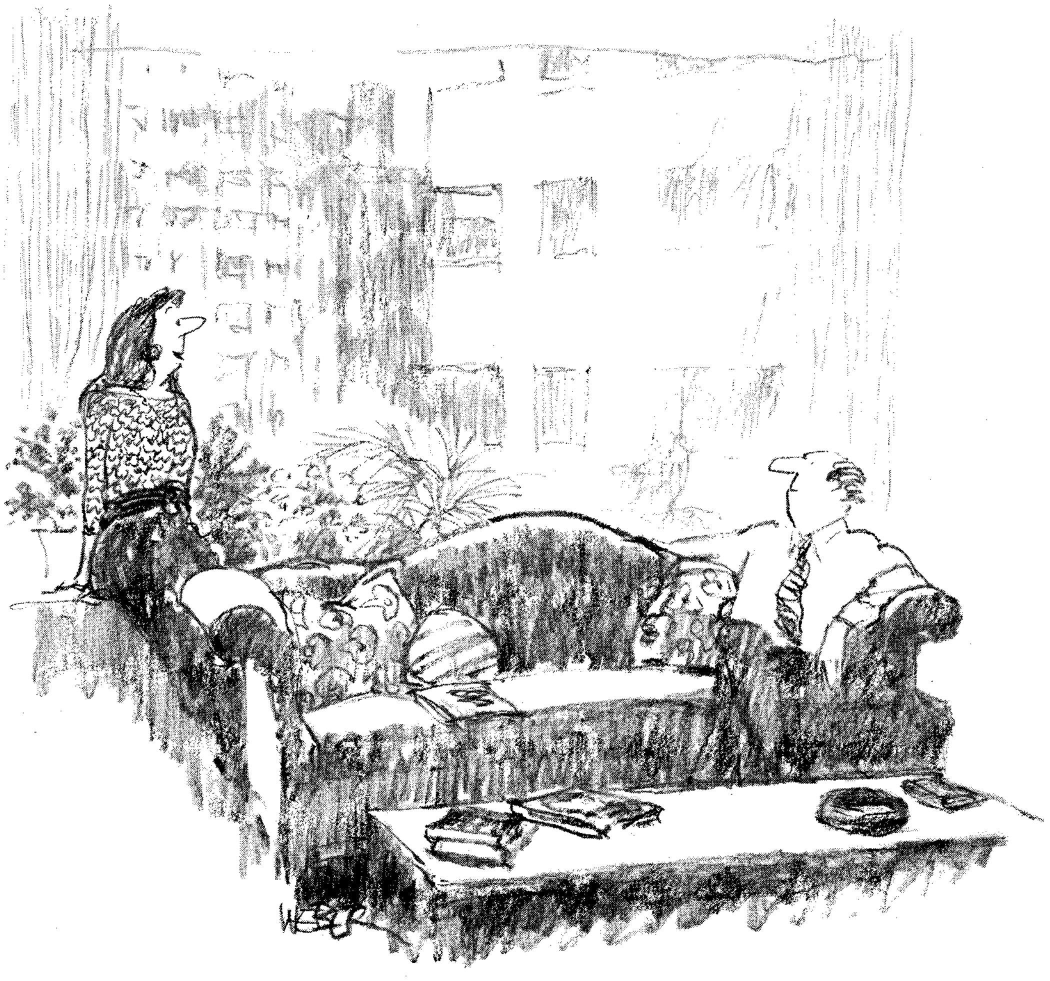
If you ask Mr. Stella about squash, which he prefers to art as material for general discussion, he will probably come very, very close to telling you that he has played for only five years, but then he will catch himself and admit that he was *going* to tell you that, because he's such a *lousy* player and it would sound better than the truth, which he has now decided to tell you, and the truth is that he's actually been playing for *eight* years, and he ought to be ashamed of himself for even *thinking* of lying as crassly as he planned to do.

He admits he was once told by one of the people he plays with that he runs like a weasel.

Mr. Stella has a large show of his art work on display right now at the Museum of Modern Art, but what he had on his mind the other day was squash. At the Palladium night club, which is right near his studio, the fifty-thousand-dollar Rolex United States Open Squash Championships were being held—an event he helped organize. He made a poster for the tournament, and arranged for a photograph of one of his pieces—a gigantic, colorful form made of painted cones and swirls of metal—to be used on the program; it was his idea, too, to hold the tournament on the dance floor of the Palladium. He also appeared in a special exhibition match that was part of the tournament, besides playing his usual, thrice-weekly game. "Frank's *very* involved with squash this week," Paula Pelosi, his assistant, told us. "He's happy to talk about it at great length."

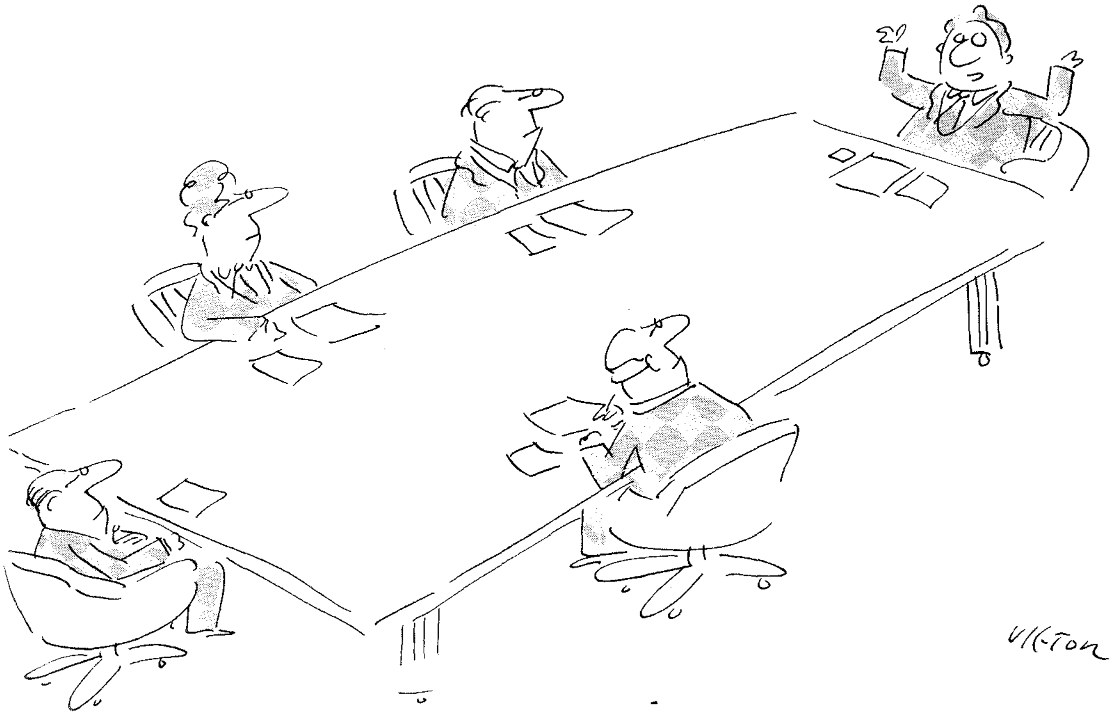
Mr. Stella explained that he thinks that squash and art have little or nothing in common—except for something or other about a blank canvas, and that's not anything he'd care to elaborate on. But he did have a few notions on how the two pursuits compare, and he revealed them to us when we visited him in his studio before heading over to the Palladium with him to watch the semifinal matches—between Chris (Muscle Man) Dittmar and Ross (Iron Man) Norman, and between Jahangir (Emperor) Khan and Jansher (Rubber Man) Khan.

"At least, in painting, experience counts for something," Mr. Stella said, and then he grinned and wiggled a big cigar between his fingers. He was wearing a white cardigan with a U.S. Open insignia patch, bluejeans, and beat-up tennis shoes, and had a pair of eyeglasses strapped to his head with a stretch band. He's small and wiry—about half the size of one of the new art pieces hanging in his studio—and often has an impish look on his face. "In squash, what happens is that you get a lot of experience but you also get



"Let's invite the Gorbachevs to have dinner with us at Windows on the World. The worst they can do is say no."

old,” he went on. “Maybe I could have been better at one time, but I have had a *lot* of injuries. Of course, they're the sort of injuries other people might consider trivial, but I like to think of them as crippling. When I started playing, I have to admit, I really thought I would become a great player. I really *wanted* to become a great player. I really *hoped* I'd become a great player. In art, you can keep getting better, but in squash you hit your level and that's just about it. Curtains. You're finished. I hit my limit at about forty minutes of mediocre playing.”



“This might not be ethical. Is that a problem for anybody?”

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One thing that isn't mediocre about Mr. Stella's squash is his racquet. He had Ben, the guy who strings racquets over at the Park Place Squash Club, string it with nylon in five different bright colors instead of the single subdued color that most people use. The result is a squash racquet Mondrian would have been proud of. Mr. Stella says he did this to bring a little glamour to his game, but confesses that he hoped it might also serve to confuse and intimidate his opponents. He said it hasn't worked—the trouble is that most of them consider his racquet of many colors to be a sort of sissy affectation.

Just then, Bob Swan, whose company fabricates the metal parts of Mr. Stella's works, came into the studio with two friends. He walked around the place, looking at the sculptures and rapping his knuckles on the metal parts he'd cast. “This is ours,” he said to his friends, and then he turned toward Mr. Stella and said, “Hey, Frank! Come on—let's go see some squash!”

At the Palladium, Mr. Stella had the triple distinction, as far as we could tell, of being just about the only man not wearing a suit and tie; the only one hiding a cigar (smoking wasn't allowed); and the only one who called out unsolicited coaching tips from his seat. He directed most of his suggestions to Chris Dittmar, a red-haired, thick-calved Australian, who Mr. Stella hoped would win the tournament. He said, at various times, “Come on, Chris! Wake *up!*” and “Hey, Chris, *concentrate!*” and “Come on, wake up, you *turkey!*” and “If I'd known this was going to be on television, I would have told him to get a haircut.” Mr. Stella could barely take his eyes off the ball, but when it looked as though Mr. Dittmar had clinched the match he did turn to us and say, “Boy, isn't that just *great?*” During one of the breaks, he said that he really got a kick out of seeing world-class squash players. We asked him whether, if he had the choice, he'd rather be remembered as an artist or as a great squash player. He said, “Oh, I'd rather be an artist. I'm too old to be a great squash player. At my best, I'm a D. In fact, I can hardly walk.”

Guerrillas

On Black Monday, two lyricists/actors/singers named Doug Bernstein and Rob Krausz got together in the upper–East Side office of Clark Halstead, a Manhattan real-estate broker, to refine Mr. Halstead's idea of using guerrilla theatre to promote a new office he was opening down in SoHo. Well, O.K., it wouldn't exactly be the spontaneous, challenge-the-military-industrial-complex guerrilla theatre of the sixties, they agreed, but it would take place on the streets, and the actors and actresses would just jump out of cars and *do it.* Mr. Halstead, whose handsome, long face once adorned Hathaway-shirt ads, said, “I like it.” A few weeks later, on a Friday afternoon, two Bernstein-Krausz troupes decided to do it on Wall Street, and here's the scenario:

At West Broadway and Prince Street, Doug, Rob, Denis Markell (a sitcom writer/lyricist/singer) and Greg Kisloff (a barbershop-quartet singer/former state employee), all dressed in blue blazers, red ties, and boaters, climb into a London cab, circa 1961, that Mr. Halstead and his team of brokers use to show prospective clients around. (For a while, there was a computer in the back seat, so that they could get late-breaking apartment listings, but then the spare tire fell over and crushed the power converter.) A few minutes later, Jane Smulyan (an actress/lyricist) and Jim O'Hagen (an actor/restaurant owner), a.k.a. Jill and Phil Miller—a couple who patrol downtown neighborhoods in bathrobes and slippers—start out from the same spot in another London cab, circa 1964. The first cab is driven by Manny, the second by Robbie. Manny and Robbie occasionally call each other on the car phones: “Where you at, man?”

“The reason I can afford to do stuff

like this is I recently won twenty-five thousand dollars on 'The Sale of the Century,' " says Rob, a thirty-year-old lawyer, who once clerked for an entertainment-law firm in Beverly Hills, then decided to return to "the client side." "I've also been on 'Face the Music,' 'Scrabble,' and 'The $25,000 Pyramid.' The networks have rules about how often you're allowed to appear on game shows—NBC limits you to three in ten years—so now I've got to wait. Each year, I appear on ten episodes of 'Divorce Court.' "

"There's a whole caste system about street performers," Doug says as the cab approaches Trinity Church. "Yesterday, an Indian zither player got mad because we were on his corner." He leans toward the front seat. "Manny, could you pull up here? This is a good spot—across from the graveyard. We don't want to go in front of the Exchange. Maybe we'll get lucky here. Lucky, of course, is a relative term—it means nothing's being thrown at us."

"The other day, we were on the same corner as a group protesting a fur-coat raffle," Rob says. "We signed the petition. In an individual capacity, of course."

The four get out of the cab and arrange themselves in a semicircle in front of the French American Banking Corporation. Doug produces a pitch pipe and blows an F, and the group begins to croon and swoon. To the tune of "My Blue Heaven" they sing "Just baby and me, And broker makes three," and to the tune of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" they sing "Yes, sir, that's our co-op, No, sir, we'll never slow up, Till we sell your co-op now."

A man in a trenchcoat strides by, head down. A woman in a trenchcoat and jogging shoes walks past with her gaze focussed on a Sabrett hot-dog stand.

Greg smiles, in courtly, twenties-musical fashion, and tips his hat to a passerby carrying an initialled briefcase. Denis, who sings bass no-nonsense style, keeps his hands in his pockets the whole time.

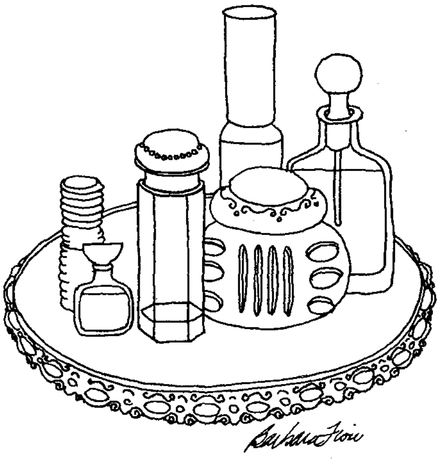
A young man in high-top Reeboks, who identifies himself as a messenger from the Bank of Tokyo, performs a two-step in front of the quartet. Doug smiles, and hands him a Halstead Property Company brochure that features a photograph of Mr. Halstead standing next to one of his cabs.

Another man walks up to Manny, who's leaning against the driver's side of the London cab, and says, "Hey, man, that your car? Man, you got a match?" Manny shakes his head in answer to both questions.

Meanwhile, at Chambers and Broadway, near City Hall, Jane and Jim are walking along—Jane in a blue bathrobe and blue slippers, carrying a plate of cookies, and Jim in a lush burgundy robe and blue-and-white paisley pajamas, carrying a pipe. "Doug and Rob know my agent," says Jim, who has narrow eyes and a quick, infectious laugh. "This sounded like a lark. Until recently, I hadn't done any street theatre since the late sixties, when I was with a mime troupe in San Francisco. I was a regular on 'Days of Our Lives' for a year, and I played a lot of guest killers on 'The Streets of San Francisco,' 'Barnaby Jones,' and 'Hart to Hart'—you know, the guy looking for drugs or going around obsessively repeating 'I'm going to kill Mrs. Hart.' "

"In California, people would be less threatened by a person in pajamas in the daytime on the street," says Jane, who is thoughtful, friendly, and petite. (Just now, a passerby is looking at her suspiciously and refusing a Nilla wafer.) "Here most people avert their eyes. We did have a whole skit planned, but nobody would stand still long enough to listen. Now we just try to engage people in conversation. We tell them that we've just moved into the neighborhood, that we found our new loft through Halstead Property, and that we're out for a stroll. The first couple of times we did this, I carried around a green Jell-O mold, but by the end of an afternoon it would melt and turn into a mass of green goo, so I changed to a plate of cookies."

A man in a pin-striped suit and a tartan muffler strides by, glances back, and returns to Jim and Jane. Jim offers him a brochure, and the man offers Jim a business card, which identifies him as City Councilman Stan Michels. "No, thanks, I'm on a diet," Stan Michels says when Jane offers him a cookie.



"Don't eat after eight o'clock, and stay away from sugar," Jim says.

"I thought this was a sorority or fraternity initiation," Mr. Michels says.

"Other people have said that," Jim says. "Or they think we're from Bellevue."

"One of the things I had to do for my fraternity initiation was cook an egg in a restaurant and then try to sell it," Mr. Michels says.

It's getting dark, and several people approaching Jim and Jane give them a wide berth. A young man wearing jeans and a windbreaker walks over and asks, "You don't have any furnished rooms, do you?" Jim says he doesn't think so, but hands him a Halstead brochure anyway.

Fully Employed

JUST in case the Galactitag, a dog-tag-like I.D. necklace for people likely to be abducted by extraterrestrials, turns out not to be Jack Brisben's permanent meal ticket, he is holding on to his nine-to-five job as a dental technician. Jack Brisben spent three days recently in a booth at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, site of the Fad Fair III, because he believes profoundly in the potential of the Galactitag, which he created ("If you're lost in space, a Galactitag can get you returned to earth," he explained. "Theoretically speaking"), and because it occurred to him that a major manufacturer-distributor who was ready to talk hard numbers might wander through and they could consummate on the spot an international licensing agreement, or something like that.

Joyce and Jackie Giunta had rented a booth across the aisle from Jack Brisben, where they set up a specimen of Super Bowll 2000, a luminescent bathroom seat. Joyce and Jackie are twin sisters from California.

"She and I dream a lot of the same dreams," said Joyce. "I was the first one to mention the idea of a toilet seat that glows in the dark, but as soon as I said it my sister said, 'God, you know, I just thought of the *same thing*.' So we both saw a need and we're ready to fulfill that need."

"Remember that this is just the prototype," said Jackie. "The final product will glow with twice the intensity."

"It's going to be priced so that everybody can afford it," said Joyce. "We're going to have one in every house in America by the year 2000."

Until then, Joyce is working for an office-supply firm and Jackie is a receptionist for an electronics company.

Len Shustack, who was just around the corner from the Giunta twins, has set up Genius Marketing, Inc., as a sole proprietorship. How did he come up with "Genius Marketing"? "I don't know," he said. "Let me think. Well, a couple of friends of mine were kicking it around and said 'Why don't you call your company Genius Marketing?' and, believe it or not, that name was available in New York State. I was surprised." Genius Marketing's main product is Frame-Ums, a plastic-and-Velcro device that allows you to mount record albums on the wall, like art. "Album jackets are really a part of American culture," Len Shustack said. "Everybody's owned an album at one time or another, pretty much." Len Shustack is a C.P.A. He also does a little consulting on the side.

Perhaps the most multitalented person on the premises was Lonnie T. Parker, the author of "Clergy Say the Darndest Things" and "The Buppie Handbook" (it's for black urban professionals). Lonnie T. Parker used a pseudonym, Walter J. Kelly, for "Clergy Say the Darndest Things," and a different pseudonym, Thayer William Staples IV, for "The Buppie Handbook." The pseudonymous Katherine McMillan Staples (actually Lonnie T. Parker's wife, Rolasia Goode Parker) is listed as co-author of "The Buppie Handbook." Rolasia Goode Parker is an attorney. Lonnie T. Parker is a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church—the United Methodists, however, just made him a very tempting offer—and also an accountant.

Diane Carty has put her entire self on the line. For a year and a half now, working on Owie Wowies has been Diane Carty's only occupation. Owie Wowies are stick-on plastic bandages shaped like characters that Diane Carty personally designed. Immediately before coming up with the Owie Wowies idea, Diane Carty had a company that sold printed business cards with photographs on them. "It was successful," she said. "But it was time to move on." Prior to selling the photo business cards, she had worked for a video-game inventor and as an assistant to the producer of a celebrity talk show in San Francisco. "I met with a lot of celebrities," she said. "My job was to make them comfortable before they went on the air. At the time, I wanted to be a talk-show hostess, but then I decided I'd rather be the one invited on the talk shows."

Joan Barrett, a longtime friend of Diane Carty, accompanied her to the Fad Fair III. "This is the first time in a seventy-year-old industry that there's ever been a full image of a character on a plastic bandage in the shape of that character," said Diane Carty.

"So we're pioneering a new product in a seventy-year-old product," said Joan Barrett.

"A new direction," said Diane Carty.

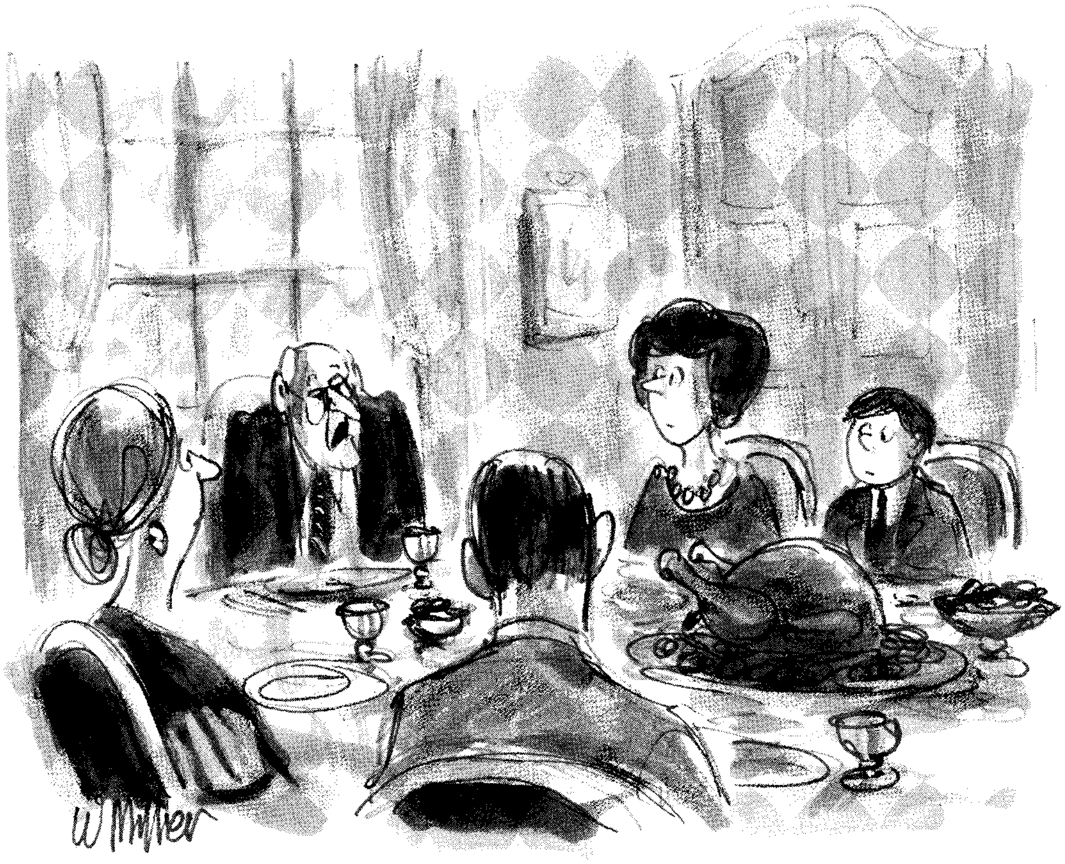
"A new concept," said Joan Barrett.

"We're selling fun," said Diane Carty. "We're selling good feelings. There's a storybook and a first-aid kit in each box, and when the box is empty it turns into a coin bank. See all these characters? Here's T. J. Skeeter, and here's Bumbles and Grampa Winston and Miss Molly and Mongo."

Someone asked Diane Carty whether Owie Wowies are sterile. Diane Carty said, "Are you kidding?" (Evidently, Owie Wowies have been checked out and blessed by the government.)

Diane Carty was wearing an Owie Wowie on the middle finger of her right hand, covering the cuticle. "I have an owie right here," she said. "So I put a T. J. Skeeter on it," she said.

A T. J. Skeeter, in other words, is just about the right size for a shaving nick. For a chain-saw owie, you'd probably want to use several Mongos.



"Before we begin, I think you should all know that I once smoked a reefer in 1935."

• •

FATHER

MY father always liked to cut a figure, so it's no wonder he became an actor. To him, life was a magnificent theatre spectacle. Stalin reminded him of the villains in Shakespeare's plays. The people endured in silence, just as they did in "Boris Godunov."

Vladivostok was a theatrical city on the order of Odessa. Foreign sailors brawled in the port restaurants. You might hear African music in the city parks. On the main street, the Svetlanka, dandies strolled about wearing poison-green trousers. There were cafés where people discussed the latest suicide over unrequited love.

It was all neither comedy nor tragedy but drama. In the end, good triumphed over evil. Base impulses were counterbalanced by high passions. Happiness and grief ran in the same harness. The central character would stand revealed in all his stature.

The central character was none other than my father himself.

I think my father had a certain real talent. With no ear for music, he sang comic songs. As a clumsy adolescent, he danced. He could pass himself off as brave. All these things involve performance.

His father, Grandpa Isaak, was a theatrical personality himself. A former guardsman, athlete, and philanderer, he held his three sons in some contempt. The eldest wrote poetry; my father acted in the theatre. The most down-to-earth and practical turned out to be the youngest, Leopold, and at eighteen he ran away from home for good.

My father wrote poetry, too. His poems were always about the death wish. I take this as evidence of his overabundant life force. Poetry attracted him as one of the elements of theatrical performance. He fell in love with tennis in the same way: tennis players wore good-looking sports clothes and the points were called in English.

Like many young people from the provinces, my father and his brothers were drawn to the great cities. Donat, my father, went off to Leningrad to perfect his dramatic gifts. Mikhail, the poet, followed after him. Swashbuckling Leopold surfaced in Shanghai.

My father entered the theatre institute and went through rather quickly as a representative of the new intelligentsia. He became a director. Everything was going well. He was hired by the Academic Theatre. He worked with Vivyen, Tolubeyev, Cherkassov, Adashevsky. I've seen good reviews of the plays he directed. Of course, at just about the same period there were plenty of bad reviews of the great Meyerhold's productions.

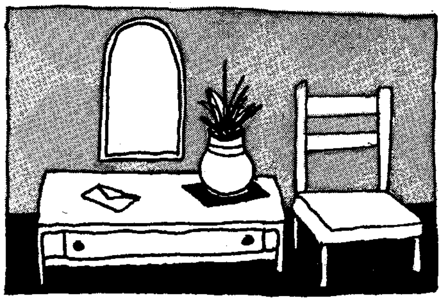
THEN anxious times began. My parents' friends suddenly began disappearing.

My mother cursed Stalin for what was happening. My father judged things differently: after all, he remarked, only the most mediocre people were disappearing. And, along with their good qualities, each one of them had grave shortcomings. In each of them, if you really thought about it, there was something negative, something that allowed you to come to terms with the loss.

When the police took away the man who lived on the floor below us, Lyabin, the choirmaster, my father reminded everyone that Lyabin was an anti-Semite. When they arrested the philologist Roginski, it was revealed that Roginski drank. Zatsepin, my father's co-worker at the theatre, was not tactful in his dealings with women. Sidelnikov, the makeup man, preferred men altogether. And Shapiro, the cinematographer, conducted himself with amazing assurance for a Jew. All this was to say that a drama was being played out in which each fatal flaw was punished.

Then Grandpa Isaak was arrested —just like that. He disappeared. For my father, it was completely unexpected, inasmuch as Grandpa was a manifestly good man. Of course, Grandpa had weaknesses, too, but very few. Anyway, the faults were one hundred per cent private in nature. For instance, he ate a lot.

The drama was turning into tragedy. My father went to pieces. He suddenly saw that death lurked somewhere nearby, that the central character was imperilled, as in a Shakespearean tragedy.



Then my father himself was forced to leave his job in the theatre. As he should have been, in keeping with his own theories: a Jew, with a father who had been shot, with a brother living abroad, and so on.

Father began writing for variety shows. He wrote light sketches, satirical songs, skits, and comic routines. He became a professional gagwriter and would spend days on end thinking up jokes. As everyone knows, such activity drains you completely of high spirits.

I remember one of his routines by heart; it will stay with me forever:

By chance I saw
The head of our food store;
This manager's strong as an ox.
The only thing is,
It's now ten years
Since our store has carried lox.

When I first heard these crazy lines, I asked my father what they were supposed to mean. Father got angry and shouted in a high, tragic voice, "You're not getting the point! You just don't have any sense of humor!"

Then he got to thinking. Went off by himself for about forty minutes. He came back out of his study and triumphantly recited his new version:

Our food-store manager is quite a guy,
Like a pickle fresh out of brine;
Only it's a good ten years
Since pickles in the store appeared.

"So, what do you think?" he asked.

"They sell pickles everywhere you look," my mother said.

"Well, so what?"

"So, then, it's not true to life."

"What's not true to life? What, exactly, is not true to life?"

"That line about no pickles in the store. It would make more sense if you said that about beef salami."

My father clutched his hair and started screaming, "What's beef salami got to do with it? Don't talk to me as if I were some housewife! I have no interest in the vulgar details of your existence! Not true to life!" Father repeated as he locked the door to his study.

I knew he was writing lyric poems in there. I read them twenty years later. Unfortunately, I didn't much like them.

His music-hall lead-ins were better.

For example, the master of ceremonies comes out and announces, "Now Rubina Kalantaryan will sing the Mexican song 'Crimson Flower.' The lyrics go: 'Juanito gave me a crimson flower. "I'm a poor man," said Juanito, "and cannot give you a necklace of pearls. So at least take from me this flower." "Juanito," I said, "you've given me something more valuable than a pearl necklace. You have given me your love!"' And so—Rubina Kalantaryan! The Mexican song 'Crimson Flower'! The song will be performed IN RUSSIAN!" I remember people laughing in the theatre.

Father was a romantic-looking man. His face had an imposing quality, even though that wasn't based on anything and was a little overdone. He looked youthful and fairly elegant and yet at the same time like someone out of "The Lower Depths" flophouse. He looked like a cross between Pushkin and an American on unemployment.

Naturally, Father drank now and then—perhaps no more than others did, but it was somehow more noticeable. In a word, he was regarded as a lush, and unjustly so. His theatricality shook people up a little even when he was sober.

He was surrounded by an assortment of shady characters, even though he himself was an entirely honest man. And in matters involving money he was absolutely scrupulous.

I was always impressed by his tolerance in regard to other people. The person who forced him out of his job in the theatre was someone my mother hated for the rest of her life; Father, on the other hand, had a friendly drink with him a month later.

Father was a purveyor of puns and jokes; Mother possessed a sense of humor. Two more dissimilar people could hardly exist, that much is clear. Like all frivolous men, Father was a kindhearted person. Mother was outspoken and sharp-tongued. Her exceptional honesty allowed for no compromises. Her slightest gesture took on the quality of self-sacrifice. In the merciless light of her moral purity, my father's shortcomings stood out catastrophically. They separated when I was eight years old.

GIVE ME A MANHATTAN.
THAT'LL BE TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS.
John O'Brien

SO my father lived through the cult of personality, through war, evacuation. Then divorce, hackwork, women, evenings at the theatre folk's restaurant . . .

The years went by. I was growing up. The Great Leader was debunked. Grandpa's name was "rehabilitated," as they say, "for lack of corpus delicti." My father again took heart. It seemed to him that the third and culminating act of life's drama was beginning, and now good would finally triumph. One might even say it already had.

He married for the second time. A nice young woman technician had fallen in love with him. She may have taken him for a brilliant eccentric. That kind of thing sometimes happens.

In short, things were getting better. The play had regained its lost momentum. The long-breached rules of classical drama were being restored.

And then what happened? Nothing much. The country was ruled by a bunch of nondescript, faceless leaders. A depressing, colorless uniformity held sway in the arts. On the other hand, father would point out, people were not being shot, or even imprisoned. Well, they were sent to prison, yes, but not so often. At any rate, if they were it was for some concrete action, or at least for some imprudent public statement. That is, for a reason. Not the way things used to be.

Nevertheless, it had been better under Stalin. Under Stalin, they would publish books and then shoot the authors. Now they don't shoot writers and they don't publish books. Jewish theatres weren't being closed down, there simply weren't any.

The heirs of Stalin disappointed my father. They lacked grandeur, brilliance, theatricality. My father was ready to accept tyranny, but the tyranny of an Oriental despot, colorful and rather wild.

He was convinced that Stalin had been buried improperly. He should never have been buried like an ordinary mortal. It wasn't proper to write about his illnesses, about a stroke, and on top of that to publish some inappropriate urinalysis. They should have just announced that Stalin had disappeared, or more simply that he had ascended. And everyone would have believed it. Then the great legend could have continued. In what way was Stalin inferior to that young fellow from Nazareth? As things were now, all you had was a bunch of discontented, overfed types lined up at the mausoleum. Dressed-up pensioners, to judge by the looks of them.

Life was becoming increasingly lacklustre and monotonous. Even vil-

MARGARET...
MEATBALL...

lainy took on a kind of banal, abject quality. Goodness was transformed into apathy. People would say, "So-and-So is a good person, he doesn't inform on anyone."

I don't remember my father being interested in real life. What interested him was theatre. Behind the riot of his words, actions, and thoughts one could hardly make out the innocent, impractical soul.

A conversation he once had with a writer named Markovsky has always stayed with me. It seems Markovsky had had a lot to drink and said, "Can you imagine, Donat—I informed on some people."

Father blew up. "I'll never shake your hand again!"

Markovsky hastened to clarify what he had said. "I never reported good people. Only bad ones."

My father thought about this for a moment and then said, "Just who appointed you judge, Arkady? What does that mean—bad people, good people? Why should that be decided by you, of all people? Who are you, Jesus Christ?"

Markovsky tried to explain again. "Bad people are the ones who never buy dinner for their friends . . . people who drink alone . . ."

"Well, that's all right, then," my father said.

In those years he was practically the dean of a music school where, on his initiative, students could specialize in variety-show performance. Those were the students he taught himself. He would call his graduate students disciples, in the manner of Pythagoras. The disciples loved him for his democratic ways.

But some rather strange things went on at that school. One of the other teachers wrote a letter of denunciation, charging my father with corrupting the students, going to restaurants with them, chasing after young girls, and so on. The denunciation was unsigned.

Father was summoned to the director's office. The calamitous sheet of paper was shown to him. Father pulled out a magnifying glass and asked, "Would you permit me to look at this closely?"

Permission was granted. He bent over the paper. After a minute he began muttering quietly, "So . . . Pressure on the capital letters: dark-haired. . . . Space between 'b' and hard sign: narrow eyes. . . . An unclosed oval: chain-smoker. . . . 'R' that comes out looking like an 'e': shoe size 43. . . . Good. Short flourish under the 'g': mustache. . . . Ragged crossbar in the capital 'H': broken tooth."

My father stood up and exclaimed triumphantly, "This was written by Shurik Boguslavski!"

My father's longtime hobby, graphology, had yielded dazzling results. Boguslavski confessed.

A meeting was organized, and my father stood up and said, "Shurik! Alexander Ghermanovich! How is it possible that you, a member of the Party, could do such a thing?"

When he told me this later, I said to my father, "The fact that Boguslavski is a Party member is completely in keeping with his writing a denunciation. That's just what *is* logical and natural."

But he continued to fret. "A member of the Communist Party . . . a figure invested with the trust of the people . . ."

My father had within him a deep and stubborn lack of understanding of the way things are.

MEANWHILE, events took a rather dim turn. Some of my stories were published in the West. My father's daughter by his second marriage fell in love with a young computer programmer named Lenya, and after marrying they prepared to emigrate. I was hesitating between Paris and prison.

As a crowning touch, my father was again forced out of his job. "So that's that," I said. "We'll leave together."

"To go where?"

"Anywhere you want. Into the capitalist jungles."

"And what am I supposed to do there?"

"Nothing. Grow old."

My father almost blew up. Who ever heard of such a thing—leaving the stage in the last act? Three minutes before the final curtain and the applause?

What could I tell him? That we weren't onstage but out front in the orchestra seats? That the lights had come up for intermission, which might now drag on till the Second Coming?

My wife and daughter were the first to leave. Then my half sister and Lenya went, and after them my mother, the dog, and I. After we had been in the United States for a year, my father came. He settled in New Jersey. He plays bingo. Everything's normal. There is no applause to wait for, from anywhere.

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Anne Frydman.*)

VOLPONE

As I walked into the lobby, William, my former husband, rushed up like an advance man, wild to kiss my face. Immediately, we both assumed old postures, which no amount of time passing helps us unlearn: he was bussing me and I was pushing faintly against his chest like a cat being hugged too hard. "Will you stop it a minute!" I said—my first words after not laying eyes on the guy for four months.

He didn't take offense. "So!" he cried, releasing his hold and letting me drop. "We're reconstituted!"

William's father was toddling at his side, wearing a salmon-colored sports jacket arresting in its silkiness, in which he nevertheless looked like a little leathery Florida animal. "Hi, Peppy," I said, and I leaned toward his brown cheek.

"What a pleasure, darling," he announced, and shifted his head, so that I kissed him hard on his nose.

It was March. I hadn't seen Pep in eight months, William since Thanksgiving. As always, William was beautifully dressed, in a pristine wool suit, a monogrammed silk shirt, and a red crêpe tie. "That's a great shirt," I said, and he grinned as if vindicated.

"It's elegant but sportive," he said. Then he flung his glance about the lobby, taking in the fieldstone fireplace, the chair rail, the rag rugs floating on the carpet, and said, "So this is the *vrai* Vermont!"

We were in Vermont to see our son, Zachary, play the lead in his college production of "Volpone"—the first time in three years that our family was gathering in one place. "Ms. Cupcake is indeed ensconced," William told me happily. He meant that our daughter, Nora, had cut her last class and driven up the Northway from Saratoga; so we were all here.

William was wedging himself between me and the counter, urgently inclining my way. I felt like getting to my own room to—what? Be alone with my suitcase. I touched his soft lapel lightly, as if I were a Mafia don, restrained in gesture, capable, without making a move, of menacing even those of comparable rank. I said, "Willie. Mind if I check in?"

At five in the afternoon William and Pep and I gathered in the dining room, where a guy was still vacuuming the rug. Zachary arrived, took off his coat, sat down at the table with us, and rewrapped his muffler around his neck as if he were getting ready to go out. We looked over the tops of our menus, out of the restaurant dining room and across to the end of the lobby, where the elevator opened to reveal a young woman already rushing forward, wearing a tiny skirt, from which thrust legs oddly mottled, or encrusted, with patches of black. It was Nora. In arrival and greeting so like her father, she plunged into the dining room crying, "Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!" and swirled around the table, kissing us all—Pep on top of his head, me with her arms around my neck. William called "Norie, Norie, here!" and thumped the chair beside him. She sat down, then immediately stood up and said to Zachary, "What do you think?," rotating her legs left, then right.

I said, "Oh, you wore them. They look really lovely."

William pointed into a booklet, and the waitress peered into it at his finger.

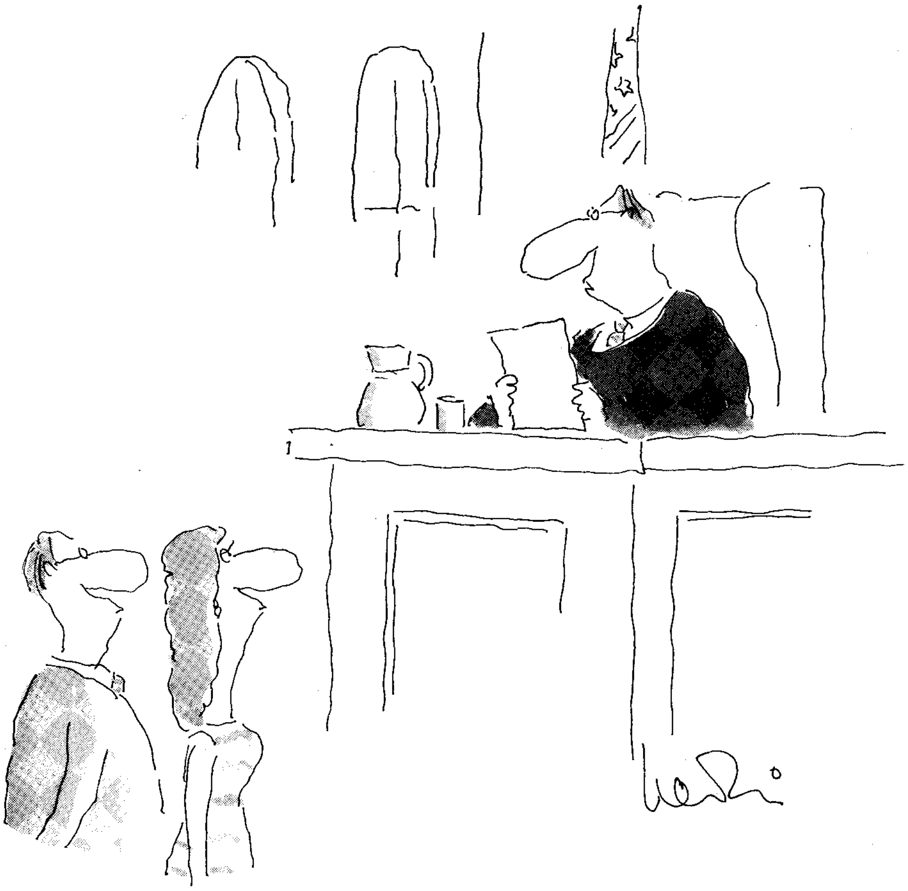
"Zack?" Nora said, shifting her weight. She told Pep, "These are black lace panty hose, Grandpa. They're very current."

"Beautiful, darling," Pep said.

William said, "Can you bring the bottle so we can see the year?," and the waitress looked at him intently, then rushed away. He said, "Let's see, Norie!" and then I felt a familiar sensation of intimacy, and heard his voice whispering, "Is she kidding? What should we do?"

Nora was balanced with one knee bent, gazing into her brother's face. "They're good," he said to her, and for a moment everything seemed to hold still. Nora was eighteen and Zack was nineteen, and they had lived most of their lives side by side.

Outside, through French doors, late sunlight was slanting past, and all the dining-room lamps now turned themselves on. "Oh, perfect!" Nora cried, and sat down and looked around at each of us—William, Zachary, Pep, and me—one by one. The guy cut off the vacuum cleaner and the roaring sank and died. "Isn't this so



"I see here the party of the first part says 'potato.' The party of the second part says 'potahto.' The party of the first part says 'tomato,' the party of the second part says 'tomahto.' Both parties, by mutual agreement, wish to call the whole thing off."

THE WYOMING POETRY TOUR

Climbing down out of the rain, which is what
the breakable upper branches were—rain:
webbed, hardly visible vessels, the imprint
of the leaves long since Cambrian, Ordovician,
rooted out of time, the cold, breakable
rain branching out of sight, but thicker
the lower down you went, thickest at the trunk. . . .

My father had put me up there to look
for deer, above the scent. I never got
it right—it all looked rain to me,
the star points at a distance blurring
with the trees. Two other moments: one
with friends in a great field in the spring,
the cold sky filled or emptied out of wind,

the Steller's jays angry or friendly depending,
then suddenly a redwing flies into
my hand just long enough to take the bread.
I can see the spots, like a starling's,
and the clipped blood reds lit within the wing—
it is amazing, a moment, and nothing.
And the other: above the Wind River

Basin, in moon country, along the skyline,
the loose trail of antelope drifting
with the herds—heraldic, half wild, following
the traffic down to better pasture,
dead meat and following to slaughter.
We have to stop the truck to let them pass:
they congregate in front of us, like cages.

Light, then dusk passes through them. Wyoming
is dusk, all day—I remember it seemed
deeper in the air, layers of the inter-
tonguing rock permeable, passable, like rain,
like a storm in daylight passing to the north,
the Indian towns starving with the dark,
the ranches poor with oil or coal or the
animal debt of the land, which had a shine
like dry seabeds or maria, silver,
though they held their shadow. In Sheridan
we met in a hunting lodge to talk,
no one from anywhere you could name,
who loved the place or got stuck—we talked into
the night, the still walls lined with signs and wonders.

Love will never let us alone, which is
exactly what it does. That *night it* got
too late. Even outside, in moonlight,
we could see our faces, people you'd never
see again, who'd travelled hundreds of miles
in a landscape through stone just to talk
or hear the poem read against silence.

The next morning was winter, the rain
ice cold, October, but by afternoon
clear with the smell of snow. All those towns to
get through, all that endless gradual ground.
At Wind River the walls were stratified,
like ladder variations on the color
stone, a ladder to be dreamed of climbing

from the earth—we stopped to watch the river move
its tons of trainloads of the rock. My friend
said that stone is what they have instead of
trees, which are immortal, flowering out of
stone like souls in secret. I could believe
it, counting the outcrop few leading toward
the horizon. The small stone in the hand,

she said, is for loneliness, company,
good luck. To the south, past Rawlins, there were
elk, like shale and mud and blue dusk, part of a cut
that had climbed out of the river: animals
part tree, part stone, coming down, she said,
to feed with the herds, to take a look at us,
but not too close, or close, or not at all.

—Stanley Plumly

• •

nice!" Nora loudly insisted, in the sudden silence.

"Well?" she said. "Well?"

"I SAW your shacks," Nora said.

"Shanties," Zack said.

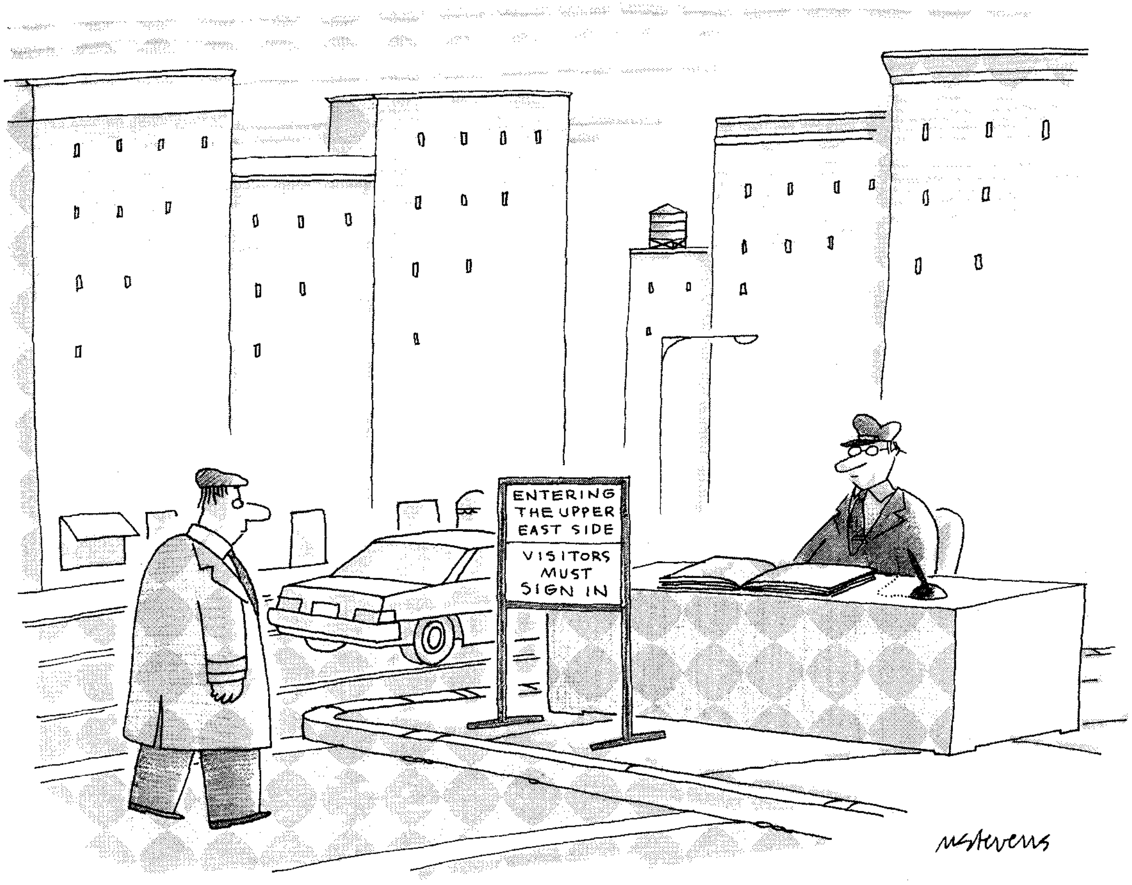
"How's that going?" William said, chewing shrimp.

Zack said, "Well, y'know, at Berkeley they *routinely* get their heads smashed. At Georgetown they build one shanty and they get arrested. Here it can be kind of discouraging, because the school is so quietly accepting that if you're not doing violence or, you know, something disgusting, you can basically take any stand you want and they'll say 'Well, that's fine,' and it just gets sort of *instantaneously absorbed* and everybody just goes on."

Pep cleared his throat and said, "I note they don't use 'Professor' here. It's pretty much on a first-name basis."

"Pep. Wait," William said, and waved at him. Then he smiled, with a sympathetic, curving smile, and Pep looked at an asparagus tip and forked it into his mouth.

Zack said, "Well, that really is on the point, Grandpa, and unfortunately there are times when that kind of institutionalized, relaxed approach isn't so much help. I mean there's such a tradition of genteel liberalism here that— Here's a great example, this is funny: The president addresses us. Hodell will come out on the chapel steps and *address the shanties*. He'll be kind of standing there grinning and, you know, he's cool, he wears hiking boots, and he looks real sincere in this sort of *arcane way*, and he says, 'Guys. Beautiful symbol. It's wonderful the way you're expressing yourselves on this crucial issue. So in the spirit of the school.' Then he goes back inside, we feel recognized, we keep building shanties, he puts *no pressure at all* on the trustees to divest, everything is defused, and nobody cares!" Zack laughed a harried laugh.



William said, to Zack but in my direction, "But for your purposes there's no question a less accepting school would not be any particular improvement."

Zack was chuckling, still telling his story. He said, "I mean, the lawnmower guy comes out with his tractor to mow around the chapel, and every week because of the shanties there's less visible lawn. The guy just says *'How ya doin'!'* and mows around us!"

"*Ha! Ha!*" Nora cried, and fell over onto Zack's shoulder. He looked at her, surprised, then joyful.

I asked, "Can you work in the tents?"

"If I can't work, I can't," Zack said quickly.

"But I mean . . ." I said. "Well, they wouldn't let you keep them up during exams, I guess."

He looked extremely pleasant. He said, "Hey. Y'know?"

After a pause, I said, "Well, I'm sorry you're not making more of an impression on the trustees, but, speaking as a mother, there are times when I'm really glad you're not at Berkeley, or wherever, getting your head routinely smashed."

Zack gave me a curious look, and Nora sat back and gave me an amused one. "*As a mother*," she said. "You usually try not to say that."

I said, "Well, I mean, I'm torn. Obviously I support you and I'm proud of you, and I think it's important you stand by your convictions, and obviously I *don't* believe in trying to keep my kids from operating independently and doing what they think is right. At the same time there's a part of me that says I really don't want you getting smashed in the head." Although stagy, this sounded so reasonable to me as to be unassailable. William was supportively, absently nodding. "It's a conflict I've not resolved," I said, "and—"

"It's kind of irrelevant, Mom, whether *you want* to try to keep us from 'operating' in a certain way," Zack said. "We're people. We're already 'operating.' It's nice that you make an effort to frame it in a 'liberal' way. But your idea, Mom, about whether you should *let us* do it is kind of—I don't know, not exactly germane."

"Zachary, your mother is talking about an issue of consequence to her," William said, looking personally offended. "The only point worth discussing isn't necessarily whether the president of your college should or should not stand upon the chapel steps and congratulate you people for your exemplary achievement in constructing seven plywood shanties!"

Zack looked out the window. After a while he said, "Pretty amazing."

"Uh-oh, don't start this crap," William said.

Zack said, "Well, Dad, your contribution seems to be generally that you think it's cute that we *pipe up and speak* like adults. That seems to really kind of take care of it." He said to Nora, with a sweet, helpless smile, "Great. This is great."

"You find what I said 'amazing'?" William asked, peering at him.

Zack turned his chair to face halfway away from the table, and Pep looked up, startled. Nora leaned and set her hand on Pep's forearm. She said, "Come on, guys."

There was a silence, in which Nora reached across to Zack's plate and picked up his last curled shrimp and said to him in a warm voice, "You want this?" He moved his head back and forth. Nora held the shrimp up in her fingers before popping it in her mouth and said, "This is undeniably a Vermont shrimp." She grinned at Pep. She said, "This shrimp regrets everything."

Pep set his fork down and gazed across. "If I were running this college, I'd be *proud* to have you as a student, Zackie," he said.

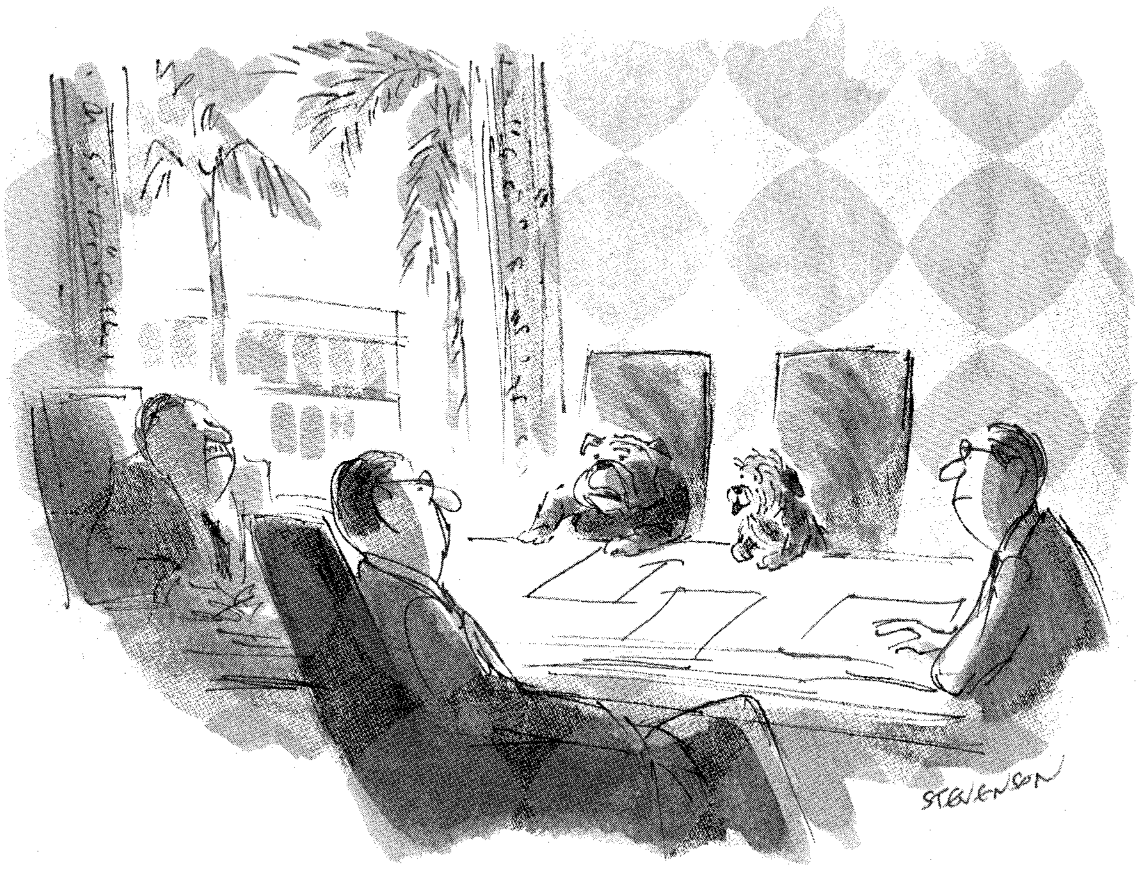
"Thanks, Grandpa," Zack said, bitterly chuckling.

Pep said, "So, Zackie, you mean you sleep in the shacks?"

"What's the situation with getting enough sleep?" William added.

Nora said, "Come on, Z."

He turned his chair toward the table again. Tears stood in his eyes. He was composing his face into a bland, relaxed face and he did it pretty fast. He said to Pep, "I go to class all morning. I rehearse most afternoons. After din-



"For his next picture, my client wants creative control, script approval, and a percentage of the gross. Is that clear?"

• •

ner, either I build or I make a wood run, and then I either work on lines or study—the last few nights I've had performances—and then I go to sleep." He looked at William. "I sleep fine in there, Dad. I've got my futon and my sleeping bag. There aren't many people—it's totally comfortable. I fall asleep right away, and in the morning I get up and I walk straight across to Talbot for Baroque." By the end of these remarks he was talking to all of us again, looking cheerful to signal his eagerness not to quarrel. When William said, "When do you get time to study?" he grinned intently and cried, in a tone so affable and energetic it was like pleading, "Dad! Dad! I study all the time!"

AT the end of the dining room, a pale man in a woodsman's shirt set up a music stand and began to play a dulcimer, and while its silvery notes floated over to us we made our reports. It was family dinner, the first in years.

William told about a recent law case full of what he called "involutions and human interest."

Pep told about Florida, where for four years he had been living alone, eating bowls of ice cream, attending meetings of his recreational-facilities committee, and playing cards with his cronies, three ancient women.

Before us was the wreckage of our dinners—on Nora's plate the julienne of vegetables, on Pep's the center of his roast-beef slab, and in the middle of the table half the miniature bread loaf with the knife still protruding from its side. Outside, the light was fading, and the obligatory distant mountains were starting to turn lavender, then dark. Nora told about playing lacrosse back at her own school, defensive wing, with William lobbing questions drawn from several sports, both amateur and pro. Pep burped, faintly popping. "And against Colgate?" William asked.

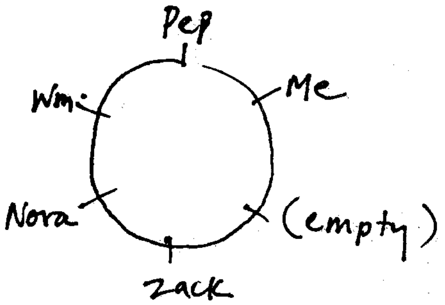
She said placidly, "They ate us for lunch."

Before I got to make my report, Zack suddenly had to leave. He was telling about his roommate, a lively Zionist. "He doesn't even think I'm a Jew. I mean, he thinks at best I'm a misguided assimilated Jew of the Diaspora, which—well, I guess I agree with. He can be quite a pain in the ass about it. But I respect that opinion, I think that—"

Those who know William well can invariably see him formulating his sentences long in advance. Now his eyebrows lifted and he flicked his fingers. Zack shoved back his chair and stood up. Wild look. He pulled at his muffler, then at his hair. "I'm freaking out from stagefright!" he cried. "I'm getting over the edge!"

WHILE we waited to go to the theatre, I told the rest of them about the book I was working on with my old friend Michael Roseman, the developmental psychologist, who had made videotapes of sixty children at the dinner table with their families, starting when the children were three. "For example," I told them, "we're probably all kind of aware that we automatically—perhaps you'd say naturally—sat down in this constellation. We didn't discuss it, and we probably didn't think about it. We all just knew where to sit, in the places appropriate to our relationships."

On my placemat I drew a diagram:



"William saved a place at his right. I saved the one on my left. And Zack sat right between them to leave room for Nora—it didn't matter to him which side she took, as long as he was buffered by empty space on one side and Nora sat next to him on the other. By the way, I think Nora would've sat next to me if William hadn't skewed the results by yelling, 'Sit here!' "

"Oh, Mom," Nora said sadly, in a thrilling warm, low voice.

"No, it's just interesting," I said. "It's just that in families these alignments have long since sorted themselves out, and every family member finds what everybody agrees is the 'right' seat without conscious thought on anybody's part. It doesn't mean there's a reason to be insulted—it's just that the family kind of automatically arranges itself in the way that feels correct."

Nora gazed at me sympathetically.

William said, "I assume this material is all prefatory? Because I suspect most people are already rather aware of this sort of patterning when they sit down at a table. Most people are often quite intensely conscious of who they want to sit with, I would think. And who they wish to avoid, for that matter." Pep coughed at his ice cream, and Nora looked at him. "No?" William said to me.

Nora said, "I'm sure there's a lot more to the book."

"This is general scene-setting. This is not even *in* the book," I said.

William said, "In any case, I can also imagine the seating pattern that emerges here might be informed by precisely the fact that we *don't* eat together anymore. It clearly expresses something about *that* reality as well."

"Which doesn't contradict my point at all," I said.

Nora said cheerily, "And also Daddy is not Michael Roseman's biggest fan of all time."

William signed the check. Then a waitress in a leather waistcoat brought the dulcimer player a plate of meatballs and rolls, and we pushed back our chairs and walked across the lobby, heading out into the cool night to see our Zachary on the stage. The carpet was plaid. Nora bent to link her arm through Pep's and pulled him along, saying, "The family after dinner, walking on checked wool!"

NINETY people sat on folding chairs and watched their friends and relatives play "Volpone" in aerobics clothes. Instead of a stage, there was a space cleared on the floor, with lights shining on the tape marks. Zachary wore a sweatsuit and a rakish scarf. Several pretty young women, expansively gesturing, played roles written for men: Corvino the Raven was a tiny wild-eyed girl in a black leotard. Between scenes, the audience sat in the dark and listened to props being thumped around and to John Coltrane.

Backstage afterward, Zack was standing behind the young woman who played Mosca the Fly, the sidekick to his Volpone. He had his arms around her and was resting his chin on her hair and grinning at everybody. His friends were with him: Corbaccio the Crow and Voltore the Vulture.

Corbaccio squeezed our hands. "Your son is a nice young man," he said loudly, grinning at William, Nora, Pep, and me. "Yes, that's how we talk about him: *'Isn't he a nice young man?'* "

Mosca had a red rose, which she held up by its long stem under William's nose. He flushed and looked proud. "You were awfully persuasive," he said to her.

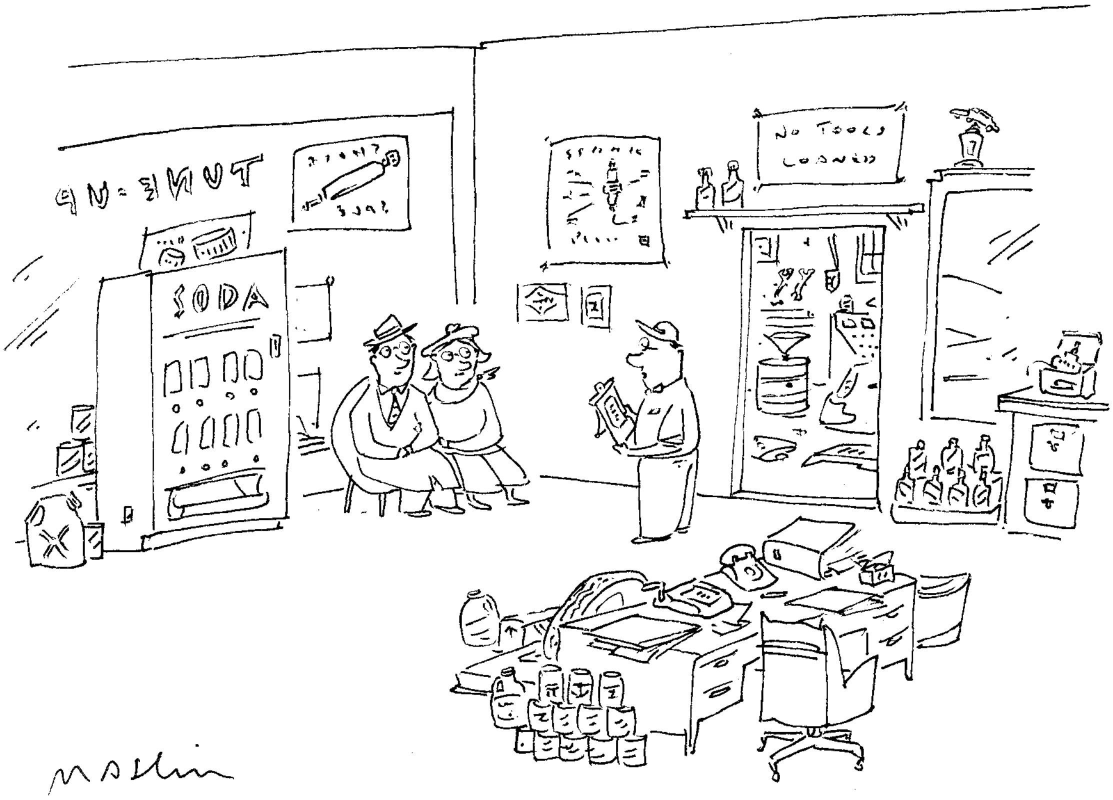
"You were great. You were very greedy," Nora said.

A couple rushed in, two plump, white-haired people who pushed through the crowd to get to Zack, squeezing in front of Pep. Zack introduced us; these were the Didis.

Mrs. Didi cried, "See, Zachary, we got here! We couldn't miss it!," while her husband reached around Mosca and pumped Zack's hand.

Then, for a while longer, the audience stood around and told the cast some more about how wonderful their performances had been. Zack told us that right before he steps onto any stage he says to himself, *"Sant' Antonio della barba bianca, fammi trovare cio che mi manca."*

Nora looked excited. She said, " 'Saint Anthony of the white beard . . . help me to find . . . that



"I have some good news, Mr. and Mrs. Montly. Your drive shaft is going to be all right."

which I've lost'! Oh my God, I can translate!"

"And then I don't forget my lines," Zack said, and kissed the top of smiling Mosca's head.

Mrs. Didi was standing beside William, who gave her a look of collusion. He said, "These modern kids grow up without much in the way of religion, I'm afraid, and they are forced to find their prayers where they can."

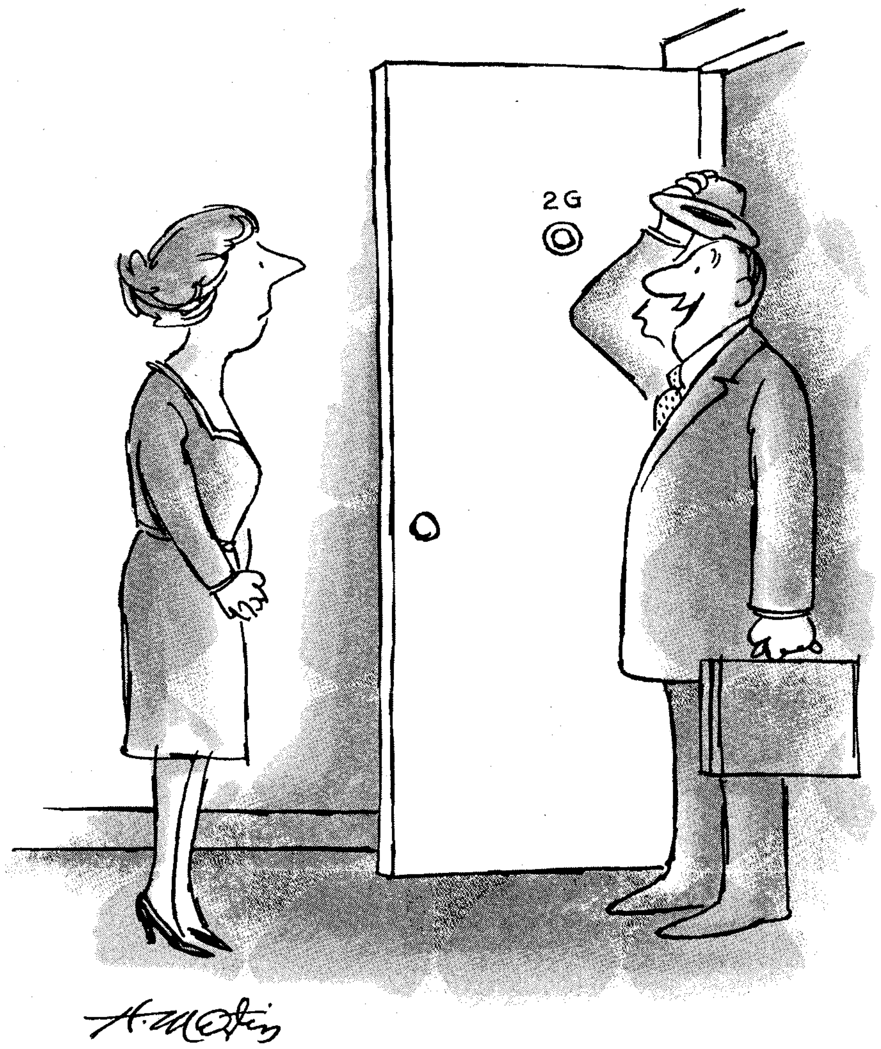
"He's our adopted son!" Mrs. Didi said.

"We like to see this guy every day of the week," her husband said. Pep following his every move, he shook Zachary's hand again. "O.K.! Back to the salt mines," he told Pep.

"We'll be there soon," Zack said, and we all watched the white-haired couple turn and go out the door.

"Who *were* they?" Nora said.

"The Didis?" Zack said happily. "They own the Pizza Solution, where I live the rest of my life."



"How do! I'm Ed Worthington. I'll be substituting for your husband, who has been temporarily transferred to the Minneapolis office."

Zack went off with the cast, and we walked back to the inn. On the way, Nora showed Pep some stars and William walked with me, holding my arm hard the whole time, as if he were pulling me aside for consultation. He whispered, "He's sleeping with Mosca or she's a pal?"

I laughed. But I was remembering Zack in the play, moving in white light and crying out his lines, plotting with his sidekick, feigning vivid death and flashily rising again. Zack, whom I hadn't talked to or listened to in so long, looked happy—he looked like himself.

AT four I woke up, thinking, Don't wake up. In the other bed, Nora lay slantwise, with her blankets rolled around her as if she were camping, and with the digital clock flipping numbers near her head. I got up and went down to the lobby, where two lamps were on and an old man sat behind the counter looking at a television set the size of a dinner roll. I went outside, where the moon was out and high clouds were scudding, and I thought I would just walk around and see some things in the rustling, bright night.

I walked toward the college chapel, which looked from far away like a big seated animal attended by trees. As I approached, I could see set out on the grass some cardboard boxes patched with wood scraps—the shanties—and I stopped thinking my walk was aimless. I wanted to see Zachary.

Taped to the side of his shanty was a square of cardboard, the shutter for his window. I lifted it and looked in, but the room was empty. I looked into all of them; sometimes they were black inside and sometimes when I lifted the cardboard the moon streamed in, but nobody was sleeping there. I stood still on the lawn.

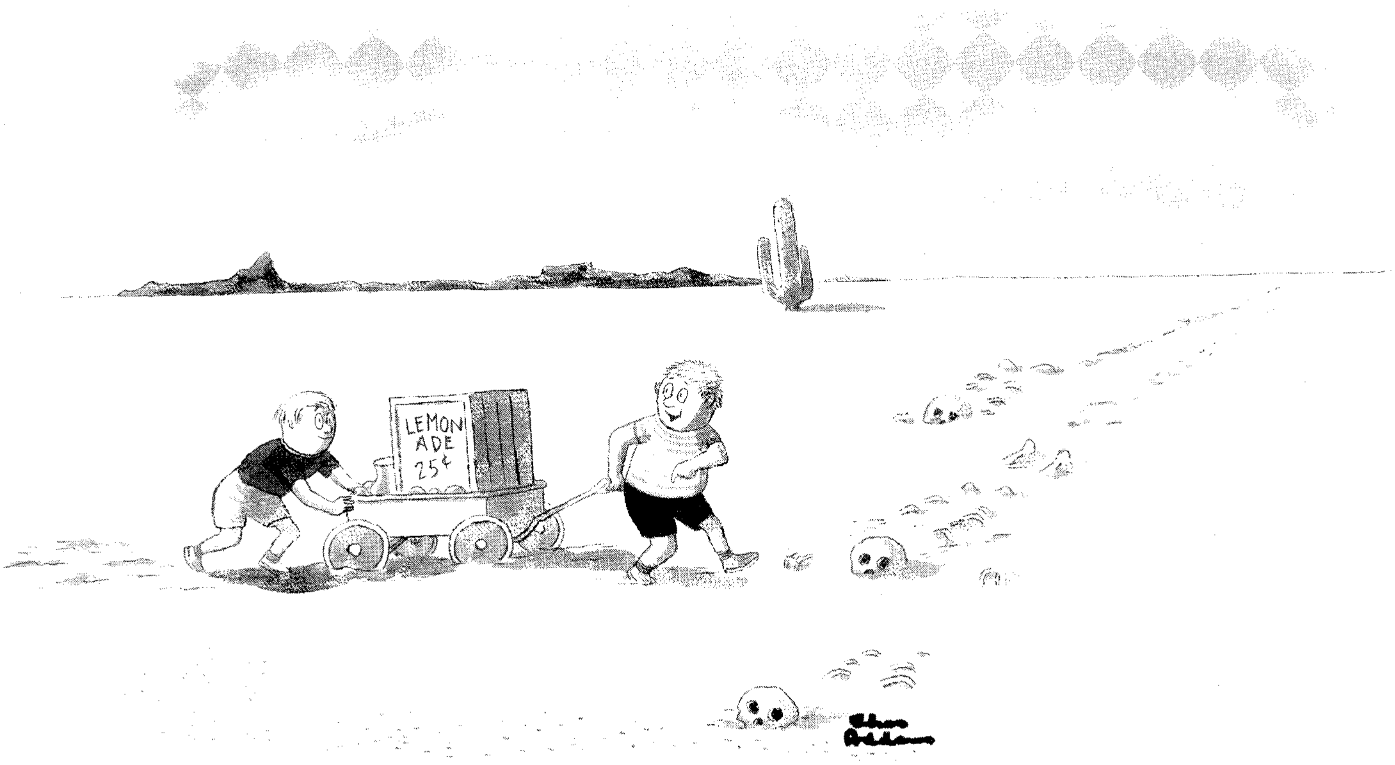
Far away, a couple were coming toward me down the walk, and I thought I might ask them why the shanty people weren't asleep in the shanties. But when they were nearer I saw they were a young man and woman wearing only sneakers. These were two famous students, the Nude Strollers. Every time they stepped under a light, their bodies looked very roundly modelled and shiny; they were deep into a friendly chat. I thought, Well, I won't ask a naked couple—they wouldn't know. And I started following the paths back toward the inn.

AHEAD, at the far edge of the campus, the inn was sitting in the dark like a ship, pouring light into the black air and out over the grass. All the lights were on. Fire trucks were outside, with red lights pulsing but no sirens, and firemen were stamping in through the front door.

In the lobby, a few people were standing around wearing windbreakers and robes with pajamas and nightgowns sticking out of the bottoms, among them Pep in his seventy-fifth-birthday robe. Nora stood wrapped in a blanket, listening on the house phone.

"Dad doesn't answer. Oh, here he is!" she said, and handed me the receiver.

William's voice was rough and stiff, but even half asleep he was vivacious. "What is this!" he cried. "You're phoning? There's somebody smashing



"This looks like a good spot."

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on the door at the same time! JUST A MINUTE!"

"It's the firemen," I said.

"WAIT A MINUTE, I'M ON THE PHONE!" he cried.

"They're the firemen, Willie. Open the door and come down to the lobby right away. Don't use the elevator, O.K.?"

"Oh—firemen?" William said, and hung up.

"JUST what I need," William said in greeting. He was wearing a maroon warmup suit with silver stripes on the sleeves and ironed trousers. I said, "Did you bring that in case of a fire?" and he smiled grimly and turned to walk away. He called back to us, "I'm getting drinks. Don't bother giving me your orders. I know what I'm doing."

More people arrived in the lobby. The manager announced that we could stay inside, because it was undoubtedly a false alarm. Nora got sleepy. We were on a high-backed couch, Pep balanced on the arm, Nora far down in the cushions with me, still wearing her blanket.

"Grandpa, in Florida do you go to Disney World?" she said.

"Not yet, darling."

"You should go," she said. "You'd dig it." She looked dreamy. "I went," she said. "Remember that, Mom? I went last year, with my two roommates, Susan and Suzanne. They invited me, and they said it's not expensive and it's great. But everything cost just so much more than they said. When we got to the ticket window, they said, 'It's twenty-five dollars.' " When Nora told me this the year before, she'd cried; now she only said, "Mom, I worked so hard for that money."

I was thinking about what I had thought as I ran toward the lighted inn—the craziness of reassembling a family in one building just so the family could burn up together. Nora said, "When we were little, we used to play fire alarm. David Beecham would set a fire with twigs and Zack and I would start running." She stopped and looked out over the lobby. "I remember Zachary's sneaks! He had Keds! His legs stuck out like brown sticks!"

"Rest your eyes," Pep said.

"It's five hours till checkout," Nora said. "I'm talking about a long time ago, Grandpa," she went on, fuzzily, in a cottony voice, as if he had just arrived and she could fill him in without having to wake up again. "When Zack and me were little."

Pep said, "Here comes your soda, darling." Nora let her eyes fall shut, and at that instant the glass door swung open and Zachary came into the lobby, smiling in our direction.

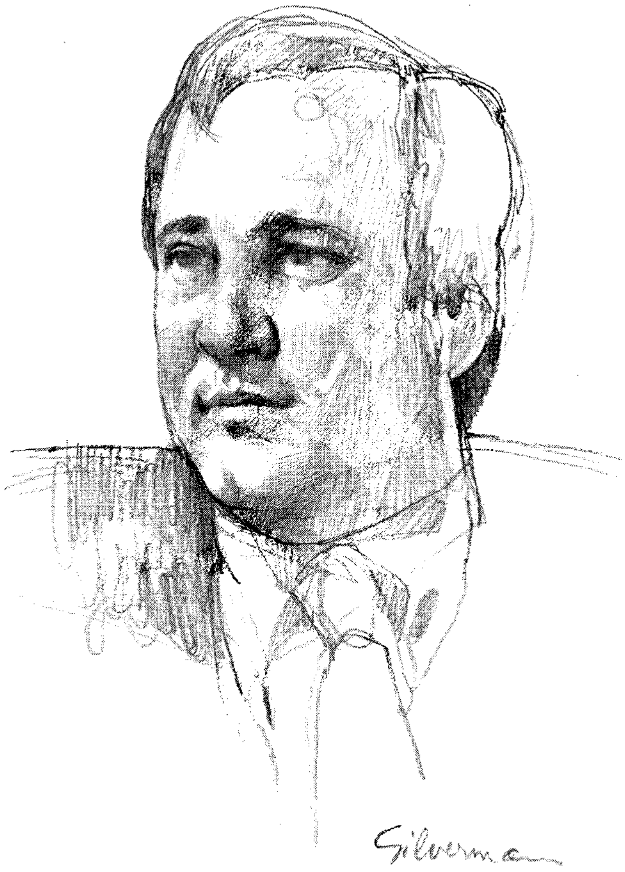
I waved. Then I looked to see what Pep was talking about, and saw William. He was wobbling toward us, maroon and silver, holding against his chest some huge paper cups. Across the lobby we could see him threading his way through families standing in circles with their backs to the circles of other families, and we could already hear the ice clicking against the curved waxed sides of the cups and imagine the cold, sweet flavors, although he still had a long distance to go to get to us across the rug. Outside the window, the black sky was fading. Pep was tapping his pajama leg and gazing off. Nora was asleep. Nobody but me saw Zachary walking toward us, though he would reach us in a minute. I could see that William and Zachary were going to reach us at precisely the same moment, and I couldn't wait.

—JANE SHAPIRO

PROFILES

WALL POWER

HUNDREDS of buy-low, sell-high manipulators circulate in the marketplace where antique prints, maps, and books are traded, but none of them much resemble a buy-low, sell-high manipulator named W. Graham Arader III. Arader advertisements identify him as a purveyor of "16th to 19th century paintings, Early American engravings, watercolors and prints, important natural history color plate books, maps and atlases, autographs and manuscripts." This order of priority reflects Arader's ambition to become a buyer and seller, in the grandest style, of American and European paintings—an ambition that has not yet become a reality. The reality of the moment, and one thing that distinguishes Arader (pronounced "uh-*raid*er"), is that he buys and sells more original prints, usually copper engravings from rare color-plate books, than anyone else in the world. He goes about his business in a manner that irritates and ingratiates in roughly equal measure. What Arader, like all successful art dealers, mainly offers clients are his imprimatur and his personality. He is abrasive and solicitous, argumentative and engaging, unscholarly yet imposingly knowledgeable, charming when he absolutely needs to be and flatly rude when it suits him, which is often.



W. Graham Arader III

"He's certainly not the little old print dealer in the musty room," Thomas Armstrong, the director of the Whitney Museum, who is a friend and satisfied client of Arader's, said recently. "The personality is quite lively. It makes the whole situation very interesting. There's that bombastic presence of Graham's. I don't think he's got anything he wouldn't sell. Which, ultimately, is the kind of dealer you want to work with. At heart, he is a dealer. I think he truly loves the material, but he can always get more."

"Graham Arader is a primitive person," says Michael Zinman, a collector in Ardsley, New York, who when he is not trading rare maps and books with Arader trades heavy industrial equipment throughout the world. "He thinks in a primitive way. He's the only guy I know who lives stream of consciousness. Graham is a perpetual enthusiast. Whatever is on the platter at the moment—he lives in that eternal present. He's not an intellectual. He's a throwback to some other form. Whatever the primal force is that propels Graham, most of us have that force harnessed."

A few years ago, Zinman obtained a colored copy of something called the Champlain map—a document published in 1613 as part of the great French explorer's "Les Voyages du Sieur de Champlain." The map's border depicted several native vegetables and fruits that Samuel de Champlain discovered on his travels through New England and Quebec—Nouvelle France, in his nomenclature—and the map itself signified the first attempt to show the proper latitude of New England. Colored copies are extremely rare, and Zinman paid sixty-five hundred dollars for his. "I had it restored," Zinman recalls. "Graham was in my office one day, and when I showed it to him he was beside himself. He said, 'Michael, this is a magnificent map. This *is one of the most beautiful* maps I've ever seen. Michael, you've got to sell it to me. You've got to.' He said, 'Michael, if you sell me this map I'll hang it over my bed. I'll sleep beneath it for the rest of my life. I mean it, Michael. You've got to sell it to me.' He asked me what I paid for it, and I told him, and he offered me ten thousand. He swears he's going to hang it over his bed, so I say O.K. The next morning—*the next morning*—at ten o'clock, the phone rings and there's Graham's voice, shouting, 'I *sold* it for *twenty-seven five!*' I've never laughed so hard in my life. Was I angry? No, why should I be angry? When he said he wanted to hang it over his bed—at *that* moment—he meant it. Then, as soon as he got into his car to leave here, that moment was gone. The next day was another moment. There really is no guile with Graham Arader. I'm convinced that if he had to shoot someone he'd feel more anguish shooting me than shooting anyone else, but he would definitely shoot me. He'd say, 'Mike, I hate to do this, I really hate to do this, but I have to do it. I'm not asking you to understand, but I have to.' He tells you what he's going to do and he does it. In that sense, he's far more honest than, say, the auction houses, which make a great fuss about all their presumed—if you will—ethics. And I believe he truly loves what he sells."

Rick Watson, an American-born bookseller in London, says of Arader, "Over here, he's viewed as a large, loud, brash American full of enthusiasm and energy that he doesn't seem to have any natural way of discharging. Graham has been not solely but largely responsible for educating a new generation of collectors—introducing them to a field—and also for bringing about a reappraisal of values in those things that he sells. People say Graham's a philistine, he's interested only in making money, but if he were interested solely in making money he'd be in the stock market or in real estate. I think he has a genuine love of the objects he deals in."

When I told Watson about Michael Zinman's copy of the Champlain map, he smiled, and said, "It reminds me of that line from 'The Maltese Falcon,' where Sydney Greenstreet says, 'Well, Wilmer, I'm sorry indeed to lose you. I want you to know I couldn't be fonder of you if you were my own son. But, well, if you lose a son it's possible to get another.' "

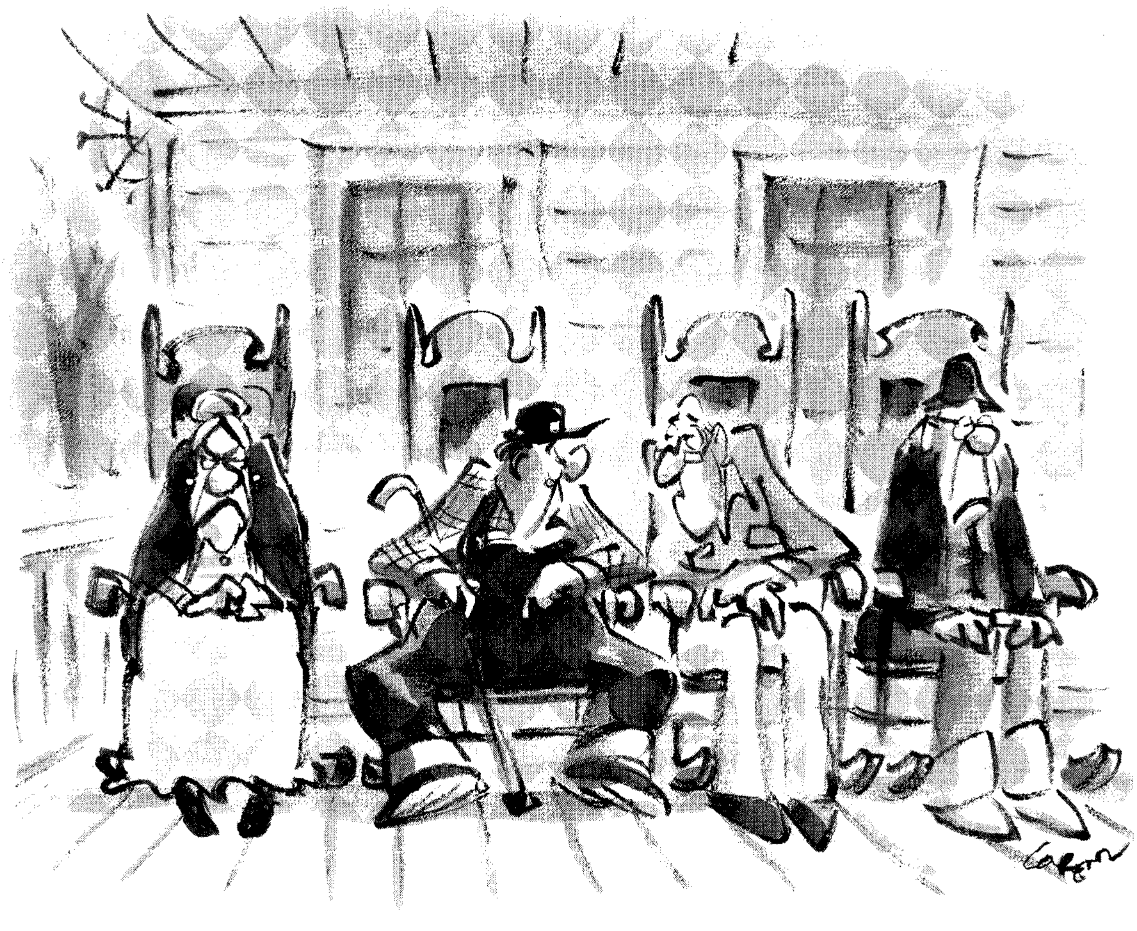
Dave Davis, a psychiatrist and collector in Atlanta—overstating the case somewhat, perhaps, for colorful effect—said not long ago, "Graham Arader is probably the most successful map dealer in the history of the world, and I personally know every major map dealer in the world. He is the standard-bearer of the industry. His competitors do not love him, because he's like the doctor who advertises. His ego is exciting and stimulating, but it's not relaxing. Being with him for any extended length of time is like being stranded in Six Flags. I *like* Graham, you understand, but I would rather have *three* gears, myself."

Self-promote Arader does. Each month, the inside back cover of *The Magazine Antiques* carries a sumptuous-looking spread in which readers are informed that the firm of W. Graham Arader III is "building America's major corporate art collections and counts 100 of the Fortune 500 companies as satisfied clients." A couple of years ago, Arader ran full-page ads in a number of publications devoted to antiques which demonstrated his lack of confidence in the light touch. "W. Graham Arader III Is Searching" said the overline. The text began, "Capitalize on the decade's strongest collecting trend and dispose of old family maps, prints and books discreetly. America's leading print dealer, W. Graham Arader III, is seeking important inventory materials for which he will pay excellent dollar value. Arader, who has paced the booming prints market for a decade, is the country's acknowledged authority in the field. Let him help you turn print materials into liquid assets. Your entire collection or a single piece can become an excellent investment profit." And so forth.

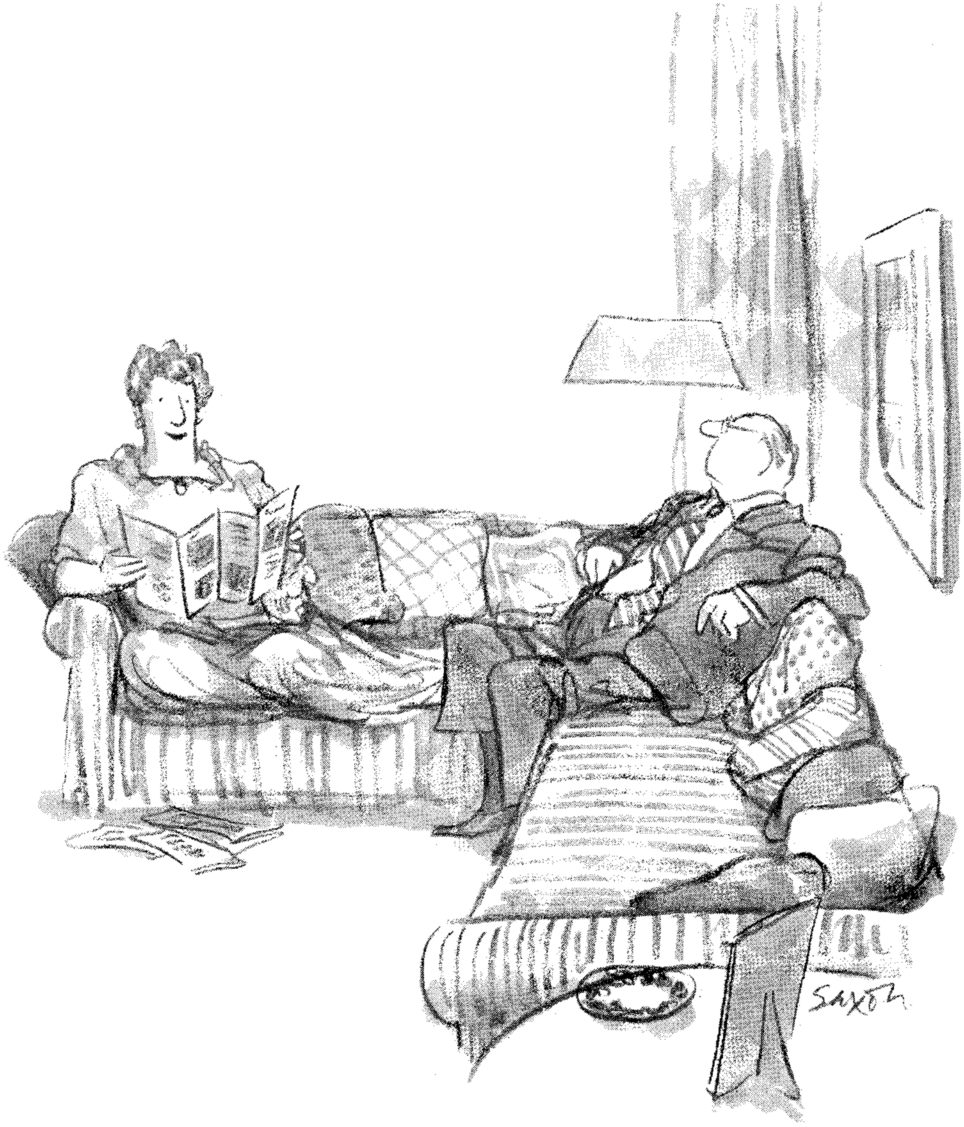
"Graham is not friendly to his competitors," says Henry Taliaferro, the resident expert in the map department of Arader's New York gallery, on upper Madison Avenue. (Arader also has galleries in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, and Houston, and his staff includes specialists in rare books, autographs, paintings, and twentieth-century prints.) "He sees his competitors as adversaries. He inspires them to jealousy. He's successful. He has the finest stock. He goes to auctions and consistently outbids them. And Graham doesn't do what he could to assuage them when he wins."

Arader is now thirty-seven years old. He has a high, flat forehead, a strong jaw, a small mouth, broad cheeks, brown eyes, and thinning brown hair. He has a barking laugh, a voice that can blast through walls, and an ability to invade another fellow's personal space from several feet away. He is six feet two inches tall, well past two hundred pounds, and somehow nimble. He walks on the balls of his feet, arms swinging—more the swift linebacker than the defensive tackle. On a typical workday, he wears chinos, a polo shirt, a V-neck sweater, and scuffed brown leather running-around shoes. For Arader, dressing up means putting on a uniform that does not vary: gray suit, white shirt, red club tie, wing tips. Sometimes he remembers to brush his hair and sometimes he forgets. In circumstances where a high premium is placed on civility, he radiates the aura of a congenitally disobedient child who must strain every drop of protoplasm to behave properly. His dominating presence in the world of rare maps, prints, and books suggests what the Metropolitan Museum of Art, say, might be like if George M. Steinbrenner III were placed in charge.

Clarence Wolf, a Philadelphia seller of rare books, who regards Arader as a former friend—he has yet



"Mrs. Gilray says women aren't going to take it anymore. Pass it on."



"Listen to this, Calvin: 'Quiet acres. Mountain views, nature walks, bird-watching, and much, much more.'"

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to forgive Arader for dragging him into an unpleasant lawsuit a few years ago, and believes that "Graham is his own worst enemy"—has said, "I've got to give Graham credit: he has done something that nobody else has. He's touted as being the biggest print dealer in the world, and I suppose he is. To get into this business at the time he did and to be able to create what he's created, that's *amazing*. The thing that is his most overriding concern in any facet of his life is winning. I mean, he *cannot lose*. He's obsessed with the idea of winning, and not being beaten. Here's a guy who's got all this energy, a real genius at what he does. He's done something that very, very few people have done. It's unfortunate that he couldn't do it in a more prescribed and acceptable fashion."

By now, Arader has grown accustomed to hearing himself described in such terms. A while back, the magazine *Art & Auction* referred to him as "the self-anointed emperor of the auction room" and "the man the book trade loves to hate." Remarks like the latter grate—"Ten of those a year and I'm out of business," Arader complains—but not enough to inspire contrition. The name-calling achieved a fortissimo in the late fall of 1985, after Arader attended an auction at which a large collection of watercolors by Pierre-Joseph Redouté, possibly the most gifted botanical artist who has ever lived, was sold. Redouté, who was born in 1759 and died in 1840, was a painting instructor to Marie-Antoinette. Not only could he paint sublimely but he was fast on his feet; after the French Revolution, Empress Josephine became his patroness. His two greatest works, "Les Liliacées" and "Les Roses," record the botanical life at Malmaison and other imperial gardens. "Every one of his drawings was perfect, and was perfectly reproduced," one art historian has written of Redouté. The four hundred and eighty-six original watercolors for "Les Liliacées" were created between 1802 and 1816, and were reproduced in a stipple-engraved edition of two hundred. A full eight-volume edition of "Les Liliacées" sold at auction in London last spring for two hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars. At one time or another, Arader has owned more than thirty complete copies of either "Les Liliacées" or "Les Roses," or Redouté's other masterpiece compendium, "Choix de Plus Belles Fleurs." Individual plates from these books trade for prices ranging from six hundred dollars to twelve thousand, in a market that Arader vigorously stimulates.

The watercolors, which were painted on vellum and bound in sixteen volumes that weighed a total of three hundred and twenty pounds, had been bought from Redouté by Empress Josephine for either twenty-five thousand or eighty-four thousand francs. (Historians differ.) After her son, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, inherited the collection, it spent more than a century in Bavaria. In 1935, the Prince's heirs sold his library, and a New York art-and-book dealer named Erhard Weyhe bought "Les Liliacées," for sixteen thousand dollars (forty-nine thousand Swiss francs), and immediately placed it in a vault. There it remained until his family decided, in 1985, to sell it. Eighteen of the watercolors had fallen into other hands along the way. The sale of the four hundred and sixty-eight remaining was an occasion that Sotheby's spent many dollars over many months to publicize.

"This is the best work of the best flower painter who ever lived," Arader said again and again as the auction approached, making it publicly plain that he had *no intention* of letting "Les Liliacées" elude him without a fight. "The great oil paintings of the seventeenth century—those are gone. The best watercolors of birds, Audubon's originals—the New-York Historical Society has them, they're gone. The great portraits of Indians—they're gone. Buying Redouté's watercolors is my only chance."

Arader's guile was guileless. Weren't these, after all, Empress Jo-

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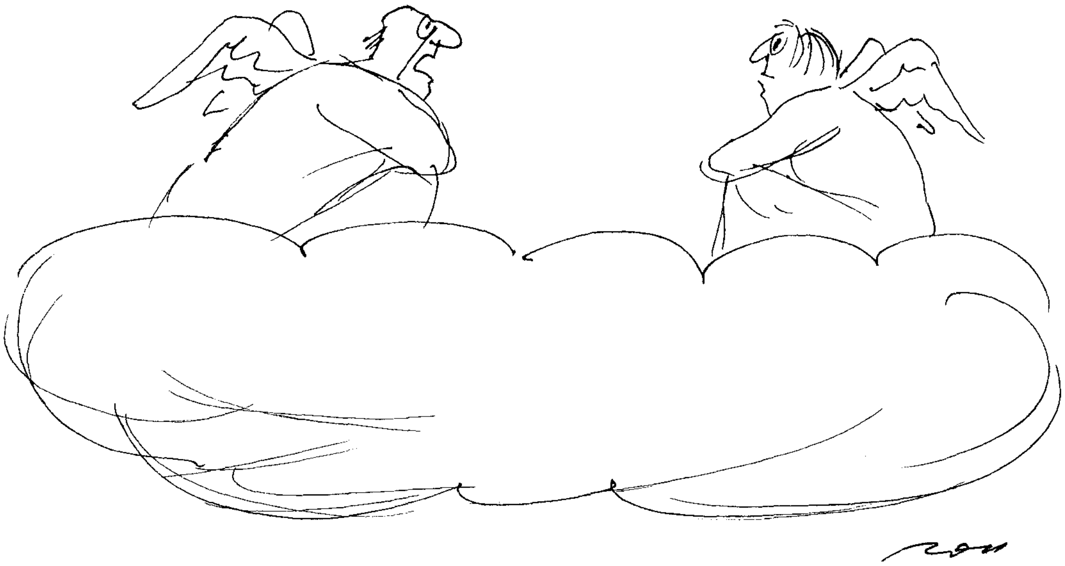


"Well, this proves it. You only live once."

sephine's watercolors? And weren't Arader's two young daughters named Josephine and Lilli? He believed that success was foreordained, but he wanted to make sure.

"Redouté really got his juices simmering," Dave Davis, the Atlanta psychiatrist, has said. "He was on the phone at all hours of the night. His mood was even more bombastic than usual. He was spouting his numbers over the telephone. And the longer he talked, the more outrageous he got. The numbers would never come out right."

Several strategies were contemplated and rejected. The plan that Arader settled upon involved a degree of hocus-pocus but had the virtue of being technically legal. He decided to syndicate the collection—subdivide it into a hundred shares (four watercolors per share), sixty-nine of which he was willing to sell. Arader's finder's fee would be the watercolors that remained after the shareholders, participating in a round-robin "breakup" procedure that would last for hours, had picked their way through the lot. The price per share would be one per cent of what Arader bid at auction, plus a premium of fifteen-hundredths of one per cent. A prospectus that Arader published revealed that he was willing to bid as high as eight million eight hundred thousand dollars for "Les Liliacées." That meant that after Sotheby's had received its ten-per-cent commission and Arader had tacked on his syndicator's premium a share could end up costing more than a hundred and ten thousand dollars. There was the further possibility that Arader, flushed with auction fever, might get carried away and bid ten or eleven million. Unloading the sixty-nine shares would seriously test his skills as a promoter. Other potential bidders loomed—among them the Bibliothèque Nationale of France, the Getty Museum, and the Morgan Library—but if Arader prevailed he not only would have the satisfaction of owning what he knew to be the best of the best but also would earn for himself a few million dollars.

At ten in the morning on November 20, 1985, Arader stood against a wall in an auction room on York Avenue as John Marion, the chairman of Sotheby's North America, announced that he would accept for "Les Liliacées" a minimum opening bid of five million dollars. A Sotheby's employee named Jane Wyeth, acting on Arader's behalf, bid that amount. Less than two minutes later, it was all over. No other serious bidders had materialized. Exploiting the free publicity provided by Sotheby's, Arader had apparently scared everyone else away. The price to the syndicate, five and a half million dollars (including the ten-per-cent commission to Sotheby's), came nowhere near the previous record for a single book—a distinction that belongs to the "Gospels of Henry the Lion," which was bought by the West German government for twelve million dollars at a Sotheby's auction in 1983. Nevertheless, when Sotheby's totted up its sales results in 1985-86 it turned out that Arader had offered more in a single bid than anyone else that auction season. "It worked. It's unbelievable. I scared them all off. I pulled the bluff," Arader told the press. He had bought the best of the best cheap.

EVEN after his fellow-shareholders had claimed their watercolors—a share had ended up costing sixty-three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars—Arader remained in control of the Redouté market. He owned a hundred and ninety-two of the lilies himself, and he retained in his inventory several others, which shareholders eager to recoup part of their investment had consigned to him. To keep the market percolating, he exercised his natural abilities. A few weeks after "Les Liliacées" was broken up, I watched Arader at work in his home, in Villanova, Pennsylvania. He was explaining to a not indigent young matron, who wore a cozy nutria jacket (and whose acquaintance with Redouté was brand-new), exactly what he had to offer her. Arader was an earnest, persuasive pedagogue. "What makes Redouté great is the fact that these drawings were on vellum, and, of course, the quality," he said. "The thing that would make it easier would be if you saw other watercolors. Then you'd realize that there is no comparison; his contemporaries weren't twenty per cent as good as Redouté. Now, here are the ones that are literally imprinted on the minds of people who *know* watercolor, who *know* Redouté. What do you like? I mean, what are your *feelings* about these?"

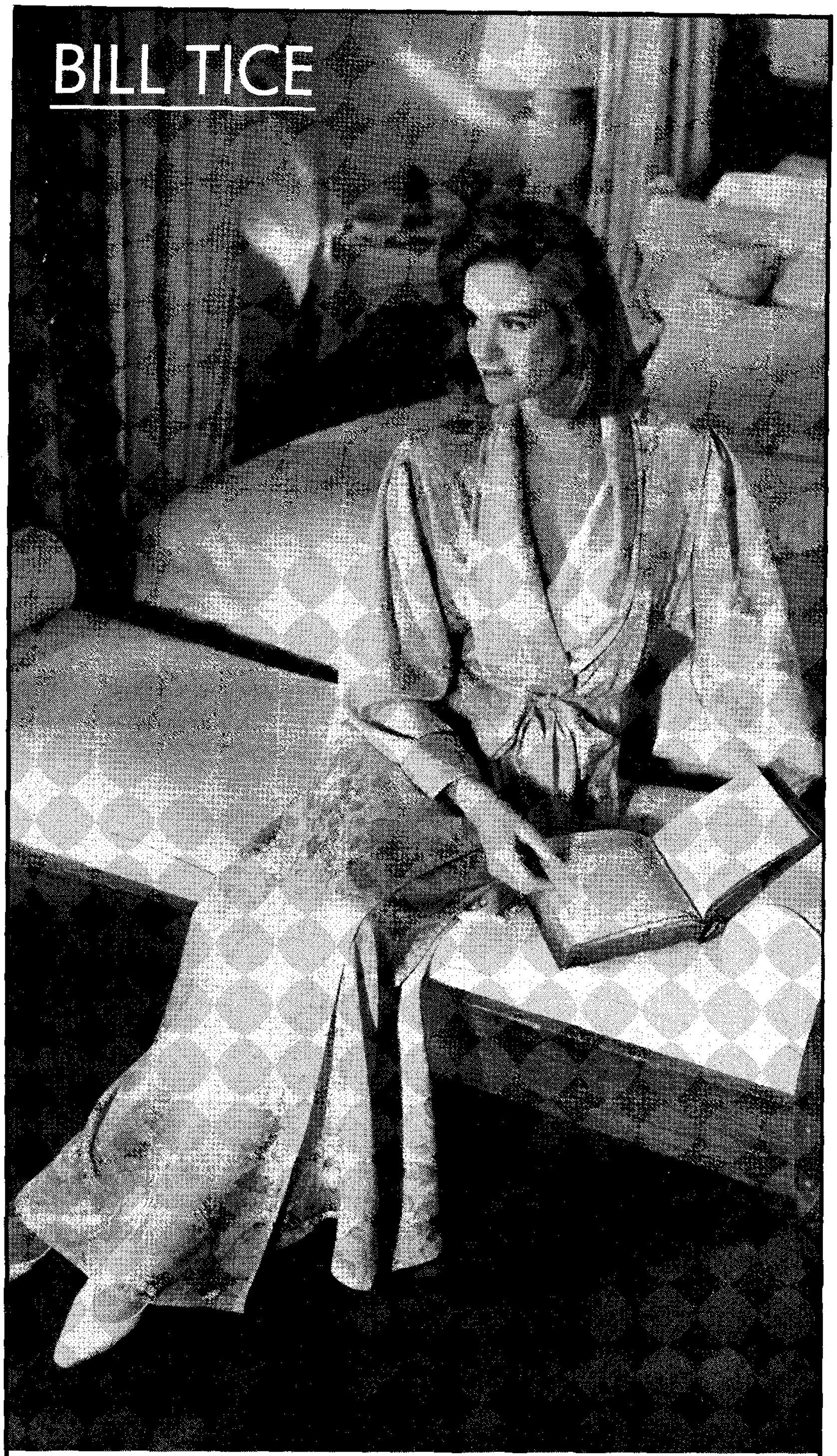
"I do love this pineapple thing," the woman said. "What are you selling it for?"

"A hundred and eighty-five thousand. It's a lot, but it's timeless. . . . That one? That's ten thousand. I'll sell you that, but a weedy little thing for ten thousand dollars—that's not what Redouté is about. He's about the flair, the color, the way it sits on the page."

A week later, during the 1986 Winter Antiques Show, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, in New York, I watched him as he teased a slender, elderly white-haired dealer. "O.K. You ready for some serious pain?" Arader said as he prepared to remove one of Redouté's parrot-tulip paintings from a protective album. "O.K. This is it—the *best* watercolor of a flower that ever existed. And I got it."

Insincere flattery in the antique trade is not so different from insincere show-biz flattery—plenty of *loved*-it-*ab*solutely-*loved*-it twaddle gets tossed around. Arader has a way of making his insincere flattery seem definitive, even documentable. When he says that something is "the most fabulous thing I've ever seen"—on a hyperactive day, he might utter the phrase fifteen or twenty times—he means it. He spouts superlatives for all occasions. He enjoys making pronouncements about other art-and-antique dealers: Stuart Feld, of Hirschl & Adler, is "the greatest dealer in American paintings in the country;" William Reese, a book dealer in New Haven who specializes in Americana and Texiana, is "the finest young dealer in the country, a person I admire greatly;" So-and-So is "the most incredible scumbag in the art-and-antique business." At the Winter Antiques Show, not long after the white-haired dealer had wandered away, perhaps in pain, Arader introduced me to a ceramics dealer who possessed "the finest eye in the business." Arader had just sold the ceramics dealer two Redouté watercolors. Ten minutes later, he introduced me to a fop in a full-length scarlet frock coat who "knows more than anyone in the business," and, ten minutes after that, to a woman from Sotheby's who was "the most straightforward, honest person working for an auction house anywhere in America." Arader removed from his briefcase four maps that he had bought that day from Michael Zinman—four maps for twenty thousand dollars. One was a John Smith map of Virginia—"the most incredible mapmaking project of the seventeenth century." He described a husband-and-wife pair of clients as "the country's leading collectors." He mentioned an appointment the next afternoon with his "best customer—Numero Uno by a factor of two."

While gossip of just about any variety arrests Arader's attention, his taste inclines toward gossip about people who have accumulated, through whatever devices, vast amounts of money. All Arader clients are "valued clients." The title of "most valued client" belongs to whichever client he happens to be addressing at the mo-



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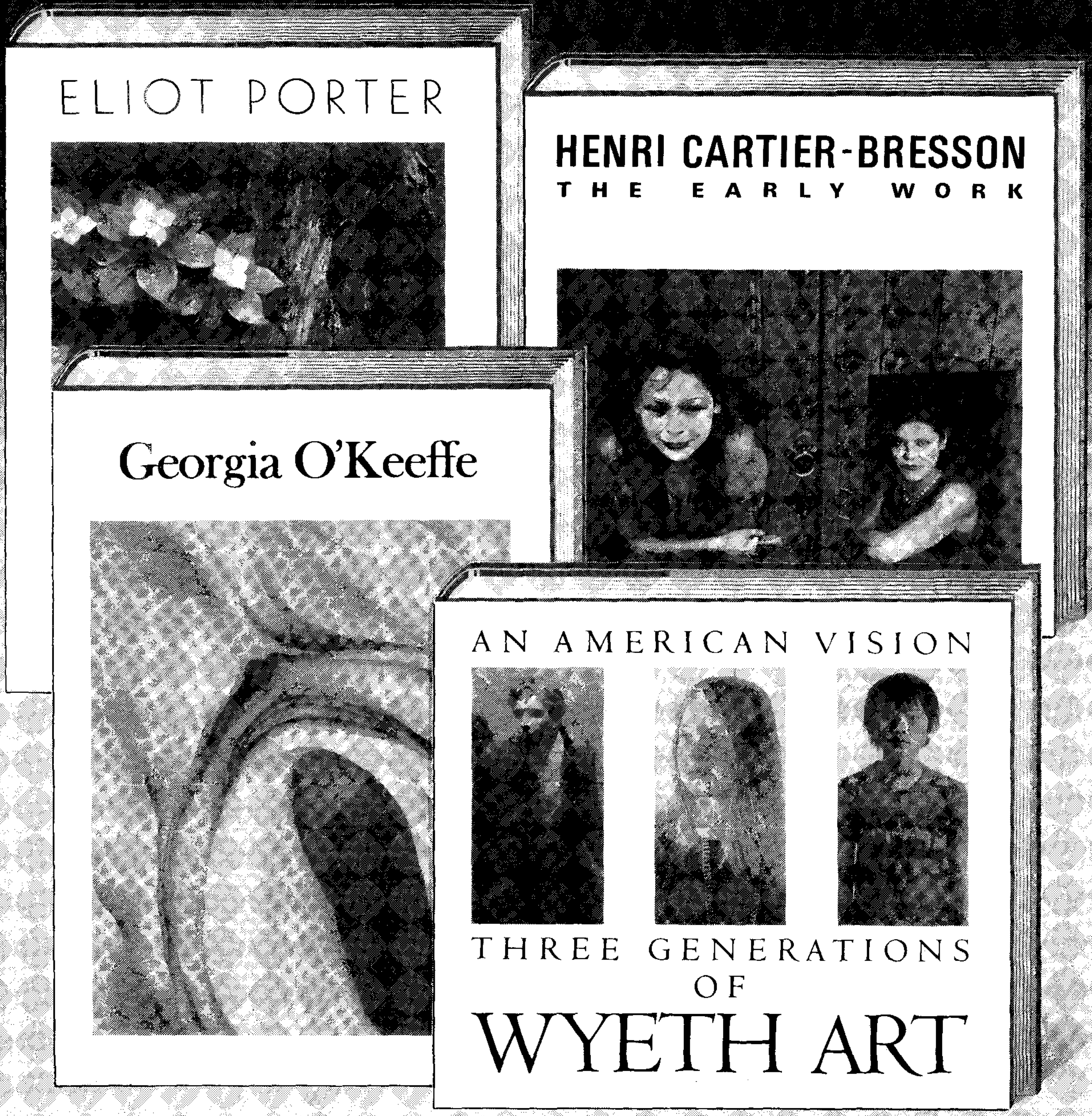

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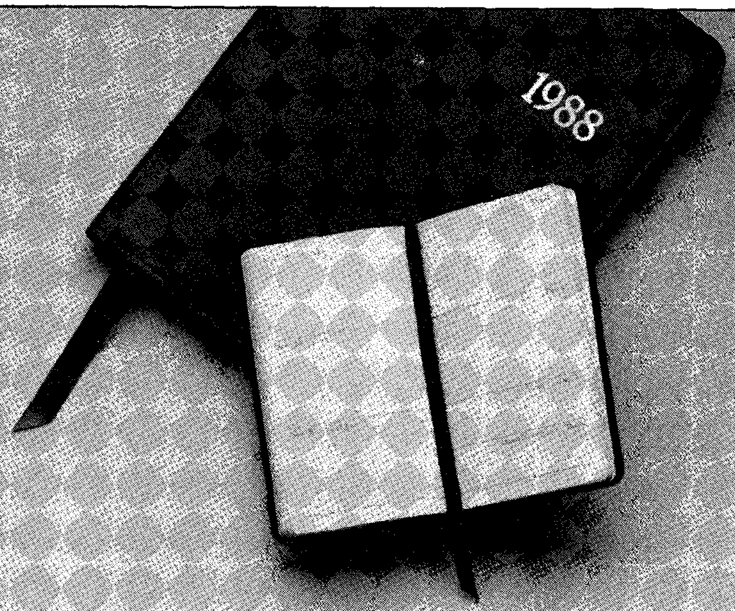
ment. When Arader wants to convey the impression that he is profoundly interested in what a client is saying, he rocks on his heels, tilts and bobs his head, and exclaims "Oh, *really*?" and "I *see-ee-ee*." Some of his clients belong to the breed of magnificoes whom if they don't like the way your ears look you are supposed to oblige by falling on your sword. "I feel like I'm these people's servant," Arader likes to say. "I'm their *footman*." Others are agreeable single-digit millionaires who seem eager to believe in the beauty and value of the things he has to sell. Arader once invited me to accompany him to an appointment with a Major Figure in the World of Publishing—*if* I was willing to pose as an employee. "Well, then, don't come," he said when I declined. "I understand. It's a shame, though. You'd get to see me when I'm really excited." The world as Arader has established it in his peculiar vision is populated by ten thousand people spread across the territory between Bar Harbor and Honolulu who have the resources and the predisposition to share his understanding that the greatest Early American art—the finest paintings by Stuart, Catlin, Cole, Church, Trumbull, Peale, Sargent, Remington, Moran, Bierstadt, Durand, and others; the most coveted eighteenth- and nineteenth-century views of American cities—has all been carted off to museums or to the private collections of the mega-wealthy. The ten thousand potential clients between Bar Harbor and Honolulu have to be served in other ways. It is not too late for them to acquire "collections" of beautiful things, but they need a Graham Arader to guide them along the way.

ARADER'S logic came to him in a logical sequence. He grew up in Philadelphia, the eldest of four children. His mother, Jean, is a painter. His father, Walter G. Arader, who describes himself as "a boutique investment banker," ran a successful printing company, which he sold in the late sixties; was once Secretary of Commerce of Pennsylvania; and now sits on the boards of a dozen corporations and good-works enterprises, including the University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. During the mid-sixties, Walter Arader began to collect maps: first sea charts, then individual maps from famous atlases—Blaeus, Orteliuses, Mercators. Maps that cost



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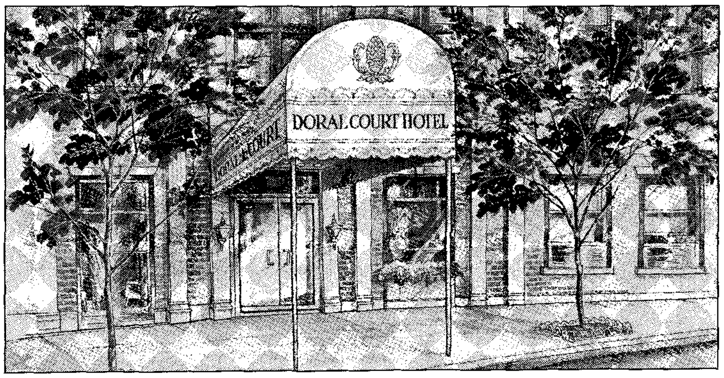

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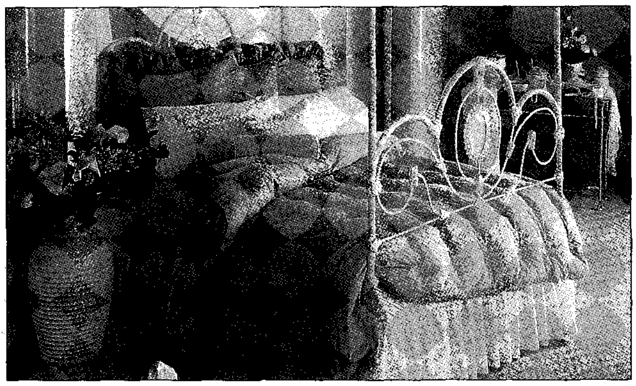

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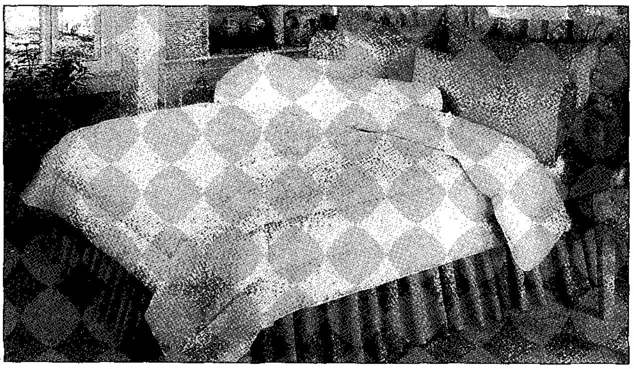

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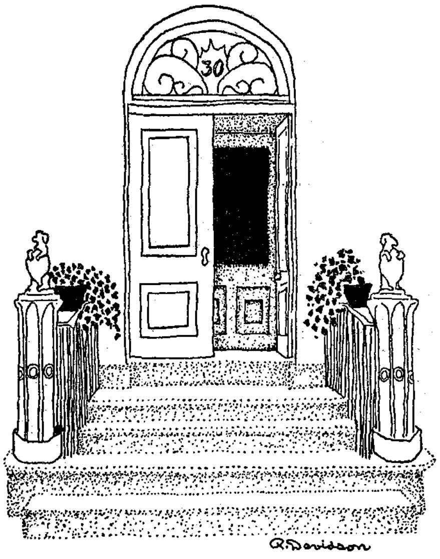
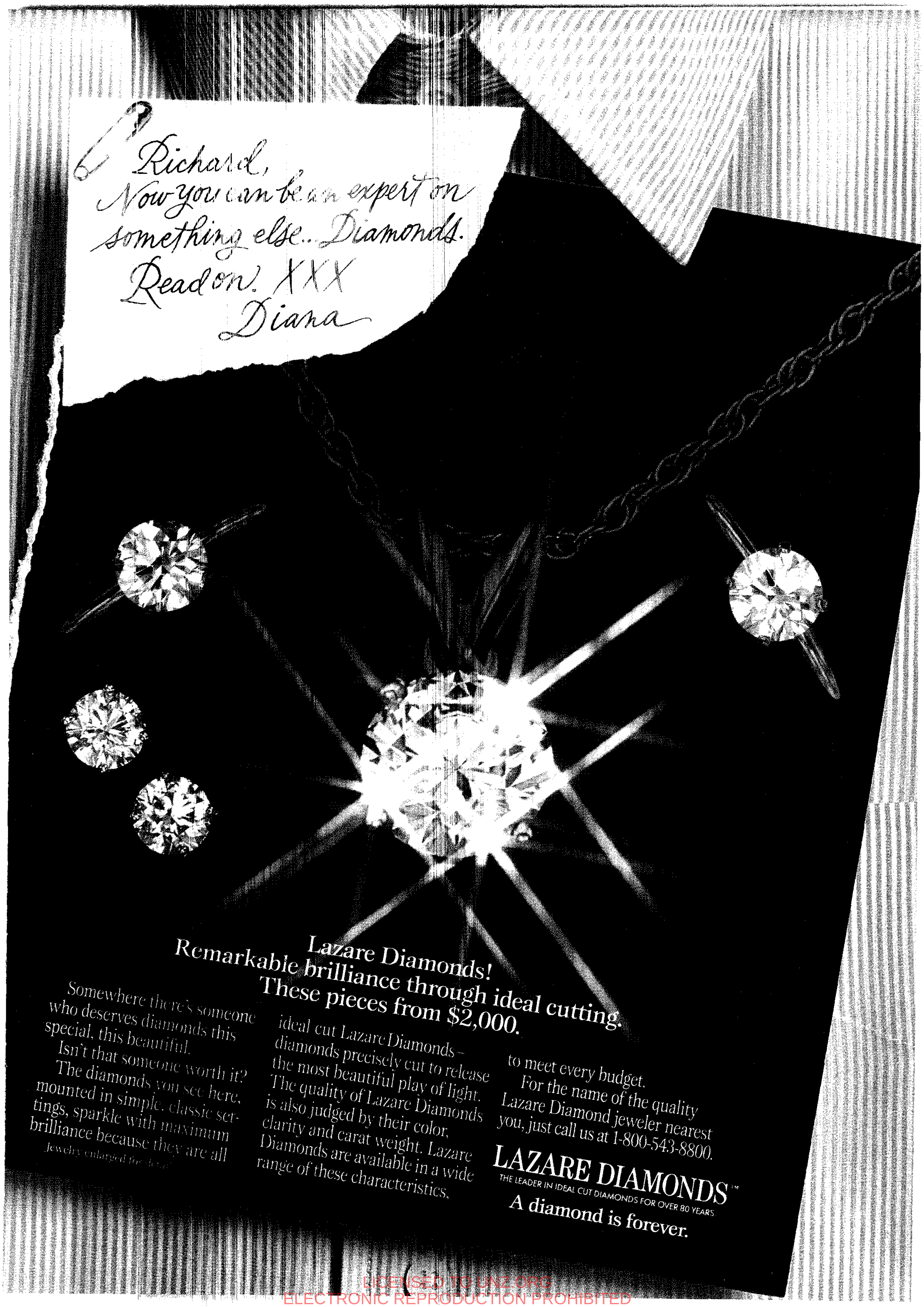
Walter G. Arader a hundred or two hundred dollars are now listed in the catalogues of W. Graham Arader III for prices ranging from four thousand to twelve thousand dollars. Walter Arader also gardened and kept bees. When Graham applied to Yale, he sent along a quart jar of the family-label honey, accompanied by a letter that said, "Please don't accept this as bribery but as an example of student achievement." Yale's admissions officers, imagining whatever, accepted him. The headmaster of the Hill School, which Graham had attended for four years, suggested that a year in England, before Yale, could do some good. He spent it in Dorset, at the Canford School. There were frequent trips to London—to discothèques, gambling clubs, Fortnum & Mason's, the British Museum, and booksellers and map dealers, where he carried out buying assignments from his father. He was instructed to find a Speed map of the world for less than a hundred and twenty-five dollars, or a Speed map of North America for a hundred. For himself he bought county maps, mainly of Dorset.

Arader had spent much of his adolescence on the tennis court at the Merion Cricket Club, the squash court at the Hill School, and the court-tennis court at the Philadelphia Racquet Club. For three years at Yale, he played No. 1 singles on the varsity squash team, and his senior year he was its captain. He belonged to the Fence Club, an *echt*-preppie fraternity, and also to the Elizabethan Club, which had one of the finest collections of Shakespeare folios in the world and quaintness beyond necessity: free tea and sandwiches every afternoon (cucumber sandwiches on Tuesdays only), and, in warm weather, croquet in the back yard. As a freshman, he had found his way to the map room of the Sterling Memorial Library and to the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Sterling had two hundred thousand maps, and the Beinecke had twenty thousand rare ones, among them the Vinland Map, Martellus's and Ruysch's maps of the New World, George Washington's copy of the Faden atlas, sixteenth- and seventeenth-century atlases by Blaeu, De Wit, and Ortelius. The curator of the Yale map collection was Alexander O. Vietor—a distinguished collector, in his own right, of charts and marine Americana—and he became Arader's mentor. His curatorship lasted from 1946 until 1978 (he died in 1981), and during that time he greatly expanded Yale's collection of Early American maps of discovery. Vietor was a gentleman and a gentle preceptor. He found Arader's avidity endearing. For Arader, getting plunked down in the middle of Yale's map collection was the equivalent of matriculating at a vocational-training school for merchant princes. A former Yale librarian has said that Arader was the only undergraduate he ever saw in the bibliography room of the Sterling Memorial Library, and he saw him there often. No one who paid any attention misapprehended Arader's motives. He had what a curator at the Beinecke Library recently recalled as "a thoroughly commercial autodidacticism."

On trips back to England with the Yale squash team, he bought more maps and books. He visited Maggs Brothers, a Berkeley Square establishment that makes deliveries to Buckingham Palace. When John Maggs, of the fifth generation of Maggses to run the firm, showed him a hand-colored Christopher Saxton map of Dorset—dated 1579, the earliest map of that English county—Arader said, "How do you know this is original color?" In the London book trade, a raw young American who challenged the bookseller to the Queen about original color was a presumptuous young American. Inevitably, he was becoming a dealer; the London book trade had the choice of liking him or not liking him. He bought county maps—by Saxton, Speed, Norden, and other seminal English mapmakers—and books about racquet sports. When he paid two hundred and fifty dollars for a sixteenth-century Italian book by Antonio Sciano, the first book on tennis ever printed, he phoned his father with the exciting news. Walter Arader lectured his son about the dangers of overdrafts and the folly of impulse buying. Three months later, Graham sold the book in Philadelphia for twenty-five hundred dollars. From his dormitory room he sold antique maps—a novelty in the early seventies, when what other Yale students were selling from their dormitory rooms was definitely not maps. Senior year, he won the Adrian Van Sinderen prize, given "to stimulate book collecting among undergraduates, to encourage bookbuying, book-owning, and book-reading both as a hobby and as a fundamental part of the educational process." He majored in economics and, summers in Philadelphia, ran a tree-surgery business. His senior thesis was a comparison of the barriers to entry into the Connecticut and Pennsylvania tree-surgery industries. He sent questionnaires to tree surgeons in both states, and a friendly professor ran the responses through a computer. Arader wrote a passable thesis and then took out advertisements in tree-surgery journals that said "Buy the Yale Report on Tree Surgeons." He sold five hundred copies, at twenty-five dollars each.



The money had a purpose. For a hundred dollars he could buy a Nicolas Sanson 1650 map—the first to show all five Great Lakes. A hundred and fifty dollars would get him an Ortelius map of North and South America published in Antwerp circa 1570. Or the same money could buy Delisle's 1703 Carte du Méxique et de la Floride, the first to delineate accurately the Mississippi Delta. The Sanson, if it is in excellent condition, now sells for fifty-five hundred dollars, the Ortelius for sixty-five hundred, the Delisle for nine thousand. Shortly before Arader's graduation, in 1973, Vietor wrote for him a letter of introduction to Thomas J. Watson, Jr., recently retired as the chairman of I.B.M. Watson was interested in maps of Penobscot Bay. Arader concocted inside his brain a fantasy in which Watson played Andrew Mellon to his Joseph Duveen. He went to London, Amsterdam, and Paris and spent ten thousand dollars on early maps that showed Penobscot Bay. He had graduated and was living



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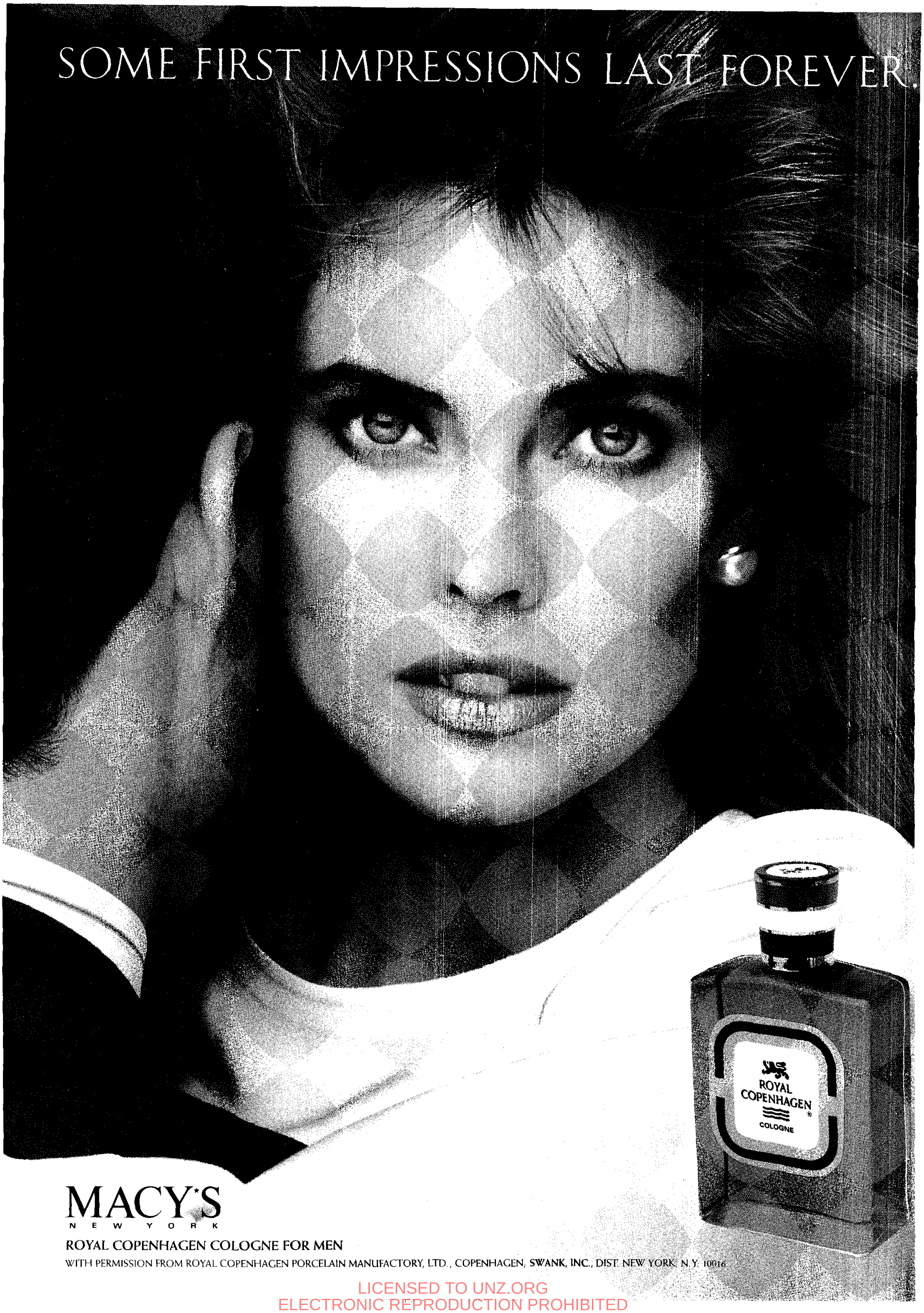
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Today, when Arader recounts this incident he invariably raises his voice, grabs his listener by the arm, brings his face in for a closeup, and says, "*Watson* thought he was calling some *big-time* map dealer, and in*stead* he gets some lady telling him to use the goddam *children's* phone. That was the end of it. I went insane. My mother said, 'Well, *I* didn't know.' I could have killed her. In all the years since, I've never been able to sell Watson a thing, although God knows I've tried."

Twenty-four hours later, Arader had packed most of his books and maps and headed for New Haven, where he planned to live with a girlfriend who was still an undergraduate. He had begun to cultivate clients among a number of physicians and psychiatrists around New Haven and in Fairfield County. The girlfriend's dorm room, he figured, would work for the time being as his corporate headquarters. This arrangement lasted about three days, after which he moved into an attic room above a used-book store. He repatriated to Philadelphia and established a stable mailing address. He was receiving catalogues from the leading European dealers and from the auction houses, and he was buying maps of North and South America, New England, Pennsylvania, the mid-Atlantic states, Dorset—places he knew, because he had been there. If he paid thirty-two hundred dollars for a 1770 map of Pennsylvania—a map that happened to have been Thomas Penn's copy—he would price it at eight thousand dollars and, one way or another, find a buyer. It was mainly a matter of hustle. In the fall of 1974, Walter Arader lent him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he began to travel the antique-show circuit. The shows were held in Charlotte, Atlanta, Houston—the polite provinces. He had a station wagon and would drive for three days and then stand up inside an exhibition hall for four days. In 1974, he printed his first catalogue.

To anyone who met Arader during

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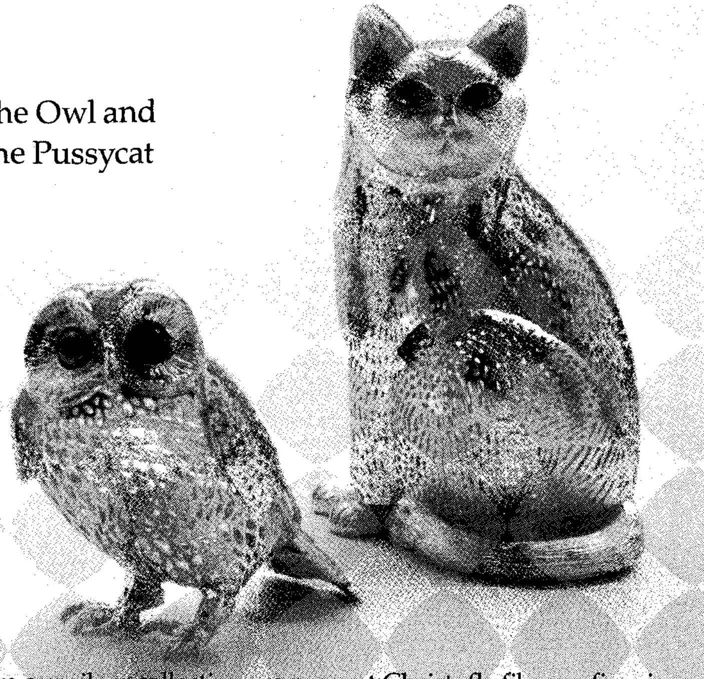

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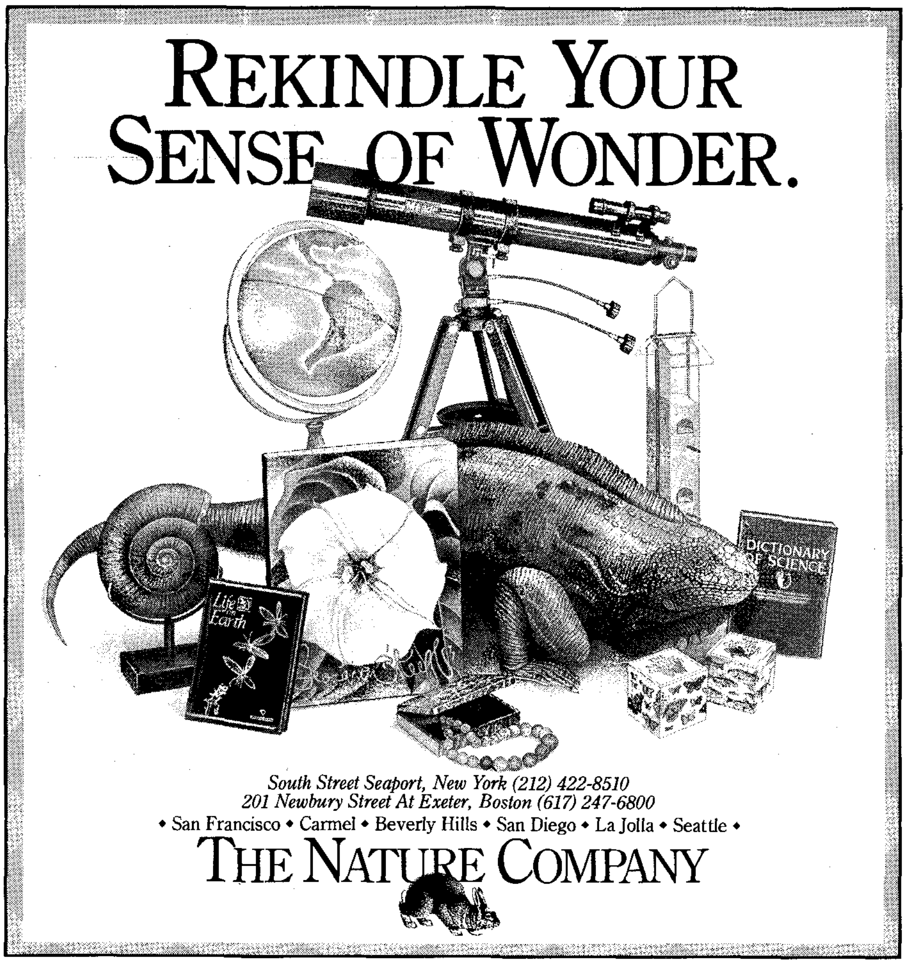

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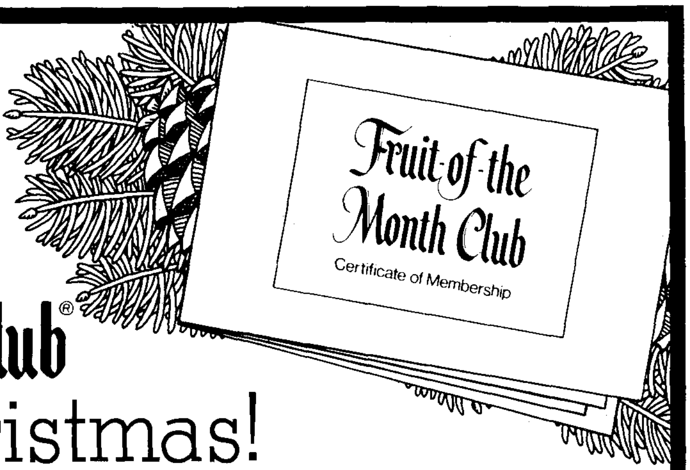
the early phase of his career it was obvious that he understood maps in a visceral way. What made a great map great—he grasped that. He enjoyed conducting impromptu seminars on original color—how pigments look when they've oxidized for three or four hundred years, how paper that is old can blot counterfeit new color, absorb it in dense concentrations. It came out sounding not so much pedantic as passionate. The map market was circumscribed, the mechanics weren't all that complicated. If he could buy well, he knew, he could sell better than anyone else. To novices he could sell decorative maps—he could take Blaeu, Mercator, and Ortelius atlases, remove the bindings, and thus create hundreds of antiques that looked exciting mounted, framed, and hung on walls. Getting his hands on the best material was the key, and he went aggressively after rare, significant maps, the upper five per cent of the market. For bedtime reading he tried memorizing passages of I. N. Phelps Stokes' "Iconography of Manhattan Island" and the Dictionary of American Biography. His strategies were simplistic. Maps were historically interesting, and maps were *pretty*. If Arader thought that visual maps were undervalued, then he could persuade a not unintelligent clientele—unsophisticated, perhaps, but not unintelligent—that they were valuable. And so they were. He calculated, correctly, that if he skimmed three auction catalogues a day and fifty major reference books a year, if he read *Forbes* and *Fortune* and *Town & Country* and *W*, if he went to antique shows and auctions, if, above all, he bought the best material in the best condition, and if he remained reasonably patient at certain moments, he could obey his instincts and he would make money.

With his energy and his inventory, he could establish values. Why couldn't a map be treated as a commodity? At one point, inspired by the Hunt brothers, who at the time were in the early stages of their grotesque and calamitous scheme to control the world silver market, Arader decided that it would be fun to corner the international map market. He got as far as discussing this idea with a few friendly collectors. It was a provocatively plausible notion—supply was finite, nobody was mining more rare maps—but in too many respects it was unwieldy. There also existed the potential for close encounters with the Justice Department. No



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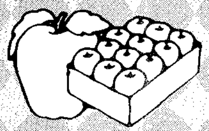
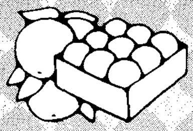
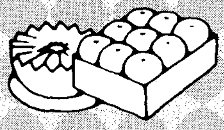
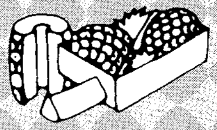
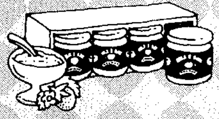
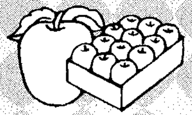

Christmas — Apples

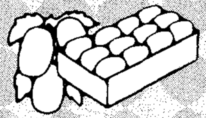

February — Royal Oranges

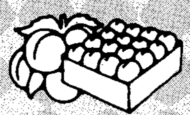

March — Grapefruit

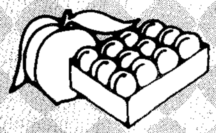

April — Tropical Pineapples

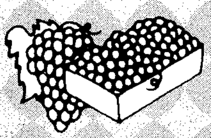

May — Preserves

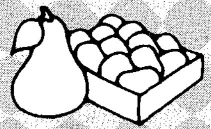

June — Gala Apples

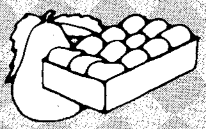

July — Kiwi Berries


August — Nectarines


September — Peaches


October — Grapes


November — Bosc Pears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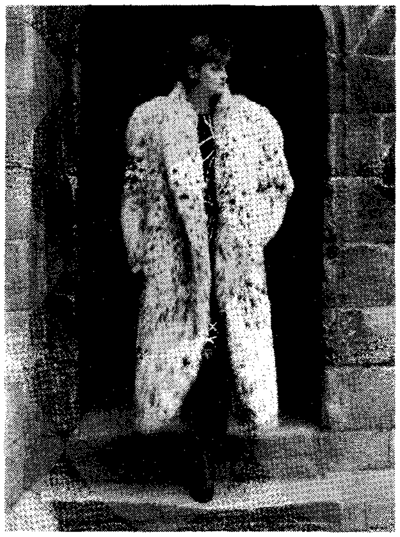
law, however, could prevent Arader from printing catalogues and inflating prices, and that is exactly what he did. If other dealers listed a map for seven or nine thousand dollars, he would say, "We'll sell it for sixteen five." Which was less risky than it sounds—less risky, certainly, than trading pork bellies or soybeans—because his personal energy alone could influence future prices. Other dealers, seeing Arader's catalogues, would say, in effect, "Oh, well, now we have to raise our prices, too."

A book-and-print dealer in London recently recalled his first encounter with Arader, at a book fair in Toronto: "There was Graham—young, arrogant. He was twenty-three years old. We all thought he was buying for his father. We thought, It can't be his own business; he has no inhibitions as far as pricing or marketing goes. The rest of us thought we were clever if we bought something and sold it for double the price. But then we found out that Graham is different from all the rest of us. Graham's impulsive. I'm impulsive, too, but I'm sensible. There's no book-and-print seller like him. We Europeans, we are all brainwashed with history and knowledge. If I look at a book and I sold it yesterday for ten thousand, last year for nine thousand, before that for eight thousand—if I were to say, 'It's now fifteen thousand,' all my colleagues would say, 'You're crazy.' But Graham takes the same book and says, 'I won't sell it for fifteen thousand, I'll sell it for thirty or fifty thousand.' He doesn't want to sell to people who are knowledgeable. He wants to create a new market."

By the late seventies, Arader was the leading map dealer in America, and he was regularly trading with the principal dealers in Europe. A map run—the aggressive-spending fervor of a newly hooked collector—seemed to last one and a half to two and a half years, Arader had learned. To keep expanding, to generate the sort of enterprise that he hopefully envisioned, he had to diversify. The world map market peaked in 1980. A London dealer once explained, "There was inflation, and there was Graham Arader." Not long thereafter, Arader, as he puts it, "just got bored with maps." Making the rounds of antique shows, he had begun to cultivate clients who didn't necessarily have an interest in maps but were attracted to the Early American natural-history renderings by Audubon, Catesby, and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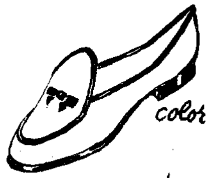
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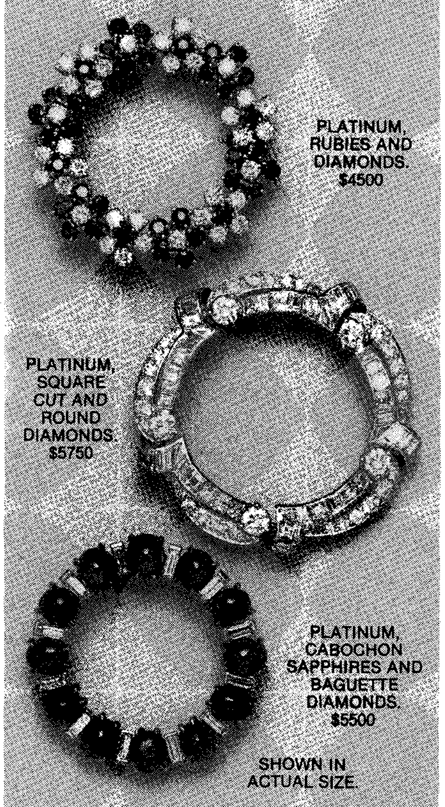
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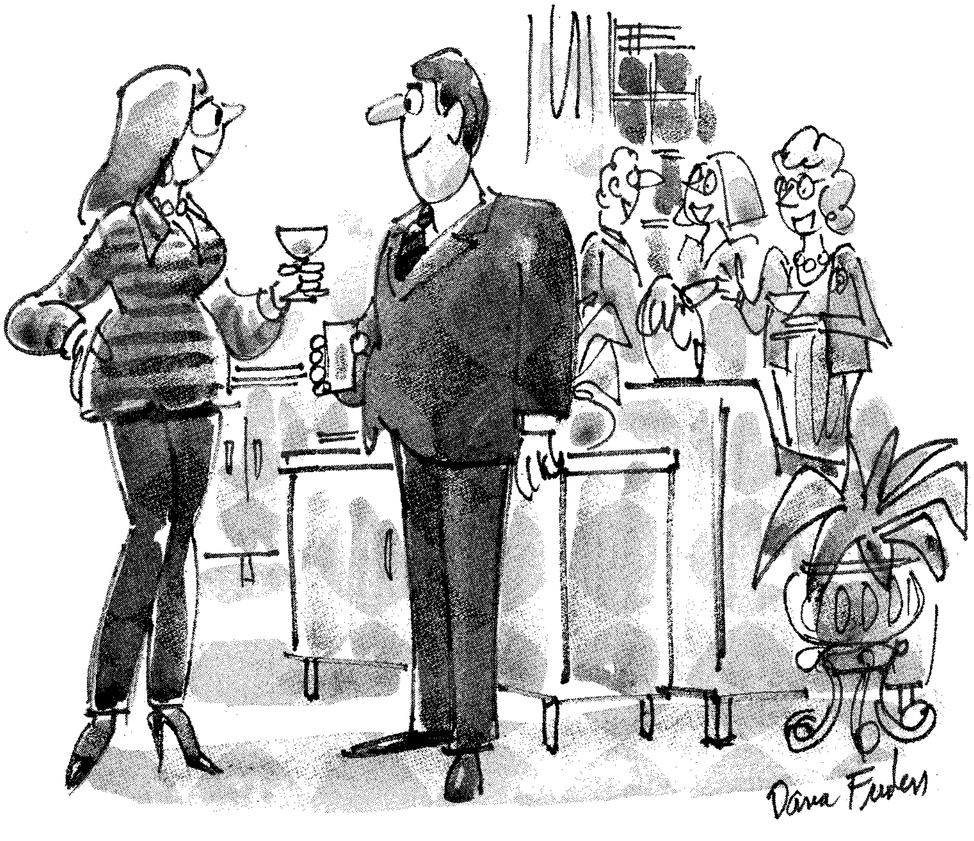
Wilson; John Gould's birds; the images of Native American life by Catlin, Bodmer, and McKenney and Hall; the illustrations of the voyages and explorations of Cook, Wilkes, and La Pérouse; the lyrical views by Currier & Ives and Louis Prang. Prints were less scarce than maps, and they were a lot less difficult to sell. Their aesthetic appeal as wall furniture generally surpassed that of maps, and they made fewer intellectual demands. Women tended not to buy maps, but they loved botanical prints. Selling prints appealed to the side of Arader that was impatient, that demanded instant gratification. He could muscle in on the high end of the interior-decorating business. If you ran a corporation in Pittsburgh and Arader somehow got the word that you were redesigning your headquarters or thinking of earmarking funds for art acquisition, you could count on him to show up at some point, peddling eighteenth- and nineteenth-century views and maps of Pittsburgh, of Pennsylvania, of the Ohio Valley. This was a perfectly legitimate way to spend the shareholders' money, Arader would aver. As with maps, he did not intend to dabble in these markets, he intended to reinvent them.

His earliest catalogues of prints featured Brookshaw fruits, Audubon birds, Bodmer and Catlin Indians, Redouté flowers, and American-naval-battle scenes. Arader's decision to diversify produced consequences for him that were thoroughly gratifying, but for a lot of map collectors and dealers it produced sudden adversity. "It just died," Arader says. "*Internationally*, the map market died. The excitement that I put into it was what had been keeping it going. So when I lost interest there was no energy behind it. German and English maps you couldn't give away." He stopped issuing map catalogues and did not issue another for four years, until Henry Taliaferro joined the firm.

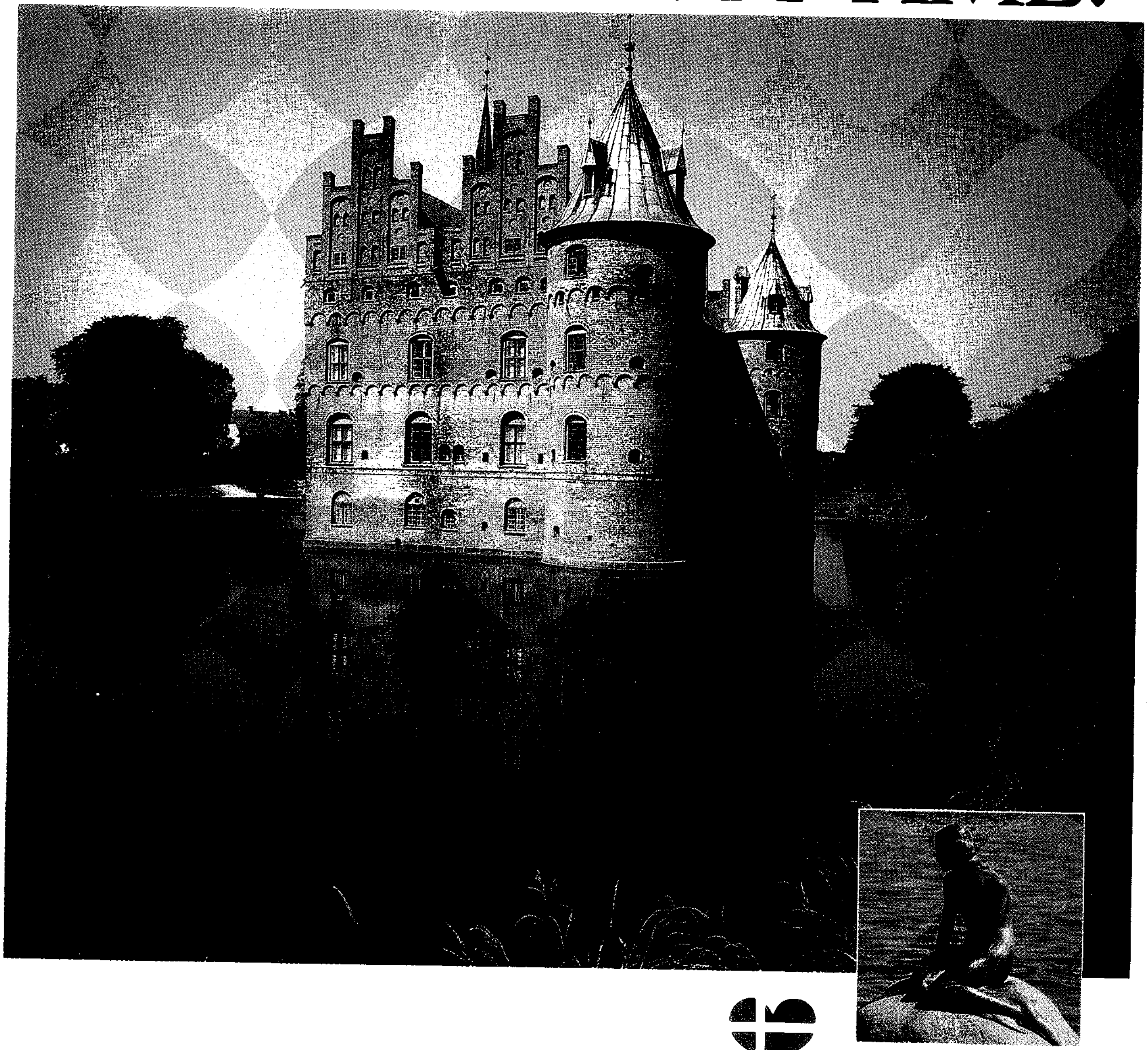
In 1977, Arader had bought a house in King of Prussia, a suburb about twenty-five minutes west of Independence Hall. The house, which is listed in the National Register of Historic Places, is two hundred and thirty years old. George Washington slept either there or at a place down the road on his way to Valley Forge. It is one of the few two-story houses in a settlement of contemporary ranch-style dwellings, and it is the only one with a fancy name to match its fancy pedigree: Ballygomingo. A Philadelphia writer once described Ballygomingo as "rising proud as an ocean liner amidst a sea of sampans." The house has a stone-and-stucco exterior, mullioned windows, and twenty-four rooms, filled with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and English furniture. For several years, Arader slept upstairs and ran his business downstairs. He hung selections from his inventory on the walls and installed rows of oak-and-brass portfolio files in a wing that contains a gallery and a library. In 1980, he bought a house in Houston and converted it into a gallery. This was followed by other new outposts, in New York (1981), San Francisco (1982), Atlanta (1983), and Chicago, Omaha, and Winston-Salem (all 1984). He has since closed the Omaha and Winston-Salem galleries. In 1979, he bought Sessler's bookstore, a downtown-Philadelphia institution, on Walnut Street. The previous proprietor was a woman named Mabel Zahn, whose career at Sessler's is said to have spanned seventy years. Among people in Philadelphia who read books and among the book trade beyond Philadelphia, Mabel Zahn was legendary. Current books were sold in the front of the store, and from her office in the back Mabel Zahn dealt in rare books and autographs. Walter Arader, who became a partner in the purchase of Sessler's, told his son when they first contemplated the venture, "If you discovered a cure for cancer and if you brought about universal racial harmony *and* you closed Sessler's, in Philadelphia you would be remembered for closing Sessler's." Today, Arader operates a business on the site formerly occupied by Sessler's, which, with some temerity, he refers to as Sessler's—but he has, in effect, closed Sessler's. His rare-book expert, Karen Nathan, has an office and a four-thousand-volume selling stock upstairs. Downstairs has, after a thorough remodelling, been transformed into an art gallery and filled with prints, maps, and paintings.



"You know why you like me? You like me because I like myself."

In the back yard of Ballygomingo, in the summer of 1983, Arader married a woman from Atlanta named Vallijeanne Hartrampf and known as Valli. Her father, Carl Hartrampf, is a more than prosperous plastic surgeon, a fifth-generation Atlantan, and the son of a lawyer who ran the largest collection agency in the Southeast. Carl Hartrampf had been an occasional Arader client (Georgia maps) for several years before Valli met Graham, on a blind date; they were married four months later. She has light-brown hair, green eyes, a well-trained smile, soft features, and a quick-to-

WE INVENTED ONCE UPON A TIME.



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the-point Southern voice that leaves a vapor trail of finishing-school politesse. At one time, she worked as promotion director of the Atlanta Historical Society, and at the firm of W. Graham Arader III she is officially in charge of promotion and print advertising. According to her husband, "she also decides whom to hire and fire and which clients I should really pursue, on the basis of whether or not she really likes them." Ballygomingo continues to be Arader's main office, but he and Valli now live ten minutes away, in Villanova, in another house with a stately name: Oakwell. A Lutyens-style granite castle built in 1920, Oakwell was originally a wedding gift from a natural-gas baron named Bodine to one of his children. It shares eleven acres with huge maples, beeches, conifers, and, of course, oaks—a back-yard laboratory for an erstwhile tree surgeon. The first time I visited there, I arrived shortly before a potentially important client was due to drop by. "When I'm with Mrs. T., try to make yourself scarce," Arader told me. At Oakwell, this posed no problem: there were twenty-five rooms to drift through, each one capable of deepening my sensation of scarceness. It seemed sufficient to comfortably contain the Arader brood—the two girls, Lilli and Josephine, and a son, Walter Graham Arader IV, who was born in 1986—and a triumphant assortment of English and American antique furniture, Oriental rugs, silver, paintings, prints, armillary spheres, powder horns, antique globes, maps, reference books, and rare books. It struck me as less majestic than, say, the Duke of Devonshire's country estate, but still nice. The next time I went to the house, a few weeks later, I noticed that there was even more furniture on the premises and that the pictures had been moved around. Some of the prints and paintings had, of course, been de-accessioned. This reminded me of the art dealers' rule—"Never fall in love with a picture." Arader, I realized, regularly falls in love with fine things, but the concept of love does not get confused in his mind with the concept of eternity.

I was once with him at Christie's in New York when he encountered a print dealer named Paul McCarron. Arader greeted him in a friendly way, then turned to me and said, "Paul sold me the finest image of a watercolor flower arrangement that I've ever seen. It really was."

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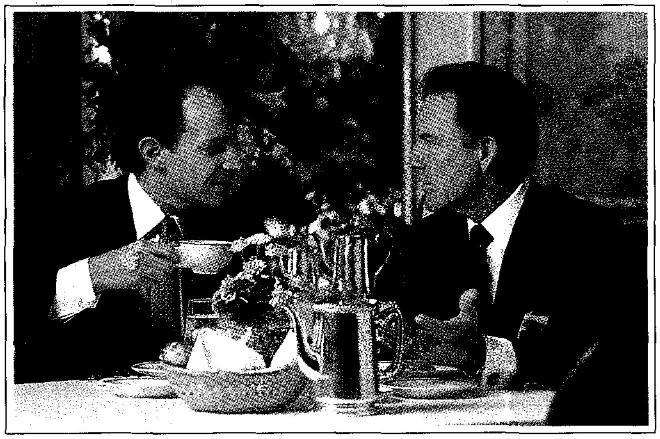

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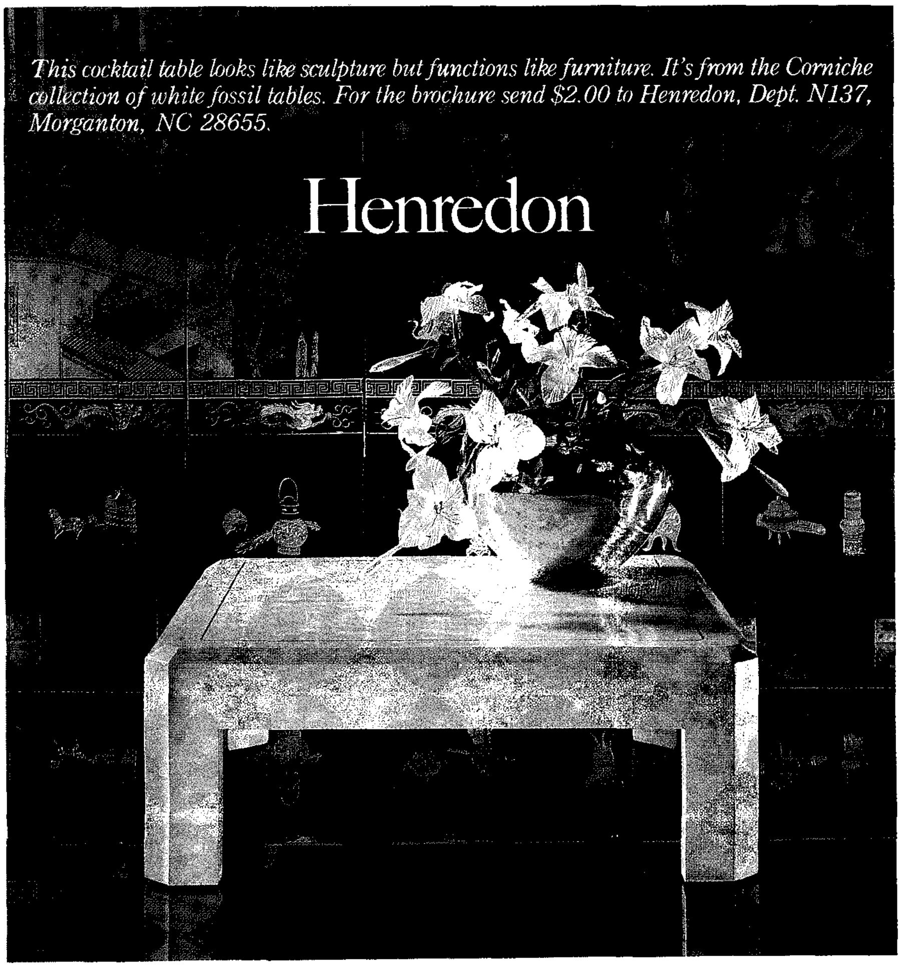

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" 'Was' means that you sold it, I take it," said McCarron.

"The next hour. I owned it one hour. But I loved it."

Michael Zinman has said, "What sets Graham apart is that he is in this for the money. My perception is that a love of money and a love of beautiful things can coexist. But many people who are in it *first* for the beauty and *then* for the money just can't hack it. For Graham, it's simple. He goes to an auction, and if an item should go for six hundred dollars he pays twenty-seven hundred, saying 'I'll sell it for nine grand. I'll get someone. I'll tell them it's the best one in the world, they *gotta* have it.' And other people have come to understand that passion. He buys the way he expects his clients to buy. He comes to my house and sees on my shelf de Bry's twelve-volume series on the New World. He asks me, 'Will you sell it?' I tell him, 'Why do you want to buy it? You already own it.' You know his answer: 'I've owned a lot of de Brys. But I want one more.' And if he could get his hands on this one he would sell it. Graham recognized the existence of a moneyed social class that has never been exposed to these things, a *new* class of the rich and well-to-do who want to be serviced. They want to be taught. Graham can adapt to this. He's taken the time to sell to them. Before Graham Arader, nobody ever went out and pursued customers, nobody ever tried to define the needs of the public."

ARADER is a trustee of the Yale Library Associates and is a member of the Young Presidents' Organization, the Philadelphia Racquet Club, the Merion Cricket Club, the Union League of Philadelphia, CINOA (Confédération Internationale des Négociants en Œuvres d'Art), and the Appraisers Association of America. For several years, he belonged to the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America—the A.B.A.A.—but in December of 1983 he was dropped from the rolls, against his wishes. Arader's disagreement with the A.B.A.A. grew out of a disagreement between him and E. R. Schierenberg, who is a Dutch bookseller and the principal in a firm called Antiquariaat Junk. From Amsterdam, Schierenberg had sent Arader, in King of Prussia, a five-volume set of John Gould hummingbirds. Arader had decided that they were unsatisfactory, and Schierenberg had decided that the manner in which Arader chose to return the books—casually packaged, shipped third class, uninsured—was offensive, and had filed a complaint with the A.B.A.A. The association's governors, taking into account grievances that had been lodged against Arader previously, examined the evidence (including an ungentlemanly letter from Arader to Schierenberg) and concluded that Arader had violated one of the stated purposes of the A.B.A.A.—"to further friendly relations and a coöperative spirit among members." When the governors sent Arader a letter telling him that they had accepted his resignation, he replied that he had not resigned. When the governors explained that it wasn't a voluntary matter, he sued them, alleging a conspiracy to restrain trade and to deprive him of his right to earn a living, and demanding reinstatement.

"These things that he was alleged to have done weren't necessarily immoral," Clarence Wolf, who was a member of the A.B.A.A. board of governors and, at the time, a friend of Arader's, has said. "He just didn't subscribe to the principles that the A.B.A.A. stands for. Then,

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when he sued, it got really nasty."

Although the A.B.A.A. governors based their expulsion of Arader on the association's bylaws, he felt that he was actually being punished for having become too successful as a print dealer. The lawsuit, which dragged on for almost a year, proved far less successful than most of his deals.

"These are some of the most distinguished booksellers in the world, and Arader called them liars and thieves," said a lawyer named Lawrence I. Fox, who represented the A.B.A.A. in the litigation and was also a defendant. "This guy was totally disrespectful. He was like an errant child, and he definitely wasn't getting his way."

Arader's case did not receive much of a boost from one piece of evidence—a letter he sent to Schierenberg at a time when Schierenberg, unbeknown to him, had already complained to the A.B.A.A. In one lively paragraph Arader wrote, "The reason that I sent the books back to you sea mail is that you lied to me when you said that the set was good. The set of Hummingbirds was terrible. In fact there were only six prints that weren't foxed [discolored by decay]. I didn't like being lied to and did not feel like sending the books back air mail which would have been much more expensive." In the next paragraph Arader accused Schierenberg of trying to induce him to commit an insurance fraud. He quickly reversed direction, however, and concluded with this masterstroke: "I am sorry that our relationship has fallen to this level and hope that this incident can become a thing of the past. Right now I am spending over $500,000 a month for inventory and I feel strongly that you could help me. At times I am in a desperate need for material and need as many dependable sources as I can find."

When Fox took Arader's deposition, there were several illuminating exchanges. One occurred when Fox asked Arader about a certain English book-and-print seller:

> FOX: He sells similar materials that you do?
> ARADER: Not similar. Grossly inferior quality.
> FOX: Is there anyone that you believe is comparable to your selling quality?
> ARADER: No.
> FOX: Nobody?
> ARADER: Nobody.
> FOX: Here and in Europe?
> ARADER: Anywhere living.

To this day, Arader occasionally says that he is ready to kiss and make up with the A.B.A.A., but then he remembers the hundred and fifty thousand dollars that the litigation cost him—he ended up both losing the case and having, eventually, to pay all the A.B.A.A.'s legal expenses—and he changes his mind.

A FEW months ago, in London, I was having a conversation with John Maggs, the proprietor of Maggs Brothers, when Stephen Massey, the head of the rare-books-and-manuscripts department of the New York branch of Christie's, happened into the shop. "Arader—is he good for the trade or bad for the trade?" Maggs asked Massey.

Without hesitating, Massey—who, on another occasion, had told me he thought Arader was "a good guy"—said, "Well, he's bad for the books that go through his hands. But he's made them rarer."

"What bothers me about Graham is that he cuts up books," a book dealer from Los Angeles said recently. "That is not the book trade. You can't collect *prints* that way. If you want to collect *prints*, then you must collect things that were made as prints in the

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first place, not plates removed from books that a dealer has destroyed. What offends me is such a dealer's failure to appreciate that a rare book has a numinous presence beyond the physical borders of the book itself."

In the face of such an argument, many dealers seek refuge in euphemism. "We don't talk about 'breaking books,' we refer to 'freeing maps from atlases,' " a map dealer told me. "If you can find a bookseller who has never broken a book, I'll be amazed. There's an awful lot of hypocrisy about that."

Fewer than two hundred copies of the double-elephant-folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" were printed, and perhaps fifty or sixty complete sets have survived in their original bindings. The notion that breaking, and selling plate by plate, a double-elephant folio—"freeing" it into hundreds of decorative objects—ipso facto constitutes vandalism has had vigorous adherents since the beginning of the century, when the practice began. Arader has owned and broken one complete set. Sotheby's or Christie's will gladly sell Audubons by the plate when the opportunity arises. What tends to offend certain book dealers and collectors is the large scale on which Arader breaks varieties of books—and, of course, his less than oblique manner. Bill Reese, the book dealer in New Haven, who is on cordial terms with Arader, recalls a time when he watched Arader at the delivery counter on the second floor of Sotheby's in New York, claiming a book that he had just bought at auction. The book was a first edition of John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles" (London, 1624). Five editions of this book were issued, and each contained four maps—two of Virginia, one of New England, and one of Bermuda. (Each of the maps had been previously published by Smith in several revisions.) Arader had found a buyer for the New England map and planned to keep the others, for the time being.

"He had the book open on the delivery counter and was pressing down on it hard, vigorously massaging the gutter. I said, 'Graham, what are you doing?' He said, 'What do you think I'm doing, Billy? I'm testing the strength of the binding.' Then—*r-r-r-r-ip!*—he razors the son of a bitch out."

The 1624 edition is rare but not extremely rare; more than fifty copies

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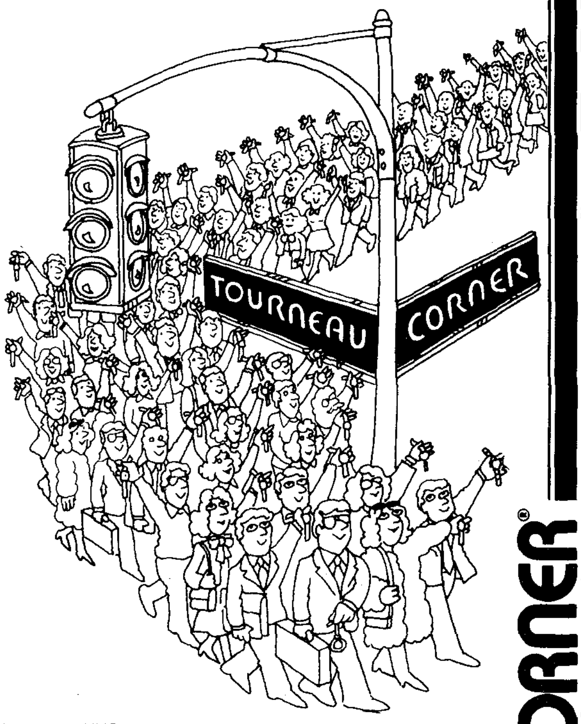

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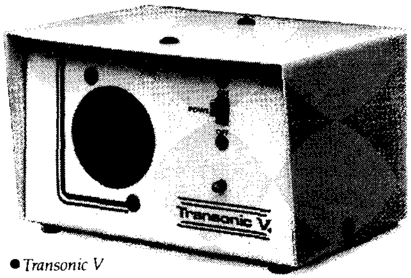

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exist in libraries. Arader, accused of vandalism in this instance, would invoke the "democracy" defense—democracy for the second-string rich, engineered by competitive commercial instinct—which says that removing a book's binding makes it possible to share the contents with a wider population, permits many more people to own an expensive beautiful object that was once part of an unwieldy, much *more expensive, less displayable* beautiful object. Pursued to the extreme, this logic could justify, as a blow for egalitarianism, the dismembering of a Brueghel canvas into forty nicely framed vignettes. The idea that there is a social interest (what the French call *droit moral*) in preserving works of art in their original state would, one assumes, tend to prevent depredation of that degree. On the other hand, in the United States there happen to be no federal laws to prevent it. Until there were federal laws protecting bald eagles, a lot of bald eagles were shot and stuffed. Or, as Robert A. Weiner, a lawyer I know who specializes in art law, said not long ago, "Tearing up books isn't nice. It's an offensive practice. Is it illegal? No. But it's not nice."

MANY of the billionaires and triple-digit millionaires whom Arader most desires to bump into—the first-string rich—he can bump into at the Winter Antiques Show in New York. Arader has plied his wares there since 1976. One weekend afternoon during the 1986 show, I happened to be standing at his booth when a middle-aged couple came by. They didn't stay long. The man looked at the watercolor original of a Redouté peony and said to his wife, "A hundred and fifty-five dollars"—a misreading of the price tag that was wishful by three decimal places. After his wife pointed this out, the man said, *sotto voce*, that he thought they would be better off shopping elsewhere. When such confusions occur, Arader makes no effort to conceal his pleasure. After the couple left, he told me, "A Mexican diplomat came around here a few years ago and picked out something like forty-five thousand two hundred and eighty dollars' worth of prints and maps. He had an entourage—wife, kids, toadies, mistresses. He gets all the stuff together and then, with a grand flourish, reaches for his wallet and starts to pay me four hundred and fifty-two dollars and eighty cents. I know what's happening, but I decide

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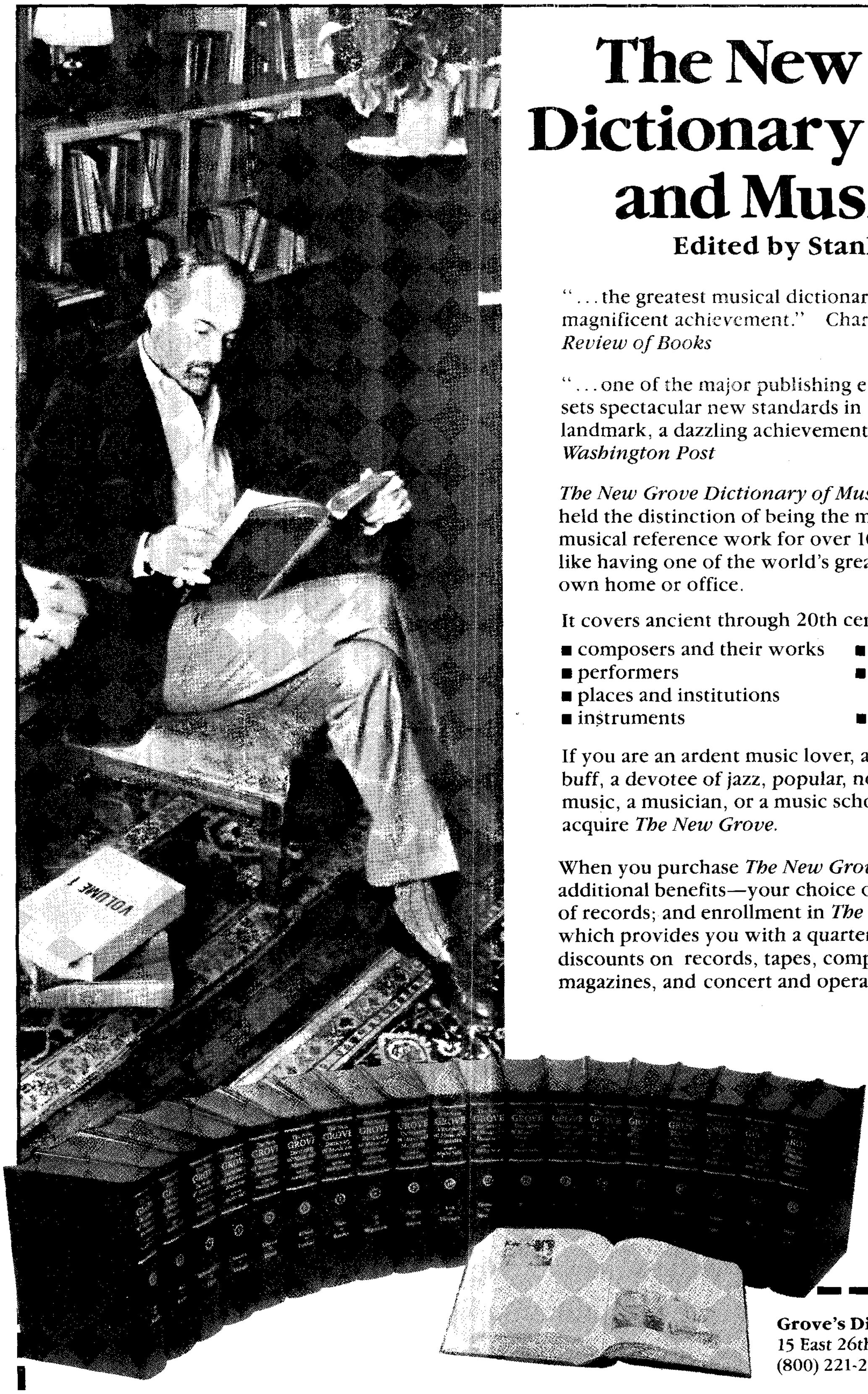

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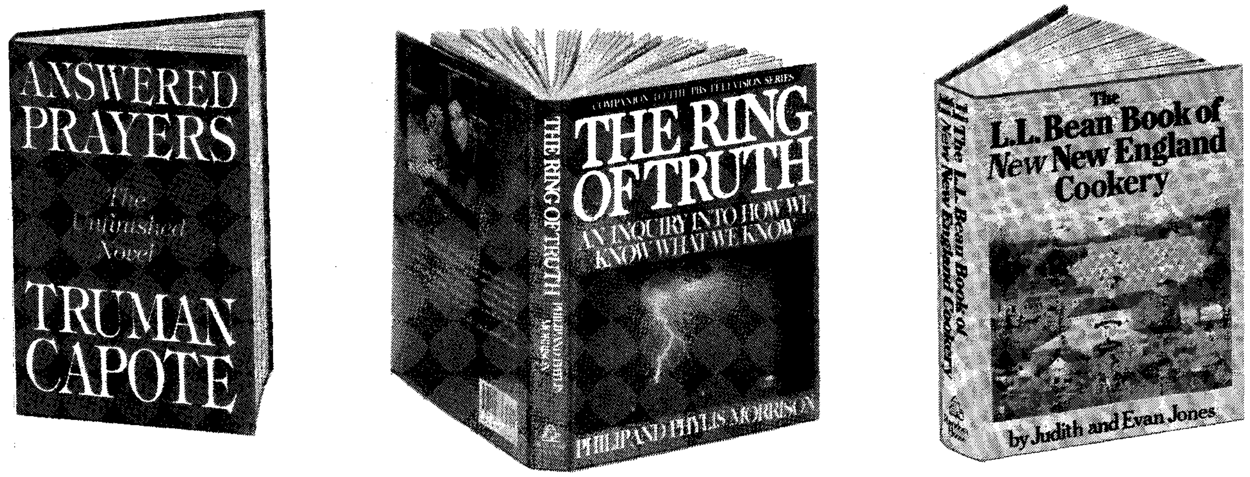
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to string him along. I say, 'Um, that's fine, Mr.—uh, Rodriguez, if you want to leave a deposit. That will leave a balance of forty-four thousand eight hundred dollars,' or whatever. Now Mr. *Rodriguez* realizes what's happening, and he's a diplomat, so he has to figure out some way out of this. So he takes one little two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar map and says, 'I tell you what. I will think about these other things and will give you a call in the morning.' Of course, what happened was that the next day he sent a messenger back with the map and we had to refund the two-fifty. That happens about twice a year."

A sixtyish man in a gray tweed jacket, gray slacks, and bifocals approached, introduced himself as, let us say, Stuart D. Maxwell, and asked about Kentucky maps. Arader did not at first recognize Maxwell, but he bluffed satisfactorily. Yes, indeed, he had a Kentucky map. In fact, he had "the finest mid-nineteenth-century Kentucky map there is—the Burr map, the first to show the postal routes," he said. "It's expensive, but it's the best." In an instant, he was on the phone to Henry Taliaferro. "Henry! Mr. Stuart D. Maxwell, a longtime and *valued* customer, is here. He is a collector of old Kentucky maps. Could you bring over the Burr map, please? Right away. Great." Arader told Maxwell that Henry Taliaferro, the head of the map department, would arrive with the Burr map within half an hour. The instant Maxwell wandered away, Arader said to me, "He won't buy it. He's cheap. But it'll be nice to show it to him. It really is a great map. If you want to abuse me, pretend to have passion. Tease me. Lead me on. That's the quickest way to get a price out of me."

Fifteen minutes later, Henry Taliaferro showed up, and not long thereafter Stuart D. Maxwell returned. The map in question actually showed both Kentucky and Tennessee. With great solicitude, Taliaferro explained the map's background and significance. In the eighteen-thirties, Congress appropriated funds for a mapping project by David H. Burr, who produced a volume called "The American Atlas Exhibiting the Post Offices, Railroads, Canals, and the Physical and Political Divisions of the United States of America." When Burr began the project, his official title was Topographer of the Post Office;

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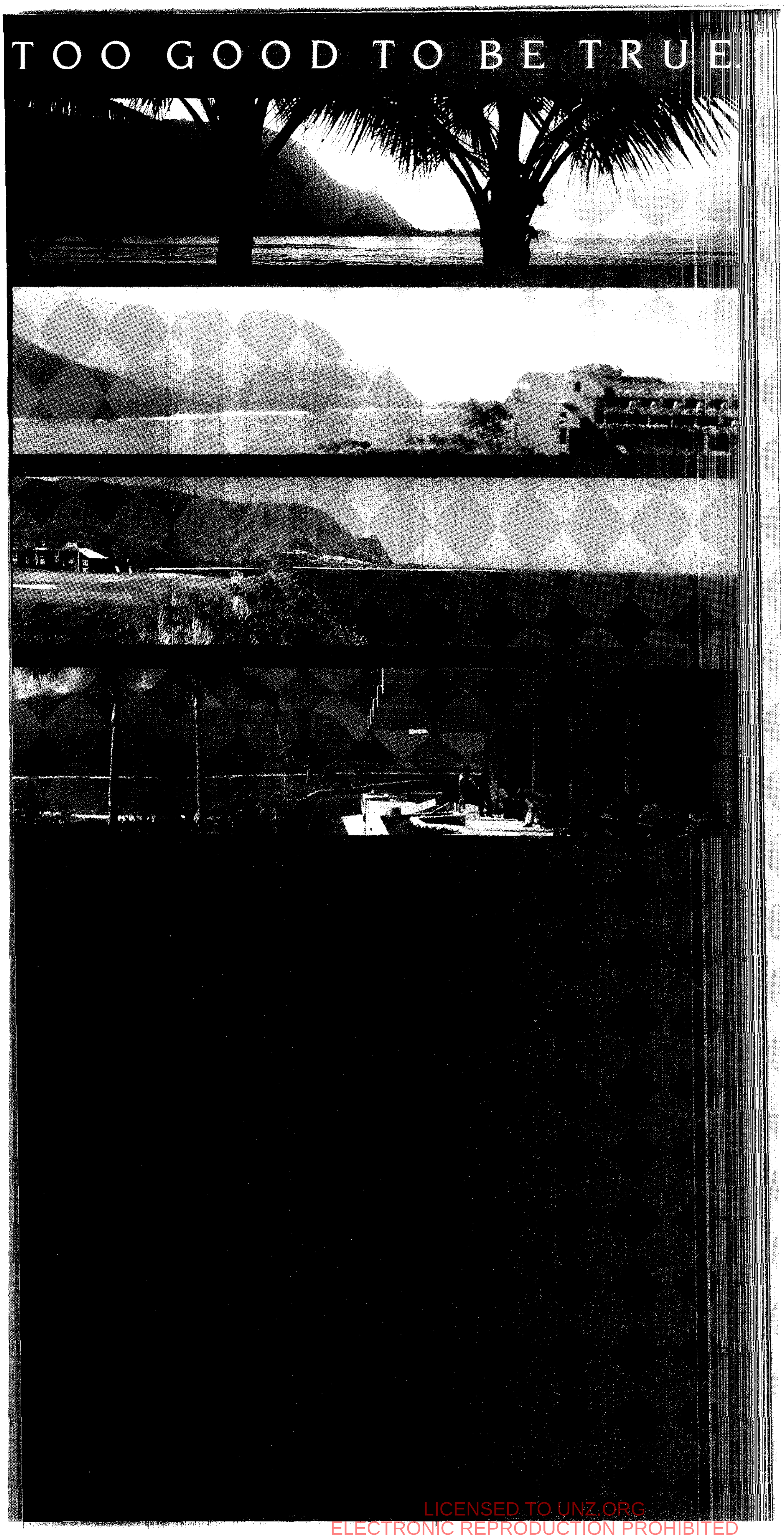

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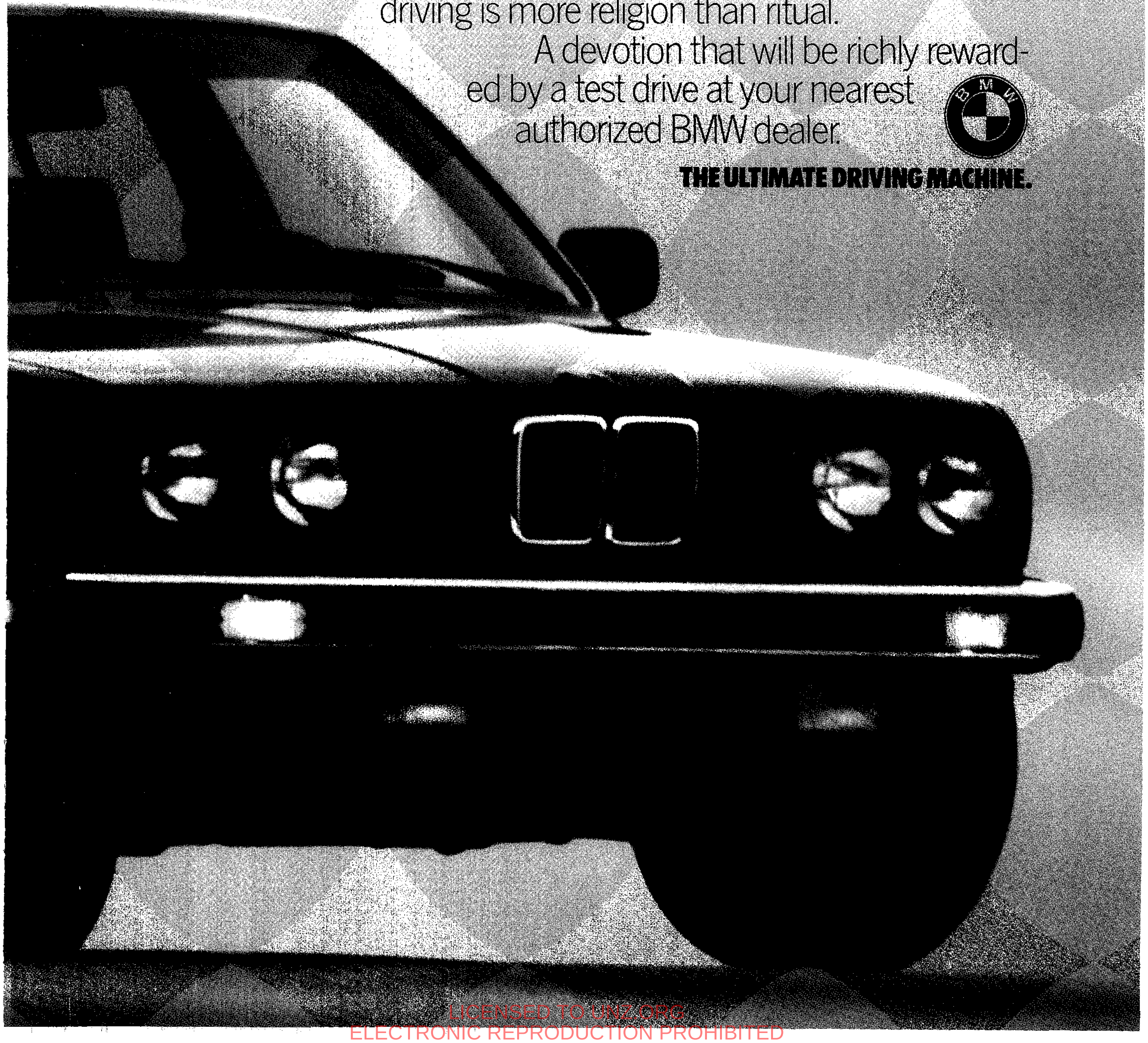

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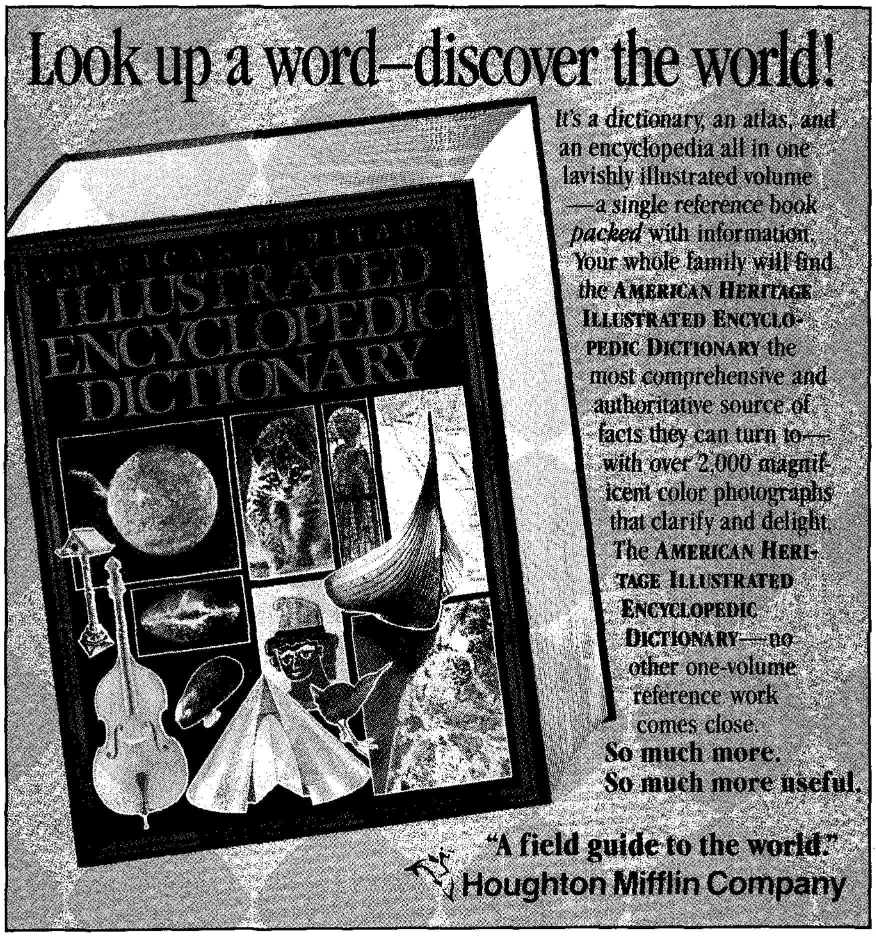

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by the time he finished, in 1839, he had become Geographer to the House of Representatives. Maxwell had heard about the Burr maps, but he had never seen this particular map of Kentucky, and he was impressed. In 1839, the map had sold for five dollars, the entire atlas for seventy-five. Without dwelling upon these two facts, Henry Taliaferro explained that the firm of W. Graham Arader III would part with this specimen for thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. Maxwell thanked him and said he'd think about it.

Half an hour later, Arader was talking to a collector who specialized in early maps of Block Island. With more than a faint smirk on his face, he turned to Taliaferro and said, "Yes, well, some people like to buy maps of wherever—Kentucky. They like to see their home towns. Did—uh, Mr. *Maxwell* find his home town, Henry?"

"Yes, he did, Graham," said Taliaferro.

In Arader's booth that day were a Ruysch world map, printed in Rome in 1508 ("the first obtainable map to show any part of America" said a label on the back of the cardboard mat), for eighty-five thousand dollars; Sir Robert Dudley's "A Particular Chart of the Northeast Coast of America," Florence, 1646, a copper engraving from his "Arcano del Mare," the first marine atlas entirely drawn on a Mercator projection, for sixty-five hundred dollars; Juan Oliva's 1615 "Sea Chart of the Mediterranean," hand-colored on vellum, for twenty-five thousand (part of a thirty-plate atlas for which Arader had paid a hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars); Cellarius celestial charts, part of a series of twenty-nine spectacularly illuminated maps that were first published in Amsterdam in 1660 and were reprinted in editions issued in 1661 and 1708, priced from four thousand to sixty-five hundred dollars; Redouté prints; aquatint and mezzotint botanical engravings from the Robert Thornton "Temple of Flora," the most famous English botanical-plate book ever produced; Audubon double-elephant-folio birds (white pelican, Carolina paroquet, wild turkey) and quadrupeds (American bison and white-tailed deer); prints from the American edition of Catlin's "North American Indian Portfolio;" John Gould birds; Brookshaw fruits; paintings by Catlin, Moran, Alfred Jacob Miller, and Berninghaus; file cabinets filled with prints. On top of one file cabinet was a first-edition copy of Mark Catesby's "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands," and on top of that was a pile of matted McKenney and Hall portraits. I was admiring these last—lithographs of Native American chiefs executed in the mid-nineteenth century—and I asked Arader a question about them.

"I'm bored with those," he said.

"Why?"

"I've seen them. I've had them too long."

"Are they rare?"

"Common as dirt."

They were priced at around seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece. To a customer who cavils about price, Arader is able to produce a snappy response without much trouble. If a young burgher in a chesterfield studies a twenty-four-hundred-dollar Bodmer hanging on Arader's wall and remarks that Bodmer prints were much cheaper twenty years ago, when he had one decorating his dorm room at Dartmouth, Arader replies, "Well, twenty years from now they'll be saying the same thing."

To justify his prices, Arader regularly pontificates on a subject that he refers to as "connoisseurship." Until he was five years out of Yale, he says, he "didn't understand connoisseurship." He likes to quote from a monograph published in 1961 by the late Charles Montgomery, professor of art history at Yale, citing, in particular, one poetical passage that includes the statement "Nothing opens the purse or closes the eye so quickly as the desire to get a great bargain." The quotation concludes, "Whereas in the joy of a treasure one soon forgets a high price paid, in the possession of the second-rate one remembers only its cheapness." Arader's voluble, high-speed palaver tends to color Montgomery's eloquence with a Fuller Brush man's inflection. Nevertheless, he has been able to convert his boilerplate plea for connoisseurship into a purse-opening lever. As a practical matter, what Arader seems to mean by "connoisseurship" bears less relation to the root of the word—a certain subtle knowledge that feeds instinct—than to the simpler notion of buying only the most salable merchandise, the no-dings no-chips variety. "If you buy a Bierstadt, there had better be a mountain in it!" I once heard him exhort an acquaintance over the telephone. "And a stream, too. You have people who pay ten thousand dollars

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for a Bierstadt and because one just sold somewhere for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars they think they've got a bargain. But ten thousand dollars gets you a Bierstadt of a *butterfly*. You haven't bought anything!"

Price matters, but it is supposed to matter in a secondary way. Duncan Connolly, a former employee of Arader's, once said to me, "If you can't get along with Graham, you may be able to find what you want"—meaning a specific print or map—"somewhere else, but nine times out of ten you won't. And if you do find it you won't be able to find it in the same condition; it won't have all the qualities that make things collectible. He has not just one fabulous image of a rare print—he has *four*."

Another former employee, Sharon McIntosh, who used to manage Arader's New York gallery, has said, "I think Graham has a secret cache of treasures under his bed, because he always comes through. I've been down to King of Prussia and I know what's there. A customer will ask about something and I'll say, 'No, I don't think we have that.' But then I'll just check with Graham, and he somehow comes up with it."

Often Arader sells art that he happens not to have in his inventory. "I really *need* this map," I once heard him tell a caller. "I sold it twice last week and I have only one copy." Or he will plead, "I need a roseate spoonbill right now fairly desperately. I need a mallard fairly desperately. But if you love everything you have and it's part of your home decoration or your office decoration and you don't want to sell it, I understand. . . . Oh, *really*? O.K., I'll call her. Give me her number. . . . Fine. . . . That's right. Buying or selling. . . . O.K. Bye."

Where he bought material, when he bought it, what he paid—Arader has phenomenal recall of those details. He also keeps track of where it goes after it leaves his hands. If his memory were to fail, he could always refer to a computer printout that lists, item by item, what every one of his clients has bought. When you ask Arader about his inventory-management tactics, he says, "I've got masses of stuff. It sells when it sells." Once, in a bold moment, I asked him what it might all be worth. He replied, "Five million to twenty million, depending on my mood," and I realized that my question was not only impertinent but

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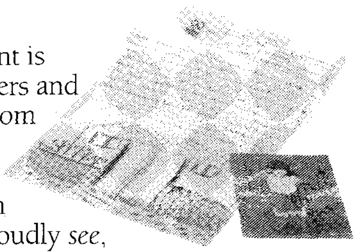

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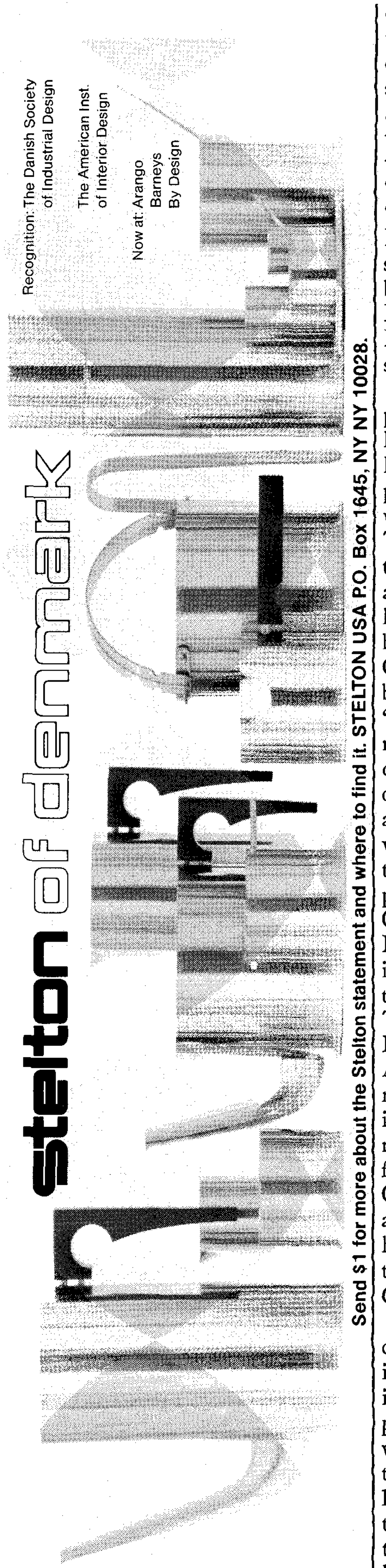

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clumsy. "Things are valued how they're valued," he said. "And who's creating the value? I am. I sell the stuff, so I'm creating the value. So are auction houses, other dealers, collectors. It's pretty shaky. It involves factors such as 'Do you like me?' and 'Do you enjoy buying from me?' and 'How well do I serve you?' As a dealer, I try to do all the things that a good slave can do. I'll give you reference books. I'll frame your print nicely. I'll come to your house and hang it. I'll help your kids get into boarding school."

Arader employs about sixty-five people, thirty of them in sales. When he hired Henry Taliaferro, in 1984, his object was to restore the map department to its former, full-throttle vigor. Taliaferro, an equable, genteel Texan, had previously been a competitor; with a partner, he had sold maps and books in Austin. "Before I came here, I didn't know all the specifics, but I knew enough to know that Graham had the best clients and the best stock," Taliaferro once told me. "For instance, for someone who knows maps, the chance to write a catalogue on portolans"—hand-drawn sea charts dating from between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries, usually the work of Italian, Catalan, or Portuguese draftsmen—"is a wonderful prospect, but only by working for Graham, at least in this country, could I find the maps. Only Graham has the imagination to go out and buy the things he buys and create the market." The map department was moved from Ballygomingo to New York in 1985. Although Taliaferro says he prefers not to sell to people who buy maps "as investments," he and Arader have managed to coexist happily. "My friends in the trade assume that Graham's a tyrant and a slave driver and totally irrational to work for," he said. "They can't conceive of the fact that I *enjoy* working for Graham."

The Arader salespeople are granted considerable autonomy. A salesperson in New York is free to pursue a client in, for instance, Chicago or Atlanta, provided that the salesperson has cultivated the client. At one time, Arader travelled regularly to Houston; he no longer does. He sells to clients all over the world—he is responsible for half the company's sales volume—but he has no desire to run the satellite galleries himself. He has set foot in his San Francisco gallery twice, Chicago once, Atlanta half a dozen times.

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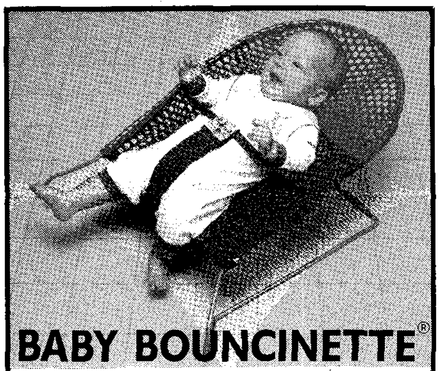

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"Things function more smoothly when he's not around," Hollie Powers Holt, who manages Sessler's, has said. "But we sell a lot more when he is around." Walter Arader once told me that he was particularly fond of Hollie Powers Holt, who has worked for Graham for nine years, because "she's very ethical and Graham needs all the ethical encouragement he can get." The employees who tend to get along best with Arader are the ones who don't take rudeness personally. When I had spent several months sporadically observing Arader in action—he had evidently begun to wonder to what effect—he told me that if I had been working for him he would have fired me long ago. Arader hires and fires with equal relish. His catch-all standard for firing is "dishonesty or sloppy treatment of a customer." (In my case, the ground would have been dilatoriness.) One of his pet forms of interoffice communication is the hortatory memorandum. Such missives issue from Ballygomingo at irregular intervals—at times daily, at other times only weekly or monthly. The memos, dictated, transcribed, and dispatched full of typos, sound remarkably like Arader himself, culminating in his free-associational quintessence.

The buoyantly self-aggrandizing compliment to an employee:

"First of all, CONGRATULATIONS to Sharon for making a $200,000 sale last week. Incredible! This is the company record for a single sale and I am delighted to have passed my record on to such a deserving woman. Keep up the good work. You're terrific.

"Sharon is succeeding because she is seeing her clients and going after the big hitters. She made this sale by traveling to Houston and visiting a major collector there. You must travel if you want to sell. You must call on your clients and love them to death."

The strategic graceful gesture, clarified:

"It is the tradition of great booksellers and art dealers that they take their clients to lunch and/or dinner on closing a big sale (over $5,000). I authorize you all to follow this tradition but only when the client has *paid* for the object that he is buying."

The unveiled threat:

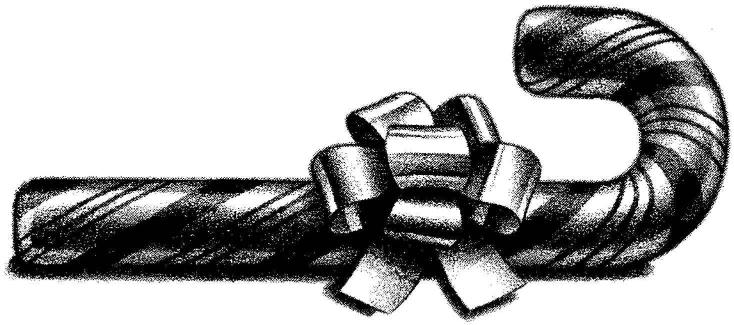
"No one may purchase anything from my inventory for more than $100 without getting my permission first. No one may purchase anything for their own account while I am paying for their time. You must offer me whatever you see for sale while you are working for me at an antique show. . . . Any source that you learn about while you are working for me may not sell you anything unless you offer it to me first. If there is a deviation from these rules, you will be immediately fired and all benefits ended. My sources are the most important part of my business. . . ."

The dire snowball:

"We had a poor September with sales of $290,000, which is $326,000 behind budget. This is why I am so in debt. Bluntly, if I have two months in a row like this I will have to start letting people go. I would say at least six or seven people. Three months like this and I would have to close at least three offices and fire another ten people. Four months and I would be close to out of business but could probably hold on to three or four offices. By five months I would be selling real estate and putting most of my material up for auction. And at six months I would be out of business."

The window of self-awareness:

"My biggest mistake in building my business and the mistake that I regret



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most was my temper. I got mad at people and ended relationships. One mad customer can wipe out the positive comments of 100 satisfied ones. Try to stay civil, friendly with ALL collectors and dealers in your area. But keep the information about the business strictly confidential. You can be very friendly without giving away our business secrets. I don't want anyone knowing our personal victories or defeat[s]. Sell the products, gossip about *other* people, and listen."

Personal grooming and hygiene tips: "If you smell, you aren't going to sell. Your hair must be clean, your breath must be fresh, your teeth must be clean. If you smoke, you should take a bath, wash your teeth and put on a fresh change of clothes before you attempt a major sale. . . . No employee should eat garlic, onions or anything that smells before attempting a major sale. I would rather have you cancel the appointment than have the client smell what you have been eating. This may be unfair, but it's America. People who smell just aren't going to make it with 50% of all collectors. Why? Because smelling you is no fun. And when the buying experience isn't fun, the client goes elsewhere."

THE hortatory memorandum, its irresistibleness notwithstanding, takes time to compose and dispatch. The demand for swift results forces Arader to spend a great deal of time on the telephone.

To an employee who shipped an Audubon blue heron that, because it had not been wrapped in plastic, arrived in Texas very slightly damaged: "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I told you specifically to wrap that thing in Mylar and put it in cardboard. And because you didn't, the client saw that it had been laid down"—saw the backing, the evidence of previous framing—"and, plus, it arrived torn. And now it's being returned. So if you think what I do is stupid and wrong, then please pay me the compliment of calling me up and telling me I'm an idiot before you do it your way. Because if I'm wrong I will admit it. I will be glad to hear your suggestions as to why I am an idiot. This put me in an extremely embarrassing position with the client. So, please, unless you warn me that I am an idiot, I would appreciate it if you would listen to and do what I say to do, because I listen to what you have to say."

To a salesman in New York, about a client: "She's a bargain hunter who

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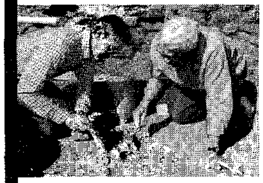

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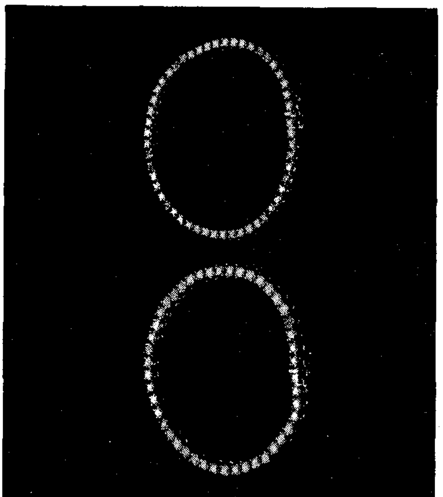

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doesn't really want to buy. If Jesus Christ came down and said, 'Here's a complete Audubon double-elephant folio,' she'd say, 'Fine. Have you got some money so I can take it home in a cab?' She looks for excuses. You know, she's on a salary, and I don't think the money's really there."

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To me, apropos of I don't recall what: "Oh God! I wish you'd been with me last night. I had dinner with Jane Holzer and a friend of hers who said he was the last son of the last king of Tunisia. His great-great-grandfather had ninety-three wives and sewed them all in bags and dropped them in the sea. He just felt like starting over. He had six hundred and ninety-one children. Imagine that. This guy is terrific—thirty-seven years old, Oxford, Eton. He wants to go into the English-furniture business with me. . . . Would I ever want to sell furniture? . . . Hey, I want to be in any business so long as I have access to expertise and I can be of service to people and make money and it involves antiques. I might not start selling furniture right now, because my plate's a little full. But I think people deserve a better chance to buy what they want than by going to Sotheby's, where the only time you can buy it is at three-eighteen on a Saturday afternoon. I think I can be much bigger and better than Sotheby's, I really do."

While on hold, suddenly distracted by a gold-framed Audubon brown pelican that, while he was looking out a window, had just been brought into his office from the framing department, upstairs: "Oh God! Beautiful! Holy shit! Who brought this down? It's fantastic. Oh God. Jesus, that's a beautiful son of a bitch. Ursula"—the framer—"did a great job. I'm delighted. I love it. We'll just have to sell it, I guess."

Strutting about the room after finishing a phone conversation with a woman in Texas: "Whoa! Yes, sir, I'm happy! I've been trying to buy a goddam roseate spoonbill for two months. Whoa! I've got to do that *twice* a day. Then I'm *really* happy!"

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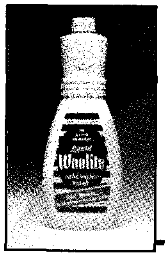

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guy bidders just barely arch their eyebrows when they raise a bid. Anyone can. Arader does his best to enliven the atmosphere. Usually, he takes a spot in the back, where he can pose and move his elbows around. This forces members of the crowd to turn in their chairs periodically to observe him, to acknowledge that his presence has altered the chemistry of a high-dollar ceremony. "When dealing with Graham in a bidding situation, there are two possibilities," a client who came to know Arader the hard way—by bidding against him unsuccessfully—told me. "One, you can say, 'Why should I bid against this guy? He obviously intends to crush me.' Or, two, you can say, 'Maybe I'll just run up the bid anyway and break it off in him.' "

"There are two sides to Graham," Clarence Wolf says. "When he is in an auction, for Graham that's sort of like theatre-in-the-round. That's the very essence of Graham Arader. That's when he really comes to fruition. I think Graham is a real gladiator in the auction ring and, in my experience, a relentless bargainer when it comes to buying privately. When he's buying something privately, he tries to browbeat you and wear you down. His great auction records give him entrée into private situations."

When Sotheby's was selling James Rosenquist's painting "F-111," in the fall of 1986, Thomas Armstrong asked Arader to bid on behalf of the Whitney Museum. "I thought he had a lot of savvy about auctions," Armstrong said. At the last minute, Armstrong decided to bid himself, and from Arader's point of view that was no tragedy. The Whitney was equipped to spend no more than a million two hundred thousand dollars, and the painting ended up selling for more than two million, so Arader was spared losing in front of a large audience. A dealer bidding for a client customarily collects a fee, usually ten per cent, but Arader performs this service for one per cent or, often, no fee at all, because he enjoys being known as a buyer; because even if he doesn't buy the object in question there is still the challenge—if the item is a print or a book—of finding it cheaper somewhere else later on and selling it for less than the auction price to the client, who will then admire Arader for being crazy and wonderful; and because it permits him to cross swords with the big auction houses, Sotheby's and Christie's. Sotheby's sales during the 1986-87 auction season totalled one billion three hundred million dollars, an increase of six hundred million over the previous year. Christie's, during its 1986-87 season, took in nine hundred million dollars, compared with five hundred and seventy-three million in 1985-86. It invigorates Arader to imagine himself in mortal combat with these two institutions—particularly Sotheby's. Once, after a sale at Sotheby's, he approached Alfred Taubman, the chairman of the holding company that owns the auction house, and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Taubman. You did pretty well today. And I did *real* well."

"Sotheby's wants bidders to pay retail prices; they're trying to put us out of business," Arader frequently complains, and he delights in any opportunity, as he sees it, to get even. David Redden, head of the books-and-manuscripts department at Sotheby's in New York, to his credit bears no resentment toward Arader for having accused him, during a map auction a few years ago, of conjuring a phantom bid. The episode unfolded this way: the bidding on a certain atlas of seventeenth-century portolan charts started at eighty thousand dollars, Arader raised that to ninety, the auctioneer announced a bid of a hundred thousand, the bidding ran up until Arader was at a hundred and twenty, the auctioneer acknowledged a bid of a hundred and thirty, and Arader, at peak volume, answered back, "Where's the bid, David? I don't see the bid. You're running it up on me, David! You're lying, David. There's no bid. You took that off the wall! I caught you, David! Where's the bid? Where's the bid?" It was a dramatic moment, witnessed by about a hundred startled people. As Arader advanced toward the platform in a menacing manner, Redden abruptly halted the action, explaining that there seemed to be some confusion. When the bidding resumed—Redden agreed to start all over again—Arader bought the atlas for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, plus ten per cent to Sotheby's. A dealer who was present has said, "Everybody loved it, including people who don't like Graham."

Arader's most triumphant moment at Sotheby's—the auction of Redouté's "Les Liliacées" watercolors, and the subsequent syndication bonanza—whetted his appetite for more. In the succeeding months, he syndicated a lithographed edition of Audubon's "Viviparous Quadrupeds of North

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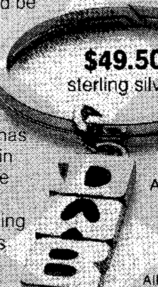

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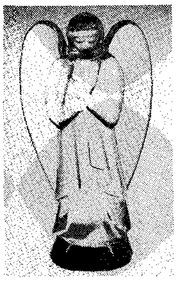

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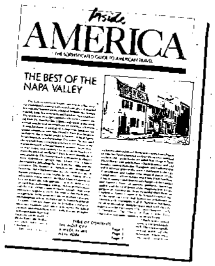
America" and two first-edition copies of Catesby's "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands." One advantage of these syndications, beyond their immediate profitability, was that they enabled Arader to assemble a roomful of his most valued clients and address all of them at once. And the message that he had to convey was: Sotheby's will sell it to you retail, I'll sell it to you wholesale.

Last January, a London book dealer named Julian Browning attended an auction in Monte Carlo and paid a hundred thousand dollars for a hand-colored first-edition copy of "Hortus Eystettensis," the work of an early-seventeenth-century German botanist named Basilius Besler. Only three other copies with original color were thought to exist. The copy that Browning bought had ten badly stained plates (ten out of three hundred and sixty-seven), and its binding was in poor condition—factors that, despite the book's rarity, made it less than desirable to most dealers and collectors. Because Graham Arader has so little in common with most dealers and collectors, Browning ended up owning the book only a short while. Three weeks after the sale in Monte Carlo, he flew to New York and resold "Hortus Eystettensis" to Arader for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

"Hortus Eystettensis" had been in Arader's possession for three days when the 1987 Winter Antiques Show opened in New York. He had already devised the terms by which he intended to syndicate the book: thirty-six shares, ten prints a share, eleven thousand dollars a share. Arader also had another syndication in the works—a collection of watercolor-and-gouache paintings of flowers by an eighteenth-century German artist named Barbara Regina Dietzsch. The Dietzsch was being offered in seventeen shares, four watercolors a share, sixty thousand dollars a share. During the show, Arader, without provocation, would drag any seemingly promotable browser into a corner and bring out the books. "This you've got to see!" he would say. "You've *got* to see it. Believe me, you'll thank me a thousand times for showing this to you."

A group of three married couples from Philadelphia came into Arader's booth with the intention of saying hello. They had been there less than a minute when Arader reached into an oversized briefcase and removed the Besler book, saying, "This is a great



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deal. Only three hundred copies of this edition were printed. A dealer around the corner is selling individual prints with *new* color for eighteen hundred dollars. Mine, with original color, will end up costing you eleven hundred dollars apiece. Now, look at this one, and this. Oh, wouldn't you kill to own that? I would. *But*—neither of us has to."

None of the Philadelphia visitors pretended to be familiar with what Arader was offering to sell them. The conversation went like this:

"Which one's sixty?"

"This is four for sixty?"

"What's ten?"

"This one—eleven for ten or ten for eleven?"

"How many shares?"

"Seventeen of the sixty, thirty-six of the eleven?"

"And what is this stuff?"

"We don't *need* any more art," one of the husbands said.

"These are incredible," Arader said, now grasping the Dietzsch volume. "And I guarantee you, you're not happy with any of it, I'll buy 'em back."

"How do I know they're incredible? You haven't even shown me what they are."

"Hey, you want to see what they are? Here." He dropped the book on a portfolio cabinet.

"Look at the way he throws that down. He just threw a million dollars down the drain."

One of the wives, sensing that an opportunity might be slipping away, said, "Could you write it down for me? Can I go now? How many shares are you selling?"

"How many do you want?"

Another member of the party told Arader—"strictly *entre nous*"—that she was going to Russia soon on some risky business.

Arader said, "I've got a good friend in Omaha who's best friends with Anatoly Dobrynin. If you want me to call him, you're in."

THE Dietzsch-syndication break-up took place at Ballygomingo on a Sunday in late February, and the "Hortus Eystettensis" was broken up on a Saturday in late April. That Saturday evening, Arader and his wife, and an employee named Joseph Goddu, after driving at an unhealthy speed from Philadelphia to Kennedy Airport and arriving just in time to catch their flight, were on their way to London, where, less than forty-eight hours later, another copy of "Hortus Eystettensis" was due to be auctioned at Sotheby's.

"It's the greatest sale of flower books ever—*ever*," Arader, for once innocent of hyperbole, told me when he suggested that I accompany him to London to witness the sale. Over more than thirty years, Robert de Belder, a Belgian diamond merchant, horticulturist, and book collector, had managed to amass what a Sotheby's catalogue described as "the greatest private collection of botanical books in the world." During 1986, the four-thousand-title library was sold to Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., the London booksellers. Quaritch had invested three years in a quiet effort to find a permanent home for the books—two of them on behalf of de Belder and a third after buying the library. The purpose was to find an owner likely to keep the collection intact. Arader was not among the parties approached by Quaritch.

Rick Watson, the Quaritch employee who was responsible for cataloguing the de Belder collection, explained the firm's strategy, saying, "This company has existed for a hundred and forty years. We exist for the

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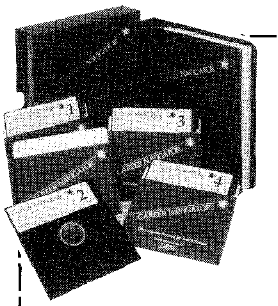

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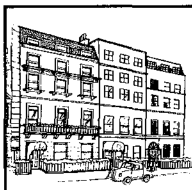
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purpose of continuing to exist. In a pinch, we can get our hands on the odd ten million pounds. De Belder was a customer of ours for thirty-five years. We have not exactly sent out flyers saying 'Amazing Opportunity!' We find patience to be a commercial asset. But that appears not to be American thinking at the moment."

Failing to find a single buyer, Quaritch finally decided to auction off the prize items in the collection.

"How many lots will there be? Almost four hundred," Arader, now in London, said as his taxi moved through inexplicably slow Sunday-morning traffic, heading from Heathrow Airport toward Sotheby's sale room, in Mayfair. "How many am I going to bid on? Maybe all of them. A bargain I will buy. I'll pay a pound for anything. I want to spend about two or three million dollars. This is big. That's why we're here."

Sotheby's had granted Arader a million-pound line of credit, interest-free, with no payments due for sixty days. "A lot of Americans won't be here, because the dollar's dropped ten per cent in the last three months," Arader said. "It's rough sledding. I think I made fifteen thousand dollars last week in the commodities market, hedging the pound. I bought a million pounds forward, for payment June 20th. I needed to own those pounds at a sure dollar fifty-eight."

Arader still had on the blue dress shirt and khaki trousers he had been wearing the previous day in Philadelphia. He looked rumpled and not well rested. His in-flight slumber, he reported, had been interrupted by an altercation with a fellow-passenger. The other passenger had been unable to avoid jabbing his knees into the back of Arader's seat, and Arader had been unable to resist offering to damage the man's kneecaps. Valli said, "When Graham goes on these marathons, he doesn't get scrappy, he gets dangerous."

A copy of the auction catalogue sat in Arader's lap, and he turned now to the page that described de Belder's colored copy of "Hortus Eystettensis." One passage said:

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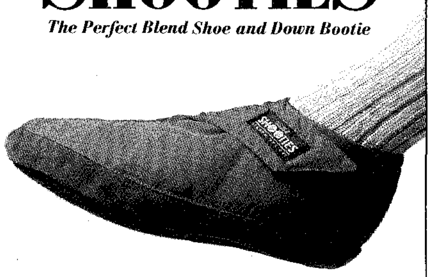
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of the Same by Wolfgang Kilian Dated 1628. This May, Therefore, Have Been the Copy of Kilian, the Principal Artist of the Work.

Arader had a contrary opinion of the de Belder specimen. When Sotheby's brought it and a hundred or so other books from the collection to New York for display a few weeks earlier, Arader had studied the "Hortus Eystettensis" and convinced himself that its plates were not colored in the seventeenth century.

"This is not the exact same book you just bought and sold?" I asked him.

"No, it isn't," he said. "It's the exact same book, but without seventeenth-century color. You need to go to Quaritch and get them to look you in the eye and say that it's original color. But they can't say it. You've got to say to them, 'I notice that the copper in the green pigment does not oxidize through the paper.' The de Belder copy is in far superior condition to the one I bought, but it's not original color. This might have been colored in the nineteenth century, but not in the seventeenth. The only original-color copies are in the British Museum and Eichstätt, West Germany. Plus the one I bought, which was unsalable as a book because it had ten bad plates and the binding was terrible. No book collector would have bought that as a whole book. That's where I make the market for books like that."

"You have no intention of bidding on this?"

"I *had* an intention. I was going to bid up to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but that was before I became convinced it's not original color. So I'm going to bid considerably less, because there's so much other stuff I want. What I'd like to see happen is for this Besler to go for a lot of money to some sucker that Sotheby's develops that I've never even heard of."

It was ten-thirty when Arader arrived at the entrance to Sotheby's, down an alley off New Bond Street. In the sale room, the de Belder books reposed within an L-shaped arrangement of floor-to-ceiling shelves at one end of the room. Upon handing a guard a wad of ten-pound notes, Arader was immediately set up with a private viewing area—four chairs and a ten-foot-long green-baize-covered table—at the opposite end of the room. Henry Taliaferro, who had arrived in London for a map auction the previous week, and Joe Goddu began ferrying books, many of them taller than a robust toddler, by the armload.

Valli took a seat next to her husband, and looked over his shoulder when Taliaferro brought around the Besler. Arader conducted a brief hands-on tutorial in original color. "Do you see the difference?" he said. "Does your eye see the difference?" When the natural pigments in copper engravings oxidize over time, they tend to penetrate the surface of a page and leave traces on the reverse side. Examining the Besler, Arader was convinced that he was looking at an application of modern color, which, instead of oxidizing, had bled through the paper.

"Look at that!" he said. "Did you see that color yesterday, in the prints we sold? If you looked at all my folds—where the paper had been hung and folded to dry—all my folds were white, because they started breaking and leaving white. And all the folds in the pages of this book are darker, because the newer color got stuck in them. O.K.? Look at that. You didn't see that color yesterday. O.K., that's some oxidation there, but it's also bleed. Oh, I feel great! This is going to go for a lot of money and, at best, it's early-nineteenth-century. That's

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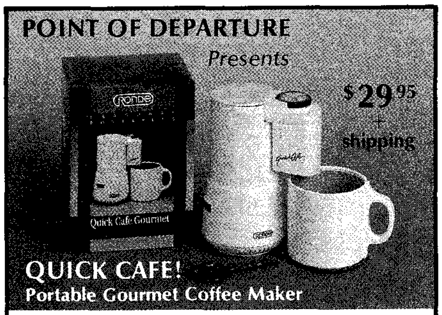

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why you get some oxidation of some of the colors, but the green is what should be oxidized."

A few minutes later, Arader was shown a copy of a mid-seventeenth-century florilegium by Johann Theodor de Bry. "Now, *that's* oxidation," he said, his tone hushed, as he turned the pages. The estimated selling price of the de Bry, according to the catalogue, was eighteen to twenty thousand pounds. "*That's* oxidation. Oh, *wow!* This is what it's all about."

"I love this thing," Valli said. "Love love love love love love *love* it."

"*All-l-l* about. This is one of the two really great early-seventeenth-century books in the sale. We can sell it complete or we can break it. It should stay complete if we can swing it."

Henry Taliaferro, arriving with more books, asked, "Did you look at the de Bry?"

"Yeah. We died. Just died," said Arader.

"So what did you decide to do?"

"Uh, forty," Arader said, meaning he would bid forty thousand pounds for it.

"It's *so* cool," Valli said. "Isn't it, Henry?"

"Sh-h-h!" her husband cautioned. "Keep it down."

The sale room was populated with perhaps thirty other potential buyers and curiosity seekers: beady-eyed, bushy-headed gents with continuous eyebrows, G. B. Shaw beards, corduroys, and hearing aids; stout ladies in Glen-plaid skirts; young Oxbridge-looking women in gray blazers, herringbone-tweed skirts, and patent-leather pumps; well-dressed Italians with bifocals dangling from chains around their necks. Like the well-oiled gears of a piece of antique factory equipment, they methodically unshelved books; laid them on the baize-covered tables for examination; stood on stepladders to reshelve them; occasionally fell off the ladders.

As the books kept coming, the dialogue between Arader and his wife perked along.

Valli: "Watercolor drawings of fungi. That might be cool."

Arader: "No." A pause. "No, you're right. They are cool."

Valli: "No, they're clumsy."

Arader: "How much? Nine hundred of them. So we pay two bucks apiece. Bid a thousand pounds."

Arader (regarding a nineteenth-century monograph on corn): "I don't like this."

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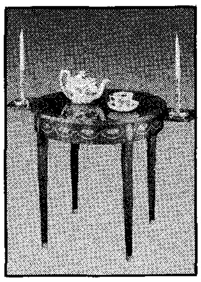

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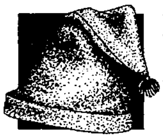

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Valli: "Oh, really? Those prints have got a lot of wall power. I thought you'd like that."

Arader (on "A Catalogue of Willows, Indigenous and Foreign, in the Collection of the Duke of Bedford &c."): "I'll bid four hundred pounds. Write 'Boring' in the catalogue."

Valli: " 'The Flora of Java.' We don't want another one of those, do we?"

Arader: "We sure don't."

Arader (on a collection of six hundred and four watercolors and twenty-eight pencil-and-wash drawings, French, mid-nineteenth-century): "This is what we should be selling. I don't think there's any question. This is incredible. They're *good*, honey. This is good, solid stuff."

Valli: "Maybe we should sell it complete."

Arader: "Nah."

Arader (on "The Wild Flowers of Southern and Western India"): "Now, here's a cool book. You're gonna like this, honey."

Valli: "No, I don't. They're big and sloppy."

Arader (studying Maria Sibylla Merian's eighteenth-century work on the entomology of the Dutch colony of Surinam, "Dissertatio de Generatione et Metamorphosibus Insectorum Surinamensium"): "The *ultimate* bug book. You're gonna lose it when you see this one. Look at that. Isn't that the coolest? Perfect oxidation. Look at this one, honey. You up for this? Look at these, honey. Don't miss this. Don't miss this."

Henry Taliaferro: "There's not a dog in there."

Arader: "How many plates, angel? Seventy-two? So we pay five hundred each. We bid twenty-two thousand pounds. We won't get it, but we'll try. No—some rich guy'll get it. Boy, that's a great book."

Arader (suddenly noticing a middle-aged man standing a few feet away): "Who's that guy over there? O.K., watch him and see if he's writing down what we're saying. I don't want that guy *around*. If you heard me say I'd bid fifty thousand for something and you didn't like me, you'd go up to forty-five thousand, wouldn't you? These English dealers love to see me lose. They love to run me up. They say things like 'I nearly had a

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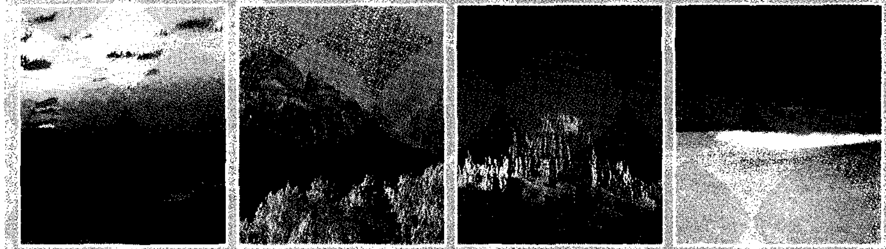

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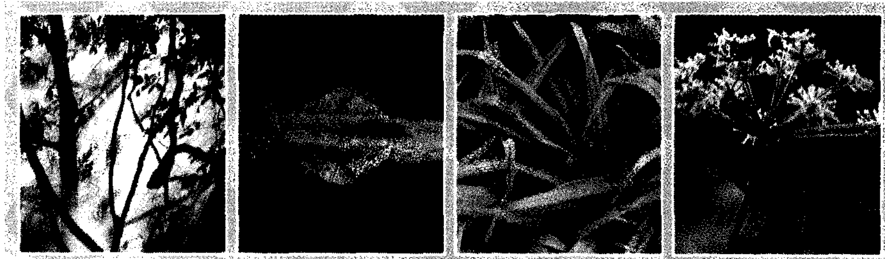

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stroke doing it, but I gave that Arader a real caning.' "

The fatigue factor in this exercise—fatigue combined with nervous energy and a dash of paranoia—had to be reckoned with. After about three hours, Arader was working his way through certain books with the celerity of a brushhogger. He was capable of opening a book to a single page, saying "A hundred pounds" or "Two hundred pounds" or "Stringy stuff," and dismissing it. He said, "Lot 169 I'm not excited about. And 160 I'll take a pee on, too. Yeah. Right. I'm *really* bored. Lot 159 has a lot of green. It's neat, but it wouldn't sell. Brilliantly framed, it would sell."

The auction was to be held in two evening sessions, on Monday and Tuesday. The longer Arader spent looking at books, the testier he became, and I decided to excuse myself and poll various members of the London rare-book-and-map trade for their opinions of Arader. Everyone I approached had something quotable to say—even those non-combative souls who wished not to be quoted.

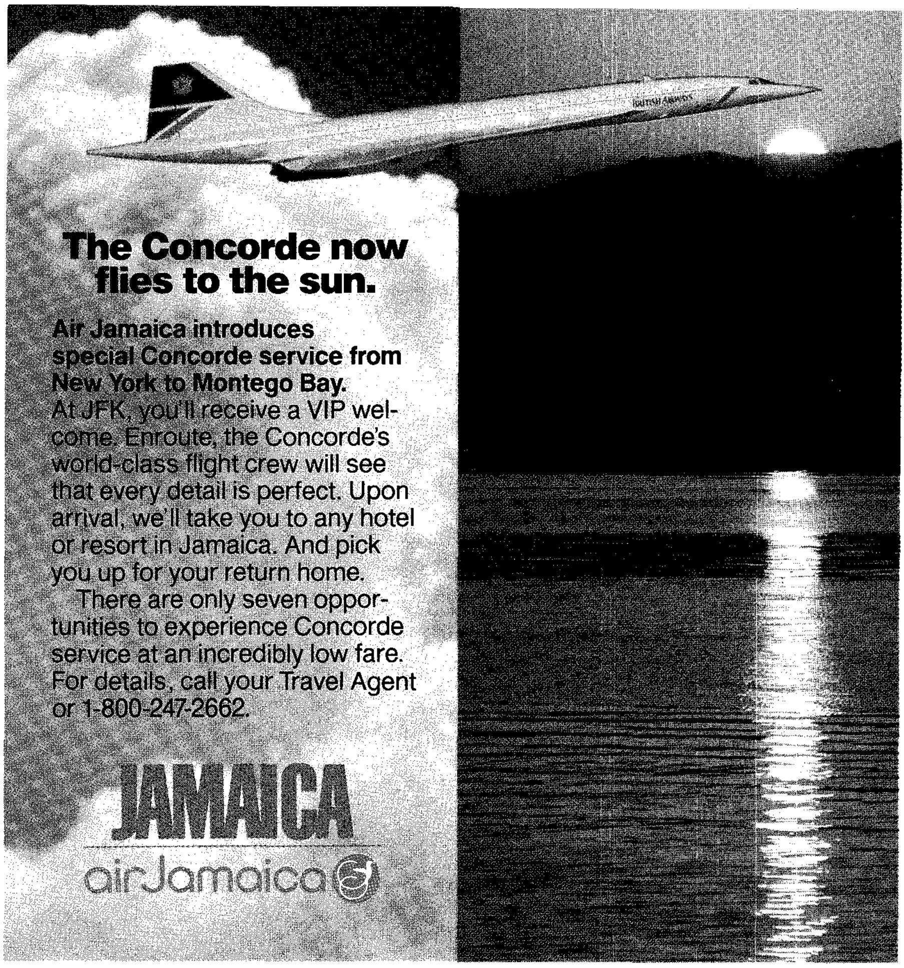
"Controversy and Graham Arader are never very far apart. I think he seeks it, doesn't he?" a reticent curator at the British Museum said.

"He's a McEnroe young man, really," said John Maggs. "He's the big bruiser. His type of business is almost like brokerage. It's a different world altogether. He strikes me as a high-powered doorstep salesman. He is the great American image. He's the dream incarnate, isn't he?"

"Before Graham turned up, the American print trade wasn't exactly a back-street trade, but you had to find your way around," a map-and-print dealer named Robert Douwma said. "He's given prints a place with antiques; he's appealed to a much wider public, not just to collectors. Basically, he's changed prints and maps into status symbols for a larger group of people."

"He's sort of a mythical figure by now. I heard he'd sued Nancy Reagan," said a print dealer in Bloomsbury, who was misinformed.

"The typical map-and-book people don't behave brashly," said Jonathan Potter, a map dealer in Mayfair. "Graham doesn't fit in at all, and I think that's the nicest thing that some dealers might say about him. The people in this business don't build up enemies, and Graham has done that, just through his manner. But, for all his personal traits, he's done wonders for



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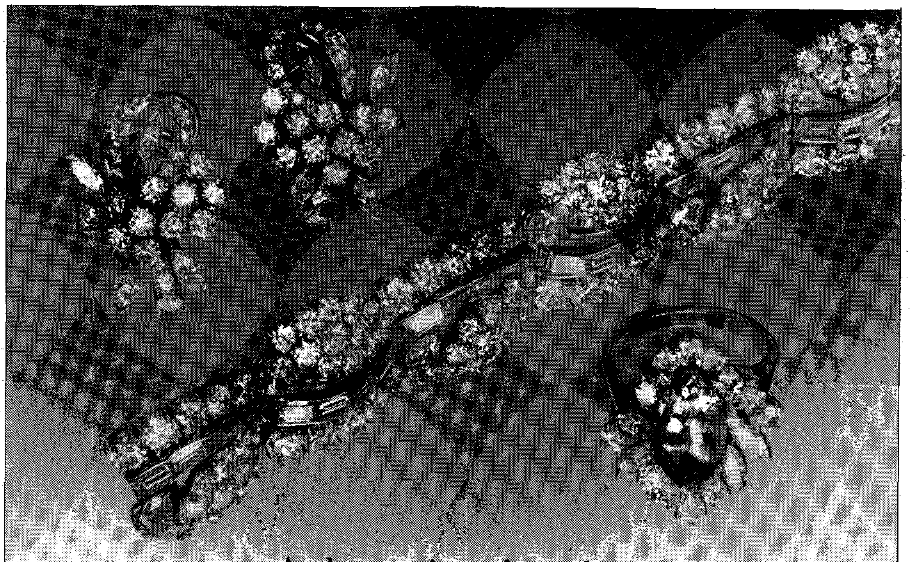
the map business. As far as I'm concerned, if he comes over here and shouts about antique maps that's great."

When I went to see Rick Watson, of Quaritch, and mentioned that Arader had impugned the authenticity of the color of the de Belder copy of "Hortus Eystettensis," he reacted with a combination of outrage and delight. "This book was a record of a garden that existed in Eichstätt, in Bavaria, for only thirty years and was then destroyed," he said. "To attack the authenticity of the color of this book, you would have to be a botanist who knew the plants in cultivation in Bavaria in 1612 and what they looked like when they flowered. The expert in this area is William T. Stearn, the retired senior principal scientific officer of the botany department of the British Museum. Stearn says this is the *only* copy in existence which is demonstrably original coloring based upon Wolfgang Kilian's original watercolors—colored either for him or by him. Kilian, to color the engravings, had to refer to the original paintings of the plants. The de Belder copy contains an original watercolor by Kilian as well as an uncolored, signed and dated, engraved plate of the same image. Neither appears in any of the other copies. We think this was Kilian's own copy. Stearn spent many years looking for a reliable copy, and when he found the de Belder copy he went berserk over it. If Graham is going around saying this isn't original color, he's absolutely nuts."

THE sale of the book at Sotheby's on Monday evening confused rather than resolved the debate. Roy Davids, the auctioneer, a slender, pink-faced man with black-framed eyeglasses, spoke in a flat, evenly modulated tone. Both nights of the auction, he began the bidding without a speck of ceremony. A tote board behind the platform displayed prices simultaneously in pounds, dollars, Swiss francs, lire, Deutsche marks, and guilders. The pound was selling for a dollar sixty-eight. At the front of the room stood a dozen or so Sotheby employees in black tie. The air of formality that they lent to the event enabled Arader, who had shown up in chinos, a blue button-down shirt, no necktie, and no jacket, and had perched himself on a bookshelf at the back of the room and was resting his feet on the seat of an empty chair, to be even more conspicuous than usual.

As each item came up for sale, it



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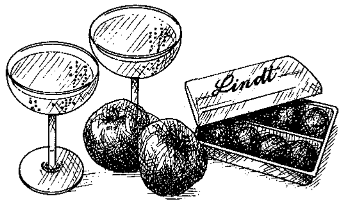
was displayed on a large red-felt-covered rotating easel. Lots 1 through 7 went for prices ranging from eleven hundred to thirteen thousand pounds. Arader's first buy was Lot No. 8, the collection of more than six hundred nineteenth-century French watercolors and pencil-and-wash drawings. He bid thirty-two thousand dollars, nearly quadrupling Sotheby's highest estimate ("That *cost* me," he said), and the crowd uttered its first pregnant murmur of the evening. Arader smiled genuinely for the first time in a couple of days. He smiled again a few minutes later when a three-volume collection of Early American hand-colored floral engravings sold for fifty-seven hundred dollars—more than twice the high estimate. Some friends from Philadelphia who happened to be in London had stopped by to watch the auction. Arader turned to them and said, "I've got one of those in our catalogue, in better condition, for twenty-eight hundred dollars."

That was a portent of things to come—prices that seemed not merely high but in many instances laughably so. The "Hortus Eystettensis" was the twenty-third item to be sold, and the bidding had barely begun when it became clear that the catalogue estimate—two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred and thirty thousand dollars—was out of touch with reality. Or else reality had lost touch with itself. The book sold to Nico Israel, a well-known Dutch dealer, for slightly less than a million dollars: the record for a botanical-color-plate book. Israel's avidity throughout the auction made it clear that he was bidding not for himself but for some extremely well-heeled mystery client, and Arader was thrown by this turn of events—filled with conflicting emotions. Only two days earlier, when he disposed of his copy of "Hortus Eystettensis," selling it plate by plate (he kept sixty plates for himself), he had received three hundred and thirty thousand dollars for a book that cost him a hundred and twenty thousand. And now another copy of the book—one whose authenticity he seriously doubted—had sold at auction for more than eight times what he had paid. Two uncolored copies of "Hortus Eystettensis" were auctioned next, one of them a first edition, which went for two hundred and nineteen thousand dollars. A reporter later described the spectacle as "reminiscent of tulipomania."



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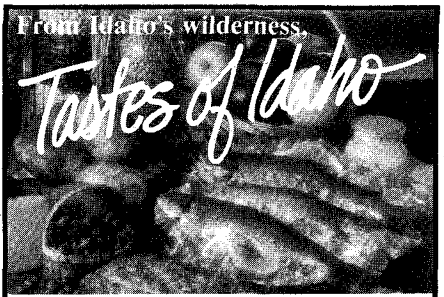

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I said to Arader, "Too bad you didn't wait three days to sell your Besler."

He said, "Hey, now I've got thirty people who'll kill for me. It's a good investment."

He bid successfully for a late-eighteenth-century collection of watercolor drawings of British ferns, paying sixty-five hundred pounds ("That's stealing it; I was willing to go to fifteen thousand"), and for seven thousand pounds (three thousand less than he was prepared to pay) he bought a collection of nineteenth-century watercolors by Priscilla Susan Bury. When the bidding concluded for the evening, Arader had acquired only fifteen of the nearly two hundred items sold. He was in no danger of straining his million-pound line of credit.

Again and again, toe to toe with Nico Israel, he had been outbid. Once, when Israel bought a book for twenty thousand pounds, Arader quietly approached the underbidder, a young Oriental woman with shoulder-length hair, and offered her the same book, from his stock, for ten per cent less than the auction price. Otherwise, there was not much that Arader could do but marvel, wonder, and mutter to himself, "Rich people. Rich people. Europeans. This is *retail!*"

Israel, an elfin, diffident white-haired man, was so intent on taking home certain items that he didn't bother to raise his head during much of the bidding. He stared down at his catalogue and nodded each time he upped the price. Perhaps mesmerized by how effortlessly he was spending his client's money, Israel did let one item slip away, and Arader got it. This was the de Bry "Florilegium" (according to Sotheby's, "an exceptional copy")—the seventeenth-century classic that Valli Arader loved loved loved loved loved loved. The catalogue estimate was eighteen to twenty thousand pounds, and Arader had vowed to go as high as forty thousand. His eyes narrowed as the bidding dashed past forty thousand, and at seventy-five thousand he was wincing. When Israel bid eighty-eight thousand, Arader at last shook his head, indicating to the auctioneer that he was dropping out. Then, quickly, he changed his mind and got back in, at ninety thousand. Nico Israel, for no evident reason, failed to respond to this bid, and so Arader bought the book. With the commission to Sotheby's, it had cost him more

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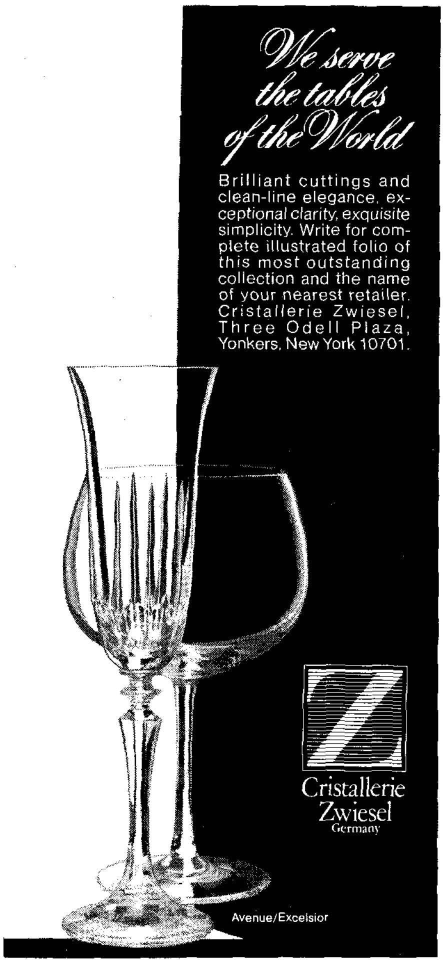
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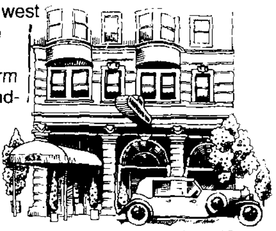
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than a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, but he was glad to have it.

When an eighteenth-century German study of plants and insects ("contains the first observations and depictions of pollen tubes," said the catalogue) went for three thousand pounds to a buyer whom the auctioneer identified as "Junk," Valli whispered, "Who's Junk?"

"He's the guy who got me kicked out of the A.B.A.A.," said Arader.

"Let me at him."

"No, honey. The last time I talked to him it cost me a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

After the final item of the evening was sold—an early-nineteenth-century Dutch work on trees, bought by Arader for three thousand pounds—he said, in a final burst of hubris, "Lemme go talk to Nico. Get him off my goddam back. Jesus!" A crowd swarmed around Nico Israel, who had a lambent, cryptic smile on his face and seemed rather dazed by what he had just perpetrated. Israel, it turned out, had something he wanted to discuss with Arader—the elusive de Bry—but now was not the time.

There was some brief milling and head-scratching, and then Arader, Valli, Henry Taliaferro, Joe Goddu, Julian Browning, his partner, Desmond Burgess, a dealer named Tom Schuster, and I headed for a restaurant in Piccadilly. It was a nouvelle-Italian place. The menu included roast saddle of hare, deep-fried wing of skate, and a salad of warm liver and crisp lettuce. We gathered around three tables that had been lined up together, not far from a table where two couples were ordering dessert. "Don't be bullied by Felix into ordering the rhubarb crumble," I heard one of the men at the next table say to his companion. The conversation at our table did not stray from what had just happened at Sotheby's. The theories were simple and complicated: Nico Israel was buying for Quaritch; Israel was buying for de Belder; Israel was buying certain lots for himself and certain lots for de Belder; Israel and Sotheby's had some sort of side deal working; Israel was not actually spending any *real* money.

The same conversation was rehashed the next evening, after a repeat performance by Israel. In all, the proceeds of the de Belder sale exceeded ten million dollars—"beyond our wildest dreams," according to Rick Watson—but only a fraction of it was Arader's money. For a hundred

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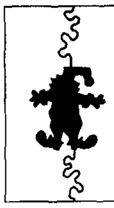
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and eighty-five thousand dollars, he bought the Maria Sibylla Merian study of the insect life of Surinam. And he managed to pay for some of his troubles in London by selling the de Bry to Israel. "Boy, why did you buy that book? You will never be able to sell it," Israel said, and Arader agreed to let him have it for a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, thus turning an overnight profit of more than forty thousand dollars.

Directly and indirectly, Nico Israel was putting money in Arader's pocket. Israel paid three hundred thousand dollars for "an exceptional copy" of Robert Thornton's "Temple of Flora."

"Do I have any whole copies of that book?" Arader said, at the restaurant. "I've got *three* of them!"

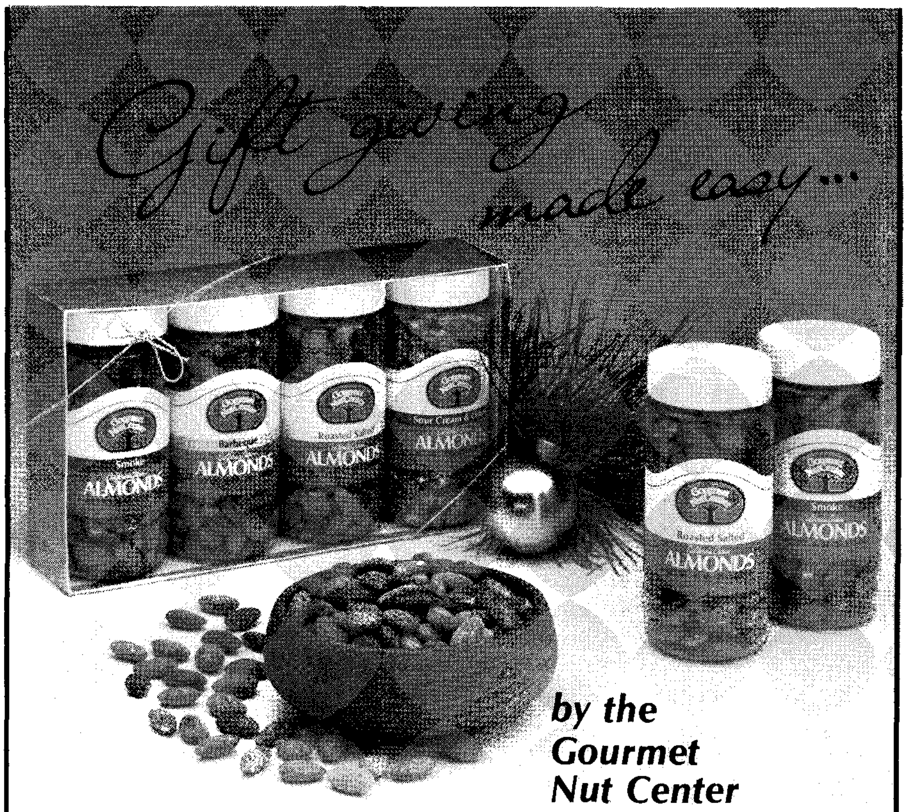
Another bidder paid a quarter of a million dollars for de Belder's first edition of Catesby's "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands"—a book that Arader had bought and sold many times, whole and syndicated.

"Henry," Arader said to Taliaferro. "Call Mrs. Moore and tell her we'll buy back her Catesby. We sold it to her for a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and she's been complaining that it was too much. So we'll buy it back."

For Arader, who had come to London planning to spend millions of dollars, the auction prices brought revelation and anticlimax, pleasure and discomfort. Was this indeed tulipomania, an aberration? Was it a market expanding to the bursting point? Arader's net worth seemed suddenly to have doubled or tripled—a salutary development. Perhaps it would make sense to call all his galleries and have everything sent back to Philadelphia to be repriced. On the other hand, suddenly someone other than Graham Arader was forcefully defining the marketplace—not a salutary development.

A waiter took everyone's drink order. Arader ordered ginger ale and discussed with Julian Browning how very much he would like to own Stair & Company, the antique-furniture dealers in New York and London. He talked about a collection of autographs that he had just bought for nineteen thousand dollars and figured he could sell for two hundred thousand.

The drinks arrived. Arader raised his ginger ale and proposed a toast. "To greed," he said. "Once again. No question about it." —MARK SINGER



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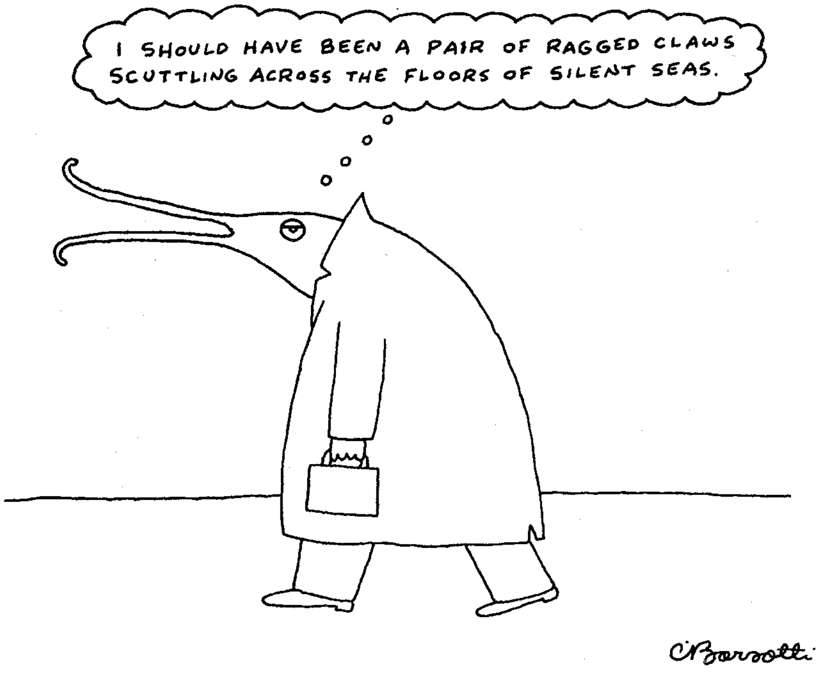
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Manchurian Conformist

IN 1908, the not quite three-year-old Pu Yi was forcibly separated from his mother and set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City. Honored as a god—as the Lord of Ten Thousand Years—he was the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. Deposed in 1912, by the republican revolution, he was a feudal has-been but didn't know it for several years, because he was allowed to remain in the Forbidden City with his courtiers, chamberlains, and aristocratic ladies, and several hundred eunuchs. He went on playing emperor and presiding over empty ceremonies until 1924, when Nationalist forces evicted him. He was nineteen; he packed up his No. 1 wife (the empress) and his No. 2 wife, his wealth and his entourage, and moved to the coastal city of Tientsin, where he lived the life of a Western-style playboy—he partied. Then, in the early thirties, he was wooed by the Japanese: accepting their offers, he became the puppet emperor of Japanese-occupied Manchuria, and stayed in office during the Second World War—until the arrival of Soviet paratroopers, in 1945. He spent five years in Soviet custody. When Mao's Communists took power in China and wanted him returned, Stalin sent him home, and for ten years he was "reëducated" in war-criminals prisons. Pardoned in 1959, he worked as an unskilled under-gardener in Peking's Botanical Gardens and then as an archivist until his death, of cancer, in 1967. All that he left behind was an autobiography, and that was written by Communist hacks. It deals with his repentance.

This desperately unlucky man—a cork bobbing on the tides of history—is the subject of Bernardo Bertolucci's "The Last Emperor." Pu Yi's life story seems made for irony. It could be told so that we'd see his ups and down-down-downs as an extreme example of the crazy bad breaks we all are handed. His life has the pattern for Preston Sturges slapstick—Sturges might see him as a peppy fellow always fighting the storms and getting knocked into the water, the Emperor of China as a poor, sad schmuck. And if Bertolucci wanted to make "The Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man"—which was the title of his last picture—Pu Yi would be the perfect subject. But Bertolucci, and Mark Peploe, who wrote the script with his help, have a different approach. They use three child actors as Pu Yi at three, at ten, and through his wedding, at fifteen, and then John Lone takes over for him at eighteen and plays him to his end, at sixty-two. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has a dull fascination.

Bertolucci doesn't intend us to see Pu Yi as the hero or the anti-hero, or even the comic victim, of his life. Rather, he's a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And since he experiences his life as spectacle we're given only spectacle—a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. There's no toughness in Peploe's writing; the dialogue is waxy. And Bertolucci, given the opportunity to shoot the palaces and courtyards and labyrinthine walled paths of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City, works so gracefully that the movie is all vistas, all squat façades and heavy silks, reds and brilliant yellows. The chinoiserie is pleasant enough, but Bertolucci's staging, Vittorio Storaro's cinematography, and Ferdinando Scarfiotti's sets aren't in the service of anything in particular, and they make no real mark on you. That's also true of Peter O'Toole's performance as the boy emperor's tutor, a Scotsman, who was reputedly skilled in intrigue but is presented here as no more than a stiff, kindly fellow.


I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PAIR OF RAGGED CLAWS
SCUTTLING ACROSS THE FLOORS OF SILENT SEAS.
C Barsotti

There are tiny set pieces that can get to you. When Pu Yi's wet nurse is taken away, because he's too attached to her, he chases the palanquin carrying her but can't catch up; years later, in Manchuria, his porcelain-doll empress (the gifted Joan Chen) is taken away by the Japanese because they can't control her, and he chases the car and, of course, doesn't catch up. These rhyming incidents of helplessness—of loss—are disturbingly poignant: you feel them like slivers under your skin. And though Pu Yi is a prisoner in the Forbidden City, he's a pampered prisoner, so that when he must leave—when the Nationalist soldiers fall into ranks at the gates and he comes out leading the motorcade, sitting between his two wives—it's like the expulsion from Eden. Images such as that of hundreds of bannermen with coxcomb headgear, or the regiments of eunuchs—who are about to leave the City—standing in formation holding little terra-cotta jars, so that when they are buried they can be buried as whole men, have some staying power. The movie is full of felicities, but the central idea of a man who watches his life go by is only an intellectual conceit. It doesn't make contact with the audience.

Bertolucci's typical men have been passive—the rich or privileged ones especially (Fabrizio in "Before the Revolution," the Trintignant character in "The Conformist," the De Niro character in “1900”). Here the whole mood of the film is passive. In a sense, we’re being told to watch history acting on people, and the filmmaking itself is not active enough to show us how the people respond. John Lone has the sensuous, modelled features of a matinée idol; he’s mysteriously poised and formal—he suggests something between Eastern and Western acting—and there’s a tension in his star presence. But the movie, which renounces psychology, gives no weight to Pu Yi’s undefined sexuality or to his cruelty; he’s written as a figurehead. Lone is gutted as an actor—the conception doesn’t allow him to show anything like the fears that Trintignant communicated. All Lone can do with Pu Yi is make him a magnetic figurehead. The child actors who play Pu Yi get a chance to show some spontaneity, and we can smile at how straight they stand in their imperial getups. And we see how the courtiers and the ladies control the growing child by giving him sensual pleasure or withholding it. They’re like unscrupulous parents. They’re hiding behind columns listening when Pu Yi’s tutor is with him. When Pu Yi wants to go off to Oxford, they pick an eligible seventeen-year-old Manchu princess for him, and when she covers the little fifteen-year-old boy’s face with lipsticky kisses their hands loosen her clothes so he can get at her.

Lone has to carry the film’s dubious message. Bertolucci and Peploe want us to believe that Pu Yi really was reëducated: that he became a model citizen through the ministrations of the governor of the prison, a kindly, shrewd first-generation Communist (Ying Ruocheng), and that in his later years, when he worked as an under-gardener, he experienced freedom for the first time. They want us to believe that his repentance was genuine, and that what some might disparage as Communist brainwashing actually cleaned away his decadence and healed him. They come up with a scene in which Pu Yi, near death, visits the Forbidden City, which is now a tourist attraction, talks to a child there, and, going to his old throne, digs down to find the cricket cage he left there years before, and hands the cage, with its still-living cricket, to the child. The scene would work better if the moviemakers had planted the detail of how long crickets can survive, but it would still have a fuddy-duddy humility about it.

If we’re to believe that the reëducation was a success, we have to see it. And Bertolucci and Peploe are too passive to dramatize it. The movie gives us no way to judge whether Pu Yi is pleased merely to have survived, like the caged cricket—survived the revolutions, the prisons, and his own suicide attempts—or has found some deep inner contentment as a Communist citizen. His empress, who has the political instincts he lacks, speaks up freely before she’s taken away from him. His No. 2 wife (Wu Jun Mimei) walks out on him in Tientsin, taking nothing—not even an umbrella to ward off the rain. She’s soaked but free, like the romantic heroines in movies of long ago. The scene has no substance, yet you know that Bertolucci admires this adventurous woman, while Pu Yi, like the Trintignant and De Niro figures, seems to stand for the part of him that he feels should be expunged—the coddled little boy who grows up wanting to cling, as Pu Yi does, to his mother, his wet nurse, his golden throne, his paradise. The only way I can make sense of this movie is to see it as the reverie of a man who can’t justify

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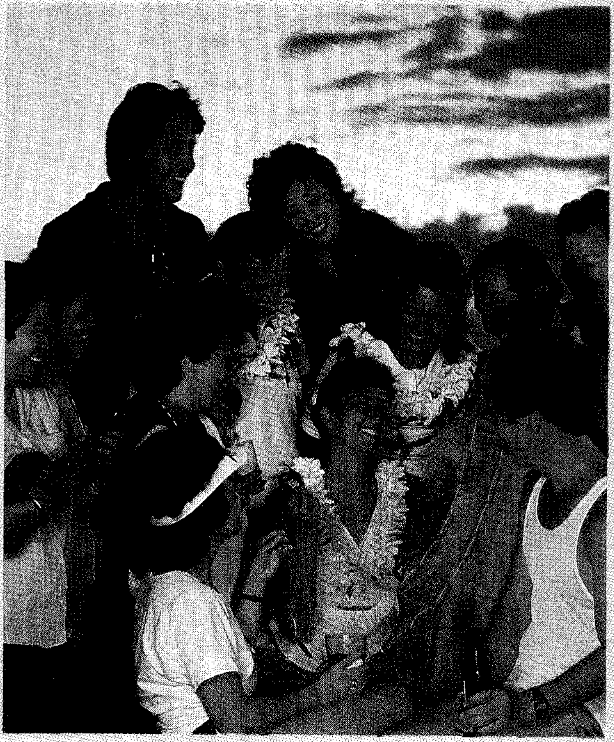

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himself as an artist, who doesn't trust his instincts and keeps leaning on Marxism and other outside forms of discipline, who feels that he needs to be reëducated, changed—that his artistry should be put at the service of ordinary people. He's brainwashing himself in this movie, trying to tell himself that he shouldn't be the star of his life—that he'd be happier as an extra.

Bertolucci is not the kind of moviemaker who can make epics for a huge international audience: he doesn't have the gusto, the animal high spirits, or the low cunning. And, working with Mark Peploe, he can't show us what Pu Yi is missing. Pu Yi is just as passive near the end, when he's a lowly gardener, as he was when he was a weakling playboy—perhaps more so. But now that he's an extra we're supposed to see him as a happy, free man. This makes no sense: Is he never to assert himself? Is happiness supposed to be the acceptance of castration? Pu Yi might as well be given a little terra-cotta jar.

Bertolucci makes pretty pictorial music, but two hours and forty-six minutes is a long time for a movie to dance. Maybe it wouldn't be if his sense of rhythm hadn't become erratic. A scene in which the adolescent Pu Yi plays a game with the eunuchs—he stands on one side of a huge cloth banner, they on the other, and he feels them, trying to guess who is who—has its more explicitly erotic echo when Pu Yi is in bed, under a flesh-toned satin cover, with both his wives, and we watch the rippling movements of cloth. A fire outside darkens the flesh tones—a wonderful idea—but the satin ripples for much too long. The voluptuous lyricism has gone out of Bertolucci's sensual scenes; they've become obvious. And he has taken to redoing his own earlier effects. Parts of the movie suggest that he moved "The Conformist" to Manchuria, but when he stages a lesbian seduction it isn't lush and enticing—it's right out of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The seducer, who announces "I'm a spy, and I don't care who knows it," is also an opium addict, a concubine, and a would-be aviatrix who dresses all in leather; she wins the empress by sucking her toes, putting a ring on one of them, and declaring, "Now we're engaged." (The Manchurian scenes are disconcertingly cartoonish, with slimy Japanese on nefarious errands, and the empress stuffing her mouth with flower petals.)

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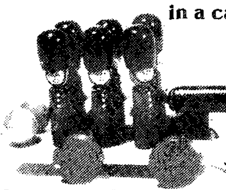

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The film's most shocking moment comes when Pu Yi, still a boy, is not allowed to go out of the Forbidden City to see his mother, who has killed herself; he takes the pet mouse that he carries in his pocket and smashes it against the City gates. The scene is especially shocking to those who saw "1900" and retain a vivid memory of Donald Sutherland, as the Fascist Attila, smashing a cat. These scraps of Bertolucci's past hint at a problem: he can't get a new vision together, and he's in danger of self-parody.

To enjoy the picture, you have to settle for the set pieces and the many quick, unstressed details, such as a glimpse of women's bound feet, or images such as that of a single huge red star in a detention center, and a single fedora in a crowd of prisoners, on Pu Yi. The Forbidden City itself is visually pleasing but not exactly glorious. Peter O'Toole has said that it wasn't until the movie was actually being shot and he was riding in a golden palanquin, ten feet in the air, that he saw the Imperial Palace as "a sea of yellow triangular and rectangular loops" and realized that the whole Forbidden City was intended to be seen from the height of a palanquin—that it was a maze designed for the eyes of lordlings, not earthlings. I don't understand why the moviemakers didn't get the camera up there. What better way for Bertolucci to show us the true meaning of a life of privilege? Is it possible that Bertolucci (whose movies tell us that he can't tear himself away from that life) didn't want to make the Forbidden City too alluring? It isn't just himself he's trying to reëducate.

IN "Cry Freedom" the producer-director Richard Attenborough uses his own hero worship didactically. He tells the story of the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington) in order to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid. Attenborough has the doggedness to do it, but the task also requires great organizing intelligence. That's where "Cry Freedom" falls down.

The movie begins in November, 1975, at dawn in the Crossroads settlement, a large squatter community near Cape Town. Attenborough depends on the usual shorthand to show us how peaceful the squatters are: women preparing breakfast, a black infant at its mother's breast. Suddenly, there's the deafening noise of a large

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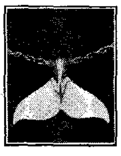

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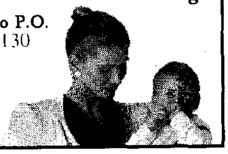

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raiding party of police arriving in lorries and Land-Rovers, and, without warning, the officers rush in with dogs and metal-tipped leather whips, beating people, driving them out, and setting fire to their shanties while stunned, injured parents dash about in terror trying to gather their children. Attenborough is not the sort of director to stand back a few feet and let us experience the suffering; he rams it at us. Alone in a shack, a helpless baby in a makeshift crib screams. Will the soldiers let someone come pick it up before it's bulldozed or burned to death? (We don't find out.) On the thin walls that are being destroyed are pictures of Steve Biko; during his college days, he founded the Black Consciousness Movement, and though he is banned, he remains its principal spokesman. While the shacks crumble, one squatter is trying to put Biko's picture back up.

As the movie tells it, Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), the editor of the East London, South Africa, *Daily Dispatch*, accepts an invitation to meet Biko, who isn't allowed to talk to more than one person at a time. Followed by the Security Police who guard him, Biko, who's still in his twenties, takes Woods—forty-one years old and a fifth-generation South African—for his first visit to a black township, and shows him how the blacks live and how they're kept down. As Woods learns, we're supposed to learn, too. Woods has believed that Biko's rejection of white participation in the struggle of the blacks meant that Biko was a black racist, advocating supremacy over whites; he finds out that Biko looks forward to the time when blacks and whites can live together in harmony, and the two men become friends. Soon Woods, in his editorials and front-page headlines, is scrapping with the ruling Afrikaners, and he experiences the methods of the Security Police himself. The movie centers on the education of Donald Woods, but Denzel Washington has a beautiful voice, with drama in it, and he puts so much humor and life into Biko that you don't think much about Woods—especially since Kline, with light-colored hair and specs, seems grayish and undefined. Kline probably intends his performance to be self-effacing—he seems meant to be a white liberal Everyman who goes through a reformation—but he comes across as an unimaginative actor, a void. (Usually we know a character has reformed when he becomes boring; Kevin

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Kline's Woods has reformed even before "Cry Freedom" begins.) And so when we're less than halfway into the two-hour-and-thirty-seven-minute movie and Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and trucked hundreds of miles over bumpy roads to a police hospital, where he dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries, and the story shifts to Woods' efforts to get an inquest and then to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about Biko, the picture collapses.

If the audience were made to feel a larger purpose for the escape—if Woods had the spirit to carry on Biko's fight, or even the hope of doing so—maybe the movie wouldn't lose all its steam. But Woods seems like just a fellow carrying a manuscript. And Attenborough and the scriptwriter, John Briley, aren't skillful enough to bring off the suspense scenes. When they start crosscutting from the escape to Woods' flashback memories, and to visions and atrocities, with bursts of choral music, the movie is dumbfounding. Several of these misplaced sequences feature Biko. It looks as if Attenborough staged scenes and then didn't know what to do with them, so he stuck them in by having the escaping Woods think back or forward or sideways. And every time Biko, in his mustache, goatee, and long sideburns, returns and we hear his pungent, rolling cadences our interest quickens; this man with fire in his eyes commands the screen—Denzel Washington is the star by right of talent. When the movie cuts back to Woods, the family-escape story recalls "The Sound of Music." And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Attenborough compromises his own hero worship; he betrays Biko by the structure of the film.

The Woods family is finally airborne, flying to safety, early in 1978, and Attenborough crosscuts back to the Soweto massacre of June, 1976, when protesting schoolchildren were slaughtered. The massacre is used to give the movie a grand finale. Do the moviemakers think that if they put it in its chronological sequence—the year before Biko's death—we'd forget it? (This way, it's an event without repercussions.) And Attenborough doesn't trust us to respond sufficiently, so after the police shoot into the

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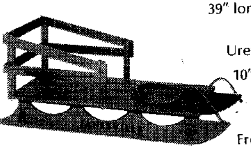

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crowds of kids and things are almost over we see one little boy fleeing across a dirt lot and a sadistic cop leans out of his car window and deliberately picks him off. Attenborough's crudeness turns tragedy into melodrama.

When he cuts from Soweto back to the little plane carrying the Woods family, you're embarrassed for this catchall movie. What does Soweto have to do with the family's escape? Woods doesn't have to tell the world about Soweto; the world has already known for more than a year. Attenborough believes himself to be on the side of virtue, and so he feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. For the record: Woods had, of course, sent the original manuscript of his book out of the country before his escape, and the men who shot at the children at Soweto were black as well as white. Attenborough doesn't want to burden us with complexities, because—presumably—he wants to inspire us to help end injustice. So blacks don't show rage at whites; they don't even feel it. And Biko is the leader next door—a gentle intellectual prince with answers to everything. (Yet Denzel Washington, in his occasional hesitancies, makes us sense what Biko must be holding back, and that's what makes us identify with Biko. It's the heat behind his cool glibness.) In a basic way, Attenborough treats the audience as children to be lied to, to be patronized. I can't assess whether a picture such as "Cry Freedom" (most of it was shot in Zimbabwe) serves the purposes it's said to be dedicated to—to make audiences press for economic sanctions against South Africa. But I am very leery of a moviemaker for whom reaching the widest audience and serving mankind are the same thing. Sir Dickie makes box-office success seem pure. —PAULINE KAEL

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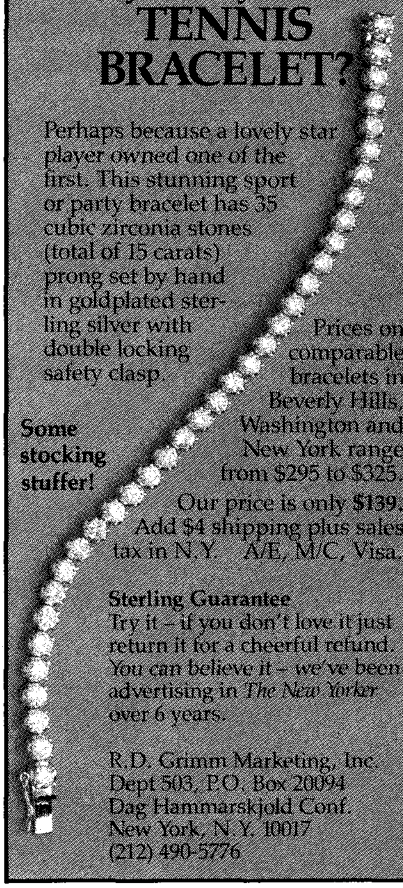

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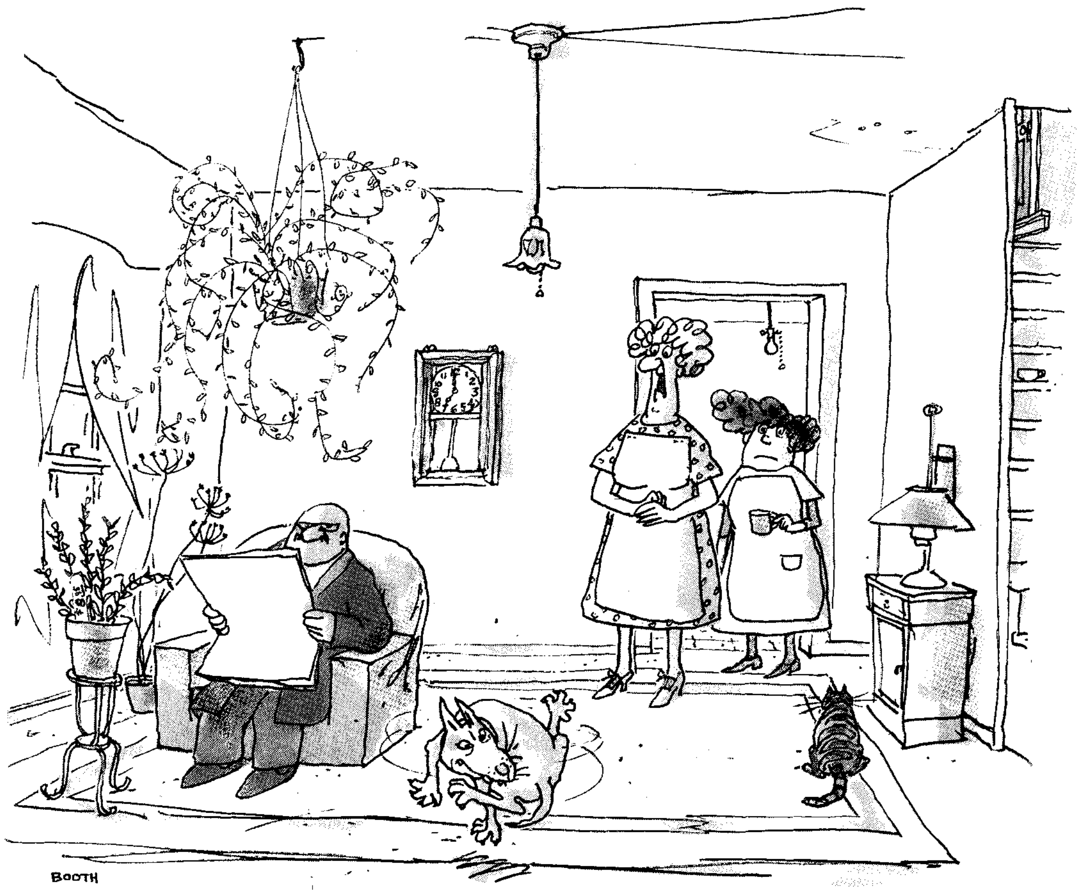
LETTER FROM EUROPE

LISBON, NOVEMBER 19

EVERYONE in Portugal calls him Otelo—everyone except the military-prison guards who bring him cigarettes and coffee and call him Sir or Major and surreptitiously salute him. His name is Otelo Nuno Romano Saraiva de Carvalho. He was one of the three young officers who led the peaceable Portuguese revolution that began in the morning on April 25, 1974, to the sound of a folk song on the radio and the sight of two hundred and ten thousand soldiers putting red carnations in the barrels of their rifles, and ended that afternoon with the overthrow of the oldest, longest Fascist regime in Europe. Today, he is fifty-one and a prisoner in an Army fort at Caxias, just outside Lisbon, serving fifteen years for what amounts to—at least in the law of those few Western countries that haven't jettisoned the concept—the "moral authorship" of a terrorist gang. Otelo has an attachment to Caxias, almost an affection for it, because he was the officer who liberated the prison in 1974. It was a political prison then, fitted out with torture chambers and "coffin cells" carved into the thick stone walls and underground tunnels, linked to a system of electric pumps, where prisoners lived for months in water—first to the knees, then to the waist, the chest, the chin—until they broke and signed confessions for the policemen who patrolled in rowboats, with pens and paper in their pockets. Otelo always calls those policemen "the terrorists." Often, when he is sitting by the window of the visitors' room on the third floor of Caxias, smoking a cigarette and looking down through yellow bars into the prison courtyard and reminiscing with a friend about the revolution, he will shrug and say, "Remember how full of joy I was to liberate this fort from the terrorists."

Otelo is not a sophisticated man. He does not understand why those terrorists are free and he is not. He and his Army friends had managed to put together a secret revolutionary movement, with a cell in every unit at home and in the colonies, and then to calibrate their revolution so precisely that three-quarters of the Portuguese military moved at the same moment—it was twelve-twenty in the morning—and the rest surrendered without a shot fired. People who are skeptical about Otelo—people who do not believe that Otelo was an innocent bystander to the bank robberies and the killings that began here seven years ago in the name of April 25th—point out that the real Portuguese revolution was not the work of an innocent or stupid or entirely trusting man. But the fact remains that only six people died in the revolution, and one of them died by accident and the other five were killed by Fascist secret police. Otelo and his friends (they called themselves the Armed Forces Movement, and everybody else called them "the captains of April 25th," although they were actually captains, majors, and a few colonels) did not kill anybody. In Africa, they put down their guns and ended thirteen years of colonial war, which is what most of them had joined the revolution to do. At home, they bought carnations. There were no witch-hunts. Most of the old Fascists went into comfortable exile for a couple of years and then came home to collect their pensions. The torturers changed jobs. Some of the political police became night watchmen, and a few did well as private detectives, because there were a lot of women in Portugal who wanted to know where the revolutionaries went when they were supposed to be at meetings discussing Mao, or organizing people's factories, or practicing direct democracy on occupied farms.

Otelo wanted everyone to love the revolution. He was headstrong, and he probably talked too much about "people's power" and becoming "the Castro of Portugal" and about collecting reactionaries and throwing them into the Lisbon bullring, but he had an extraordinarily gallant and benign notion of what a revolution should be. Once, he was visiting Mozambique—he grew up in Mozambique—and got a call from a woman he had known since grade school. The woman was not a friend. She disapproved of Otelo's freewheeling, left-wing, populist politics, and she certainly didn't want to give Mozambique back to the Africans, the way Otelo did, but her



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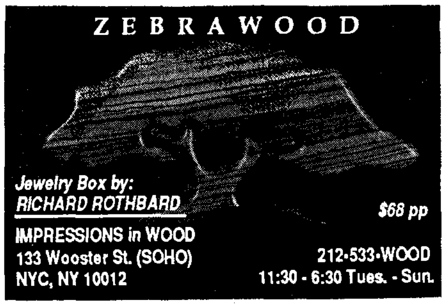

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husband was brutal and drank, and he had beaten her, and she swallowed her pride and her politics and called Otelo for protection. Otelo sent three large commandos to discuss the situation with the husband. The commandos lifted him up and dropped him on the floor a couple of times, and then they put him in a jeep and drove him to the Lourenço Marques jail, where he spent the next six months. Otelo was the Revolutionary Commander of Lisbon then. As such, he deployed the Portuguese armed forces, and personally commanded five thousand marines, paratroopers, and commandos in the country's only fully operational unit, which was called COPCON. He believed in a free Africa and in *o povo*, the poor people of Portugal—and in what he still calls "the military virtues" of honor, loyalty, and physical and moral courage. He believed in protecting women from drunken husbands.

I should say right now that I am a friend of Otelo's. I met him during the revolution and inspected the tunnels of Caxias with his permission, and was rescued by some of his COPCON soldiers—they used to patrol Portugal in black berets and yellow bandannas and snappy camouflage clothes—one night when ten hypnotized crocodiles in the ring of a provincial circus woke up and made for the audience. I have followed his career through an abandoned coup of "workers, soldiers, and sailors" in November of 1975—a sort of revolution within the revolution, because to Otelo's mind *o povo* had not been getting enough of a direct experience of their own power—*and through three arrests*, two Presidential campaigns (he got seventeen per cent of the vote the first time and less than three when he ran again), and a pursuit of "popular democracy" that left him in a small, gray Lisbon office, with three plastic carnations on his desk, a fantasy "Global Project" for protecting Portugal from Fascists, and a motley party of his own, which was infiltrated by informers and terrorists. He has eaten at my house and argued about politics with my husband and talked to my daughter about where the best beaches in Mozambique are. I have always liked him. Everybody likes him. Mário Soares, who was Prime Minister when Otelo was arrested and is the President of Portugal now, claims to have voted for him in the 1976 Presidential elections. The judge who investigated his case voted for him, too. The prosecu-

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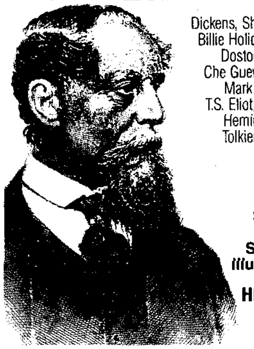

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tor, who made her name with his trial, called him a "sweet man," and the "repenters"—the *arrependidos*—who turned state's evidence against him, called him naïve and tenderhearted. His friends from the Army said "Poor Otelo," and shook their heads, and did nothing. *O povo* said "Poor Otelo," and did nothing. The president of the Lisbon bar complained about the terms of his indictment and the conditions of his detention, and then did nothing. Otelo was arrested in 1984, and for three years what people mostly did for Otelo was gather at the Caxias gates on April 25th, at precisely twelve-twenty in the morning, and light candles and sing the beautiful song called "Grândola," which had signalled the start of the Portuguese revolution.

I think that Otelo is a fool of revolution, the way people in Mother Russia were fools of God. He never got over the fact that the revolution stopped, and that when it did stop *o povo* were not much richer or happier or more in control of their lives than they were before. Most Portuguese agree with him that they never "finished" the revolution—at least, according to the never-never rhetoric of April 25th, which had to do with perfect justice and perfect harmony and perfect democracy and perfect socialism. They do not like thinking about that twenty-four-hour utopia, and Otelo, in his way, was the last man to remind them. He was the last captain of April 25th, acting out the country's confusion and exposing the painful choices that the revolution had put to everyone. He made the Portuguese uncomfortable, talking on into the nineteen-eighties about common power instead of the Common Market. They were not unhappy to see him go to jail—the only victim of the Portuguese revolution, someone called him—and to be able to say "Poor Otelo" and talk about how they had voted for him eleven years ago.

THE summer before the revolution, Otelo bought the first home he ever owned. It was a small apartment in a project in Oeiras, a new town not far from Caxias, and it was built by an English developer while Otelo and most of his neighbors were still away in Africa, fighting. The Englishman figured that a lot of young officers in Mozambique and Guinea and Angola would want a Lisbon base, someplace safe for their families, because once the fighting reached the colonial cities there were

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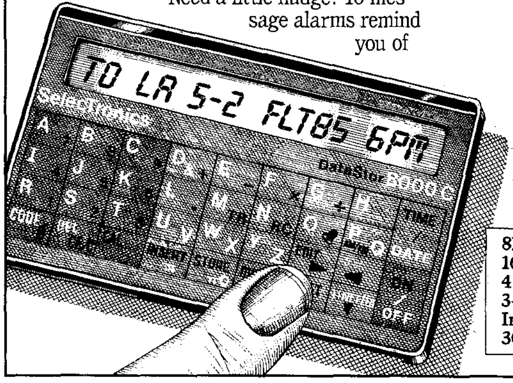

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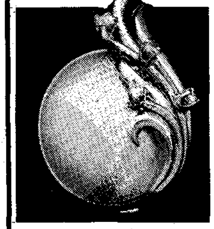

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not many wives like Otelo's wife, Dina, who were willing to stay in Africa with their husbands. The apartments he built were cheap, with low mortgages and easy terms, and the officers could afford them. The days when officers their age had money of their own were gone. They no longer came to the Army with latifundia and old Lisbon palaces, like dowries. They were the sons of clerks—like Otelo, whose father worked for the Lourenço Marques post office. Or they were the sons of workers, who wanted to get ahead in the world and thought the Army was the best way. Otelo calls this "the proletarization of the Army," and says it meant the end of the regime. He says that once the wars began in Africa the "gilded misery" of a Portuguese officer's life was of no interest to the sons of the upper classes, that it belonged to a place like Oeiras, with its projects spread over a couple of miles of dry scrub flats, and looking more like public housing than a proper suburb—or the headquarters of an Armed Forces Movement.

Otelo moved to Oeiras after a tour of duty in what is now Guinea-Bissau. He had lost a daughter in Guinea. She was seven years old, and she died from a malarial brain fever, and Otelo's hair turned gray overnight. It was his third tour in Africa, and he says he was a "totally different man" from the man who had first gone out in 1961, when the fighting started. He believed, in those days, that Portugal had a mission in Africa. He says that all the soldiers believed it—that even after a couple of years of terrible bush fighting they believed that they were heroes, defending Portugal in Africa. His first "revolutionary action" was to refuse to order his platoon to shoot Africans who jeered them on the road, cut off the Africans' heads, and impale them on spikes, as a "lesson." His first "revolutionary consciousness" was the horror he felt when practically the whole platoon volunteered to do it anyway. He has an orderly mind—an officer's-logbook mind—and he lists what could be called the stations of his enlightenment by time and place and outcome, as if they were military engagements. The incident of the impaled heads was "Angola, June, 1961, four months after the fighting started." Then came "first contact with intellectuals"—with young *milicianos* who had been pulled out of universities at home and sent to Africa as conscript officers, and who hated the war, and the regime, and began talking politics

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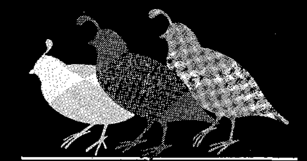

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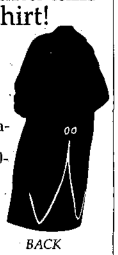

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to officers their own age, like Otelo. It was something they never would have done at home. Otelo began to read in Africa. He read the counter-insurgency texts that were supposed to teach the Portuguese troops what the enemy thought, and then he read the enemy—African revolutionaries like Amílcar Cabral, in Guinea—and then the historians who wrote about the enemy. He read a translation of Basil Davidson's "Liberation of Guiné," and was so taken with the book that he stole it from the command post for his library. He understood then that the terrible attrition in Africa—he says there were seven thousand Portuguese dead, thirty thousand Portuguese disabled, and a hundred thousand deserters who had literally disappeared—would only stop when the Army stopped taking orders. By the time he settled down in Oeiras, he was busy recruiting for the revolution. By the revolution, he was going to transform Portugal.

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Otelo thought that his revolution would be all things to all people—freedom for the Africans, land for the peasants, wealth for the workers. His Portugal was a loaves-and-fishes world where the people ruled under the benign patronage of an Army that rejected power but kept the powerful at bay with its infectious, intimidating satisfaction. For a while, he was the closest thing to a popular hero that Portugal produced. It was known that his soldiers travelled with pads of blank arrest warrants in their pockets, that they threw businessmen in jail, that they assisted a little too enthusiastically when *o povo* were occupying farms in the Alentejo, or Lisbon factories. Once, when they wanted a newspaper, they tried an occupation themselves. (They had taste; it was *Expresso*, the best paper in the country.) But they were gentlemen compared to the soldiers in divisions the Communists controlled. The Communists came out of fifty years of clandestinity as if Fascist Portugal had been a time capsule. They were rigid and covert. They believed in the authority of the Party and the memory of Stalin—and they considered Otelo an affront to both. They feared Otelo as a rival and despised him as an *esquerdista*—a leftist—and for being open and irrepressible and anarchic, and everything else a Communist is not. It gave him great cachet among the bourgeoisie. For a while, everybody courted Otelo. (He was chic, the German papers said.) *Milicianos* home from the war courted him. Intellectuals home from exile courted him. Revolution watchers and revolution groupies courted him. At one time, he was advised by a counterculture filmmaker from California, a rich Brazilian Marxist married to a French countess, and a *chercheur* from the École des Hautes Études, in Paris, who specialized in something called "the sociology of defense." If he was impressionable, so were his advisers. They talked to Otelo about a new Army in which the soldiers would elect their generals, an Army that would be "the people at arms," but it was old-fashioned military glamour that impressed them. They liked running around Portugal with Otelo. They liked the uniforms and the salutes and the cheers and the reflected glory. It was a chance to practice machismo in a noble cause.

Otelo is a handsome man. He is short and thickly built, but he has the force of short, solid Latin men—the kind that Picasso and Casals had, and that always seems to remind people of a bullet or a bull. It was said in those days that Otelo moved around Lisbon like a bullet. There was a tremendous energy in him. He loved drama, and he had an actor's presence—he took over a room or a street or a stadium just by being there. He liked telling people that he had always wanted to be an actor. His grandfather was an actor. His grandfather was passionate about theatre. He cut a ridiculous figure, Otelo says, because he was fat and ugly, with tiny arms. But he gave up his job to study acting at a conservatory in Mora, in the Alentejo, and then he went on tour in Africa, and died there at forty-four, playing Shakespeare in the Angola bush. He left the family penniless. Otelo's father had to emigrate at seventeen to find a job—which may be why, when Otelo was seventeen and announced that *he* was going to New York to enroll in a famous school called the Actors Studio, his father replied that there was no prestige and no money in an actor's life, and refused to lend him the fare. Otelo went to Lisbon, and military school, instead. He still talks about the play he did at military school. It was called "O Acto e o Destino." It was written by a Fascist, but it was the first, and probably the last, production in the history of the Portuguese Army, and Otelo had the leading role. His

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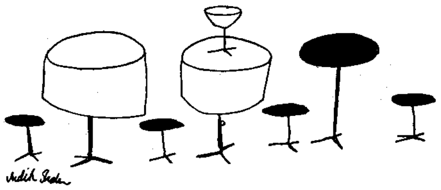
big scene was a long barroom monologue about the heroism of Portuguese foot soldiers in Mozambique, and I have heard him describe it with more vanity than I have ever heard him talk about anything, including the revolution.

The next time Otelo got to perform was in 1981. He had been stripped of his command, and he was brooding about his Global Project, and a friend named Alberto Seixas Santos (who is now the head of films for Portuguese television) decided it was time to make a movie about "Otelo's revolution," the revolution that ended on November 26, 1975, when Otelo dropped out and saved the country from civil war, and the people at arms surrendered to a general named António dos Santos Ramalho Eanes—and what Otelo calls "bourgeois democracy" was finally established in Portugal. Otelo, playing himself, stole the movie. He was eloquent and funny, and so persuasive that no one who saw it seems to have thought very much about the astonishing things Otelo said. The movie, which was called "Gestos e Fragmentos," went to the Venice Film Festival, and Otelo's friends say they wish it had been a better movie—up to the standards of Otelo's performance—because then maybe it would have played New York and someone from the Actors Studio might have seen it and called Otelo and started him off on a new career. Otelo had nothing to do in Portugal but mourn his revolution. "I wanted to declare the socialist nature of the revolution, and all that Portugal declared were bourgeois elections," he used to say. He missed his Army "at the vanguard of the proletariat"—the Army that went straight from a war in Africa to a war against misery and injustice, the Army that "put the law in a drawer and speeded up the solution to the people's problems." He was always getting into trouble. He behaved as if it were 1974, and Portugal was waiting for freedom—and whatever he did would be judged gratefully by history. He had no one really to advise him. Most of his old advisers had left him when he lost his power. They were not around to pick up the pieces of a "people's coup," or to explain to Otelo why a military vanguard policing a free civilian state is a contradiction in terms. They were back in countries where people are not arrested for "moral authorship" or "ideological influence" and where *o povo* are the maid and the gardener.

TEN years ago, Otelo started writing down his Global Project. Portugal was still suffering in 1977. The revolution was over, but fifty years of incalculably backward Fascist rule had left the country bankrupt. No one was investing in Portugal. There were no more jobs. Workers and their families were starving in the big cities, and a Fascist militia was training just across the border, in western Spain. It seemed then that everyone in Portugal who was not actually a Fascist was worrying about Fascists' taking over, the way they had taken over in 1926, ending the only democracy that Portugal ever had. Mário Soares, the Prime Minister, spoke in the parliament about the danger of a Fascist coup. General Eanes, who had been elected President the year before, talked about it in the Council of the Revolution, where all the important captains of April 25th but Otelo sat watching over Portuguese democracy. Otelo himself sat in his flat in Oeiras and thought about what *o povo* could do if the Fascists came. His Global Project reads like an elaborate boys' game—a revolutionaries' Dungeons and Dragons—but it must have sounded reasonable, and even ordinary, to someone like Otelo, who had put together a real revolution. Otelo drew up plans for four organizations—four "autonomous structures," he called them—to stay on alert for a Fascist coup. Two were armed, secret structures—one in the factories, and one in the barracks, to seize weapons and keep troops sympathetic to the Fascists from moving out to fight. The third was an "open structure"—a United Organization of Workers—to enlist the parties of the left in "the political mobilization of the masses." And the fourth was a structure that Otelo called Oscar, and should have called Otelo, because it had to do with the installation of a revolutionary *chef d'état-major*. According to Otelo's plans, these autonomous structures were going to keep in touch through a kind of people's coördinating committee, the Political-Military Directorate. They would get their money from an import-export company selling Portuguese shoes and Portuguese cheeses in the Third World, and from friendly countries making contributions to a bank account in Switzerland.

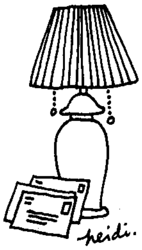


Nothing about the Global Project stayed very secret. Otelo talked about it to a lot of his friends, and he registered his import-export company and had checks printed. People from his "armed civilian structure" took over the workers' commissions in their factories, and apparently some men and women went to Algeria for training, but Otelo claims that none of them were ever armed, and that his "armed military structure" was never even organized—which may be a way of saying that no one wanted to join. The United Organization of Workers *was* organized. Half a dozen little left-wing parties—each with its own politics and its own agenda—came together and fought and split and came together again for what one of my Lisbon friends calls "a bad theological discussion between politically marginal people with nothing to do but argue about the sex of angels." They argued so much that the United Organization of Workers had to keep a hundred people on its central committee, and those people ran from worker priests to militants who wanted to start another revolution. They would never have lasted as a group, and, anyway, in the end Otelo wanted to have his own party. Otelo's party was the Forças da Unidade Popular, and it was called FUP. Hundreds of people joined. Many of them knew Otelo from 1975, when they were in a group called the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado and volunteered for the "revolutionary brigades" that tried to turn Portugal into a popular democracy governed by revolutionary councils of workers, soldiers, and sailors. They said they had given up "the armed struggle" for what on the far left is generally called "the struggle for the institutions" (meaning getting jobs and getting elected), but they still had friends from the brigades who wanted to continue the revolution as they saw it.

On May 1, 1980, a gang calling itself the Forças Populares de 25 Abril announced its arrival on the scene with a crazed manifesto about repression in Portugal and hundreds of small, "symbolic" explosions all over the country. A few days later, they proceeded to a bank robbery, and eventually to a murder. It was the first of many robberies and many murders, and no one who knew Otelo well—no one who had seen him fight in Africa, or worked with him in the revolution—believed then that he had anything to do with them. FP 25 had arms caches and bunkers stocked according to terrorist handbooks. They got money from Qaddafi, and had dealings with Basque terrorists and Baader-Meinhof and the Irish Republican Army. They shot at the wrong people and panicked in a confrontation and kept getting themselves arrested and made up rules for themselves that said you could rob a bank on your own initiative but you had to ask your "district director" if you wanted, say, to shoot someone in the feet, and your "national director" if you wanted to kidnap someone or kill him.

Otelo denounced the violence. He issued a statement saying that the Forças da Unidade Popular had nothing to do with FP 25 or with any of its crimes, and after that, he says, there was chaos in the party. Half the people in FUP were furious. They told Otelo that whatever they—or he—thought of terrorists, these terrorists were brothers in the revolutionary cause. They called Otelo's statement "an insult to the true fighters of the revolutionary left." They threatened to leave the party if he issued another. Otelo says they put it this way: "The brothers in FP 25 have their ways, and we have our ways, and it is not our role to denounce them." That was the argument, and Otelo calls it "the voice of the majority." He says that he had no option but to keep quiet.

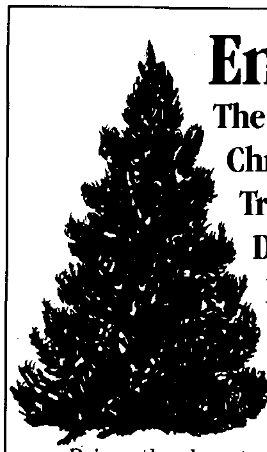
It may have been Otelo's first real experience with popular democracy. He was like the head of his ideal, imaginary Army—he was the general chosen by his troops, and he had no authority left to lead. All of the other captains of the revolution had come to terms with what they called "the realities of life after April 25th." They made their arrangements with the people in power, and went about their work and were passed over for promotion in favor of more amenable, more dependably conservative officers—and some retired, but none were surprised when the Council of the Revolution was disbanded and no one thought to thank the captains for giving Portugal back to the politicians, not even the politicians, who had nothing to lose. Otelo reminded them of their humiliation. He talked about his little party as if it were another Armed Forces Movement. He seemed to believe that the spacey, angry people who wandered in and out of his office held the same values that had briefly bound the captains of April 25th. He believed that they were honorable and loyal and would never betray a comrade. It was not his nature to betray them. He must have known that some of them were involved with the terrorists from FP 25. His old friends warned him. Friends of Otelo's say that as early as 1982 they could name the people in FUP who knew all about the FP 25 holdups, and that they told Otelo to get out fast. They say he "accommodated" those holdups, or, at least, ignored them—that at first he trusted the people around him, and in the end he had no power to stop them. Otelo admits that FP 25 was trying to recruit people in his party (the prosecution claimed that five or six FP 25 "operationals" actually joined), and that some of those people were attracted to violence. He kept them around, he says, to try to convince them that violence was wrong.



THE police came to Otelo's apartment at six in the morning on June 19, 1984. Otelo opened the door in his bathrobe and let them in, and the family watched while the policemen—there were three of them—searched the apartment. It is not a big apartment, but it is full of pictures and books, and there are a lot of carvings that Otelo and Dina collected during their three African tours, and I think it must have surprised the policemen—that vivid, intelligent clutter in a drab apartment block in the middle of Oeiras. The police were very correct, Otelo says. They did not touch Dina's framed Turner prints, or her Picasso lithograph, or the pale abstract oil with a broken "V," for the broken victory of the revolution, or even the big red painting Otelo had got as a gift from the Mozambican artist Malangatana—which is a painting about Mozambique under Portuguese rule, and is crowded with lurid, embryonic figures spying on each other. They did not rip up the African hangings or open the smooth hardwood African boxes or unglue the snapshots in the family album. They missed the interesting things, like the pictures of Otelo on a trip to the front in northern Guinea. That was when he first met Vasco Lourenço—the second captain of the revolution—and both of them had their pictures taken by a *Stern* photographer named Gerd Heidemann, who got famous later on for peddling a set of forged "Hitler diaries." Otelo always liked to show those pictures to company.

The policemen were interested in anything that might connect Otelo's Global Project to the terrorism in Portugal, and specifically in anything that connected Otelo or his party or his project to the gang called FP 25. They took Otelo's "diary." It was two spiral pads, the kind stenographers use, but Otelo had indulged his old logbook habit of writing everything down, and the pad contained a list of all the appointments he made and all the meetings he went to between January of 1982 and June of 1984, including some twenty meetings with people from the Political-Military Directorate of the Global Project. They also took what the prosecution referred to at Otelo's trial as "arms"—a submachine gun that Fidel Castro had given him the year *Time* put Otelo on the cover. They took checks and papers printed with the name of his import-export company, which supposedly had business in Libya, Algeria, Liberia, Iraq, Angola, Mozambique, Togo, and the Cameroons. They took a how-to book about the construction and provisioning of Basque "people's prisons." The next day, they took Otelo. They had not found anything to prove that Otelo was a terrorist, or had committed terrorist crimes, or approved of terrorism, or was even a "moral author" of terrorism, but they booked him on suspicion of being "the founder and political leader of a terrorist association," and brought him to Caxias, and held him for twenty days in solitary confinement. His lawyer saw him once—for half an hour, with an agent of the Portuguese security police listening—but nobody else got to see him until the president of the Lisbon bar protested. Otelo stayed in detention, awaiting sentence, for the next three years.

There were anywhere from fifty to a hundred people in FP 25, and by the time Otelo was arrested they had committed, or claimed to have committed, or were suspected of having committed—or someone claiming to be them had committed—dozens of crimes of the sort that terrorists call "actions," including as many as twelve killings, twenty bombings, and eleven armed robberies. Their "signature" was a star with a fist and a rifle inside it, and their manifesto ended with the words "Against the violence of the bourgeoisie . . . the violence of the workers! The fight continues!" In fact, very few of them were workers. Most of them were criminals or addicts or dropouts or police informers, and a few, apparently, were ex-commandos who had once served under Otelo in COPCON and were unable or unwilling to adjust to ordinary civilian life after their heady year and a half as heroes. They had no politics of their own, let alone the politics of a fighting proletariat. They were willing to mouth whatever politics their leaders invented for them, but they made no gestures. They never occupied a supermarket and distributed the food to poor people, the way revolutionaries in South America did, or gave away any of the money they stole. They were simply, thoroughly, contemptible, and in fact no one on the far left outside of FUP tried to justify them. Somebody called them "a Portuguese joke on terrorism," and eventually there *were* jokes about them—jokes that began with, say, "What's the difference between an action by Baader-Meinhoff and an action by FP 25?" and ended as gruesome commentaries on the inadequacy of the Portuguese. The police knew who they were and where to find them. The day before Otelo was arrested, there was an FP 25 roundup, and the police locked up about thirty terrorists—adding, for good measure, most of the people on FUP's "political council," one nun, and a priest from a Catholic farming coöperative whose crime was having once sat on the crowded central committee of Otelo's United Organization of Workers. Policemen searched their houses and their offices and ended up with hundreds of what they entered in evidence as "terrorist documents." At FUP, they found twenty-eight documents with Otelo's writing all over them. They were old documents that described the Global Project, but Otelo had taken them out and marked them up for a secret meeting that was held a couple of weeks before the roundup. It was the first real "plenary session" of his Political-Military Directorate, and it



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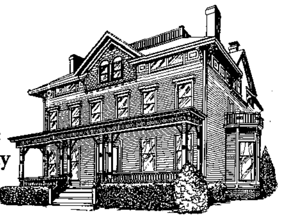

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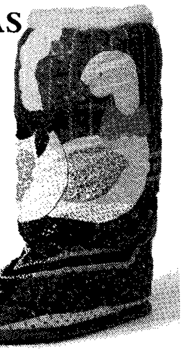

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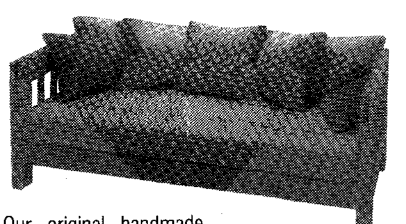

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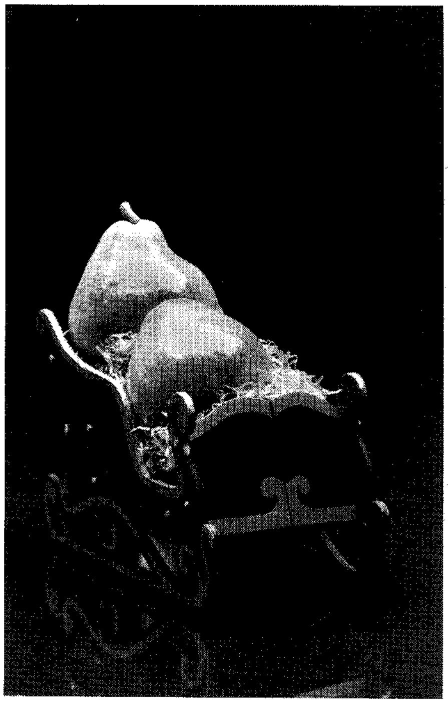
took place in a safe house in the mountains near Porto, and everybody came in a mask with eyeholes and was identified by a number. Otelo's number was 7. He noted it in his diary, just as he noted the date—June 4, 1984—and he wore his mask, though it is hard to believe that anyone in Portugal over the age of ten would not have recognized the voice of Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, even in a safe house in the mountains, far from home. Otelo's story is that he went to the meeting to explain to his Directorate that the Fascist alert was over—that it was clear the Fascists were never coming back, and there was no more need for any "armed structures," and the Global Project would have to be revised or abandoned. He made his margin notes and his revisions and what he calls his "new analyses," and copies were distributed, and at the meeting, after a lot of arguing, twenty-eight of those corrected copies were approved. Otelo says that the arguing was mainly over his idea of dropping "armed structures" from the Global Project. He told the court that as soon as it started he suspected, for the first time, that the project was infiltrated by terrorists from FP 25. The prosecution said that FP 25 *was* the Global Project—that when FP 25 robbed a bank or stole guns from an Army depot or shot a businessman Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho was in charge.

IN a way, Otelo's trial was Portugal's *compromésso stòrico*. For the first time since the revolution, the Portuguese Communists and the old Portuguese right got together and agreed on something, which was that with Otelo in prison the lingering romance of April 25th would be over—out of sight and mind. In Portugal, the Communists and the reactionaries have this in common: they are ancien-régime creatures. They prefer maneuvering in the creaky, tractable institutions inherited from fifty years of corporatism to competing in the political marketplace of a free country. It is hard to see how Otelo or his party, or even his dotty Global Project, was threatening to the Communists. They had their vote—it is eleven or twelve per cent, and rarely changes—and they controlled their trade unions and, through them, a million obedient Portuguese workers. They were well placed in the bureaucracy—in the courts and even in the judiciary police. But they wanted to be the only left in Portugal when deals were made and power was negotiated. They may not have plotted against Otelo to begin with, but it was in their interests to see Otelo ruined. It was especially in their interests if, while disposing of Otelo, they could take some credit for saving Portugal from terrorists.

The Communists got involved in the police investigation of FP 25 after some guns were seized that linked the gang to a faction of the P.R.P. and its "revolutionary brigades"—and thus, indirectly, to Otelo. A special unit of the police infiltrated the gang, and through it, as one Lisbon reporter said, they "infiltrated the infiltrators" of the Global Project. Eventually, they infiltrated FUP, and started building their case against Otelo. Two of the *arrependidos* who testified at the trial were police informers, a third informer was shot and killed, and a fourth—he testified that Otelo and François Mitterrand were plotting to overthrow Sésé Séko Mobutu and take over Zaire—said *he* was informing because Otelo had betrayed the revolution by rejecting the armed struggle. There was never conclusive evidence against Otelo. The testimony of any "repenter" is suspect, and the presence in FUP of five or six terrorists who knew the Global Project, or were inspired by it, or were even connected to its "armed civilian structure," is, legally speaking, circumstantial—just as Otelo's presence at meetings to which terrorists came is circumstantial. It is obviously a crime to raise an "armed civilian structure," which is simply another way of saying an illegal army. But Otelo was not arrested for raising an army. He was not arrested for any specific "actions." No one accused him of violence, or of ordering violence. Even the judgment against him noted his belief that the only justification for violence in Portugal would be "an unconstitutional attack against the state by the far right." He was arrested—on the evidence of those two *arrependidos* and of a drug addict under indictment—for being the "political leader" of a terrorist gang that was represented in the membership of his party, and as the author of that gang's vicious ideology.

Many people here believe that, in the end, Otelo was arrested because the Prime Minister was out of town. Mário Soares is a shrewd politician. He was not a very successful Prime Minister, although he tried three times, but he was successful at his own power and his own image, and it is not in his image to be the man who put



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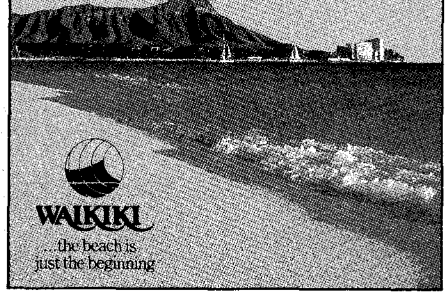

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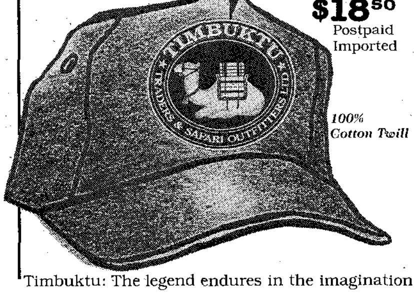

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away the hero of the Portuguese revolution. He would never admit to being conned by his own government in the Otelo affair, but in all likelihood he *was* conned. The day Otelo was arrested, Soares was on a plane to Tokyo. The last thing he had managed to do in Lisbon before he left was to convene a "crisis Cabinet" and go over a long list of suspected terrorists. The Justice Minister wanted them arrested, and so did the Interior Minister, the Attorney General, and the heads of the judiciary police and the Republican Guard. Mário Soares, in particular, wanted them arrested. Soares was convinced that Communists were behind FP 25. As a Socialist, he hated the Communists as much as the Communists hated Otelo, and he was certain that they were using terrorists and terrorism to undermine the government—especially because the government was his.

The story in Lisbon is that Soares approved the list as soon as he saw the name Dias Lourenço. He took it to refer to Antonio Dias Lourenço, the editor of the Communists' newspaper, *Avante*, and apparently no one at the Cabinet meeting enlightened him—although the name on the list in fact belonged to a FUP militant called Joacquim. In any event, Soares approved. He got on his plane, and the security police started arresting—and *then*, the story goes, Otelo's name was added to the list, along with the names of three other FUP leaders and an engineer at a fish factory, who was discreetly released a couple of months later. People who were with Soares in Japan say that the first he heard about Otelo's being arrested was when someone telexed the news to the Portuguese Embassy. They say he got mad for a while, and then, characteristically, turned his attention to himself and decided that it was not the moment for magnanimous gestures. Now that he is President, and by way of being an elder statesman, he prefers to talk about "healing Portugal" and about "the two Otelos"—"Otelo the symbol of the revolution" and "Otelo the terrorist." When people write to Soares—important Socialists and foreign jurists and professors—asking him to intervene for Otelo, he sends them a form letter printed in several languages for the occasion. It begins with a word of praise for the first Otelo, and ends by saying that they would surely agree that political power has no place in the judiciary of a free country, and that "it is thus for the courts to decide

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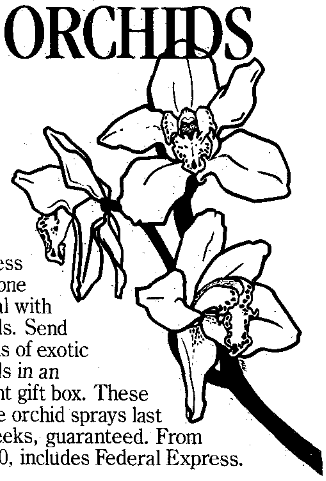

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PERENNIALS

whether Mr. Saraiva de Carvalho is guilty or not, and I hope that justice will be done."

THE prosecutor assigned to Otelo's case was a young woman named Candida Almeida, who is attached to the Attorney General's staff and is supposedly close to the Communist Party through her contacts on the board of the magistrates' union, which the Communists control. Candida Almeida says that Otelo's name was always on that mysterious list—that the reason he wasn't arrested right away was to give her a chance to listen to wiretaps she made when news of the other arrests went around, and to read the documents the police had seized. Then, she says, she gave the order to arrest him, too. There was also the problem of finding the right judge to sign the warrant and charge Otelo. (In Portugal, the examining judge is called a "judge of instruction," because he directs the "instruction," or investigation, in a criminal case, and decides which charges apply and whether to recommend the case for trial.) There are ten examining judges in the Lisbon courts, but the one Candida Almeida wanted for Otelo was a man named Martinho Almeida Cruz—a man with what the Portuguese usually describe in French as a *louche* reputation. Almeida Cruz made the Lisbon scene. Candida Almeida spent all night trying to find him. Otelo says she found him at four in the morning in a Lisbon bar.

"No, you're not too late. Cathy's just beginning to put calcium into perspective."

• •

The "instruction" lasted seven months. It covered seventy-six indictments and filled twenty-five thousand pages, and when it was over Candida Almeida submitted her official accusation to the court. She was an exotic presence, at least in the dour precincts of the Lisbon *magistratura*. She got to be known, like Otelo, by her first name. Everybody talked about Candida's wild black hair and her bright-blue eyelids and her red toenails, and the day I met her at the courthouse she had on a low-cut hot-pink T-shirt, a pink scarf, fringed with beads, around her hips, and a pair of baggy black harem pants, a little like outsize diapers. But there was nothing exotic about her performance. She was single-minded, and excited by the attention. One of the defense lawyers, João Araujo, said that, whatever the real politics of the trial were, it was the little personal ambitions like Candida's that finally counted most. He said that none of the lawyers—himself included—wanted to miss the notoriety. He called Almeida Cruz a *palhaço*—a clown—who mainly wanted to get a job abroad. He said that Candida wanted attention, that her boss wanted to stay on the good side of a magistrates' union run by Communists, that the presiding judge, whose name was Adelino Salvado, wanted one "success" in his otherwise mediocre dossier, so he could get promoted, and that the auxiliary judges wanted to clear their names. There are usually three judges in a criminal trial here—the presiding judge, and two auxiliary judges who are supposed to be picked by lot. But the fact is that both auxiliary judges in Otelo's trial were under investigation themselves by a special "high council" of the *magistratura*. One of the investigations was dropped when Otelo was convicted, but everybody in Lisbon knew about the other. The judge in *that* investigation had supposedly got drunk in a night club in Santarém and literally gambled away his shirt. He "borrowed" a gun, ran shirtless into the street, and robbed the first bus that came along. He returned to the night club so pleased to have some money that he kissed the drummer. The drummer pressed charges against the judge for spreading germs.

There was probably no way Otelo could have won. The trial was staged against him. It wore him down and wore everybody else out, including the Portuguese press and the few people who had originally tried to help him. It began on October 7, 1985, nearly sixteen months after his arrest, having been postponed half a dozen times—in part because of prosecution strategy and the complications of pursuing a "collective crime," and in part because of a series of prison breaks, new arrests, and new murders, including the

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murder of a witness. It ended twenty months later, on May 20, 1987, and during those twenty months the director of prisons was shot and killed by terrorists, and Almeida Cruz was sent away to a safe job in Brussels with the Portuguese delegation to the Common Market—which may have been the understanding to begin with. Most lawyers had assumed that the charges against Otelo would be dropped during the instruction, on technicalities: Otelo's twenty days of solitary confinement; his lack of access to counsel; Almeida Cruz's persistent release of "evidence" when the instruction was still sub judice. But after a while people got bored and they began to forget about Otelo, and then Otelo made one of his extravagant "captain of the revolution" gestures that reminded too many Portuguese of the time he had talked about throwing reactionaries into the Lisbon bullring. On the first anniversary of his arrest, he wrote to the other prisoners—they were in a state prison, where conditions were terrible—calling them *companheiros* and giving them advice on raising money and hiring lawyers, and then telling them to take heart and celebrate the anniversary with him. When one of those prisoners escaped, he left the letter in his cell. The police found it, and eventually *Expresso* got hold of a copy and published it—and after that a lot of Otelo's friends gave up on him. They said there was nothing anyone could do for Otelo anymore—not when he persisted in that kind of stupid, stubborn, suicidal solidarity. They said that Otelo was pure, the only one of the captains who was really pure, but that maybe in the end purity was not a very politically useful virtue.

António Barreto, a sociologist I know who taught in Switzerland until the revolution and came home as Minister of Agriculture in the first Socialist government, says that maybe Otelo's tragedy was that he existed for Portugal only as a revolutionary leader—and to be that revolutionary leader he had to believe in revolutionary solidarity whether there was a revolution or not. He had to worry about his "troops," because worrying is what leaders do. He refused to denounce the terrorists on trial with him, even when they were "repenting" and making deals and testifying against him—and getting their own sentences suspended. He refused to stand alone. He could have come to court in his uniform, with all his medals and decorations on, and announced that as a father and

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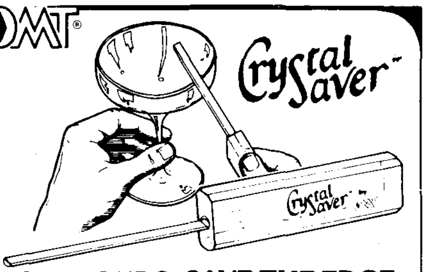

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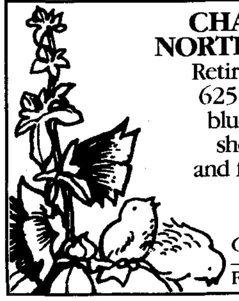

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guarantor of Portuguese democracy he did not recognize the court's right to judge him politically—that in fact, given the disregard for his civil rights during the instruction, he did not recognize its right to judge him at all. Manuel de Magalhães e Silva, the lawyer who represented the farming priest (and got the charges against him dropped after the priest had spent two years in exceptionally punishing detention), thinks that Otelo might have got somewhere that way. But Otelo never made what lawyers call a political defense. He never explained why he wrote a Global Project, or why he covered for the people he knew, the way the captains had covered for each other in the months before April 25, 1974. He never distinguished his battle plans from the ones the *arrependidos* claimed to have taken from him. The terrorists were killers, but they were amateur killers, gratuitous and wanton. They had none of Otelo's military virtues—or, indeed, his military discipline. And, despite the verdict, no one was able to prove that they were Otelo's people. The closest anyone came was when Martinho Almeida Cruz flew to Switzerland to examine a Global Project bank account. He was expecting to find eight hundred thousand dollars that the terrorists had robbed from a Brink's truck. He found a hundred dollars.

MAJOR VÍTOR ALVES was the third captain of April 25th. He was the strategist and in many ways the brains of the revolution, and he lived down the street from Otelo in Oeiras—which gave the revolution a kind of family headquarters. He figures that, politically, Otelo would consider him "the other side." He had nothing to do with the "people's coup," and he never thought much of "direct democracy" or the idea of a country run by revolutionary councils of soldiers, sailors, and workers. But he is working to help Otelo now. He says that maybe this is another military virtue: "We have a special friendship. It doesn't prevent us from arresting each other, but we are still friends." Alves retired at forty-seven, when the Council of the Revolution was abolished, and then went briefly, and disastrously, into politics for a party that Eanes founded. He retired, he says, because he could accept Portugal's forgetting its captains but he could not accept Portugal's humiliating its captains. He saw—"in the extraordinary contempt of the law *for* the law" during Otelo's trial—a sign of contempt for them all.

A lot of Portuguese are troubled, like Vítor Alves, by what seems to be an almost conscious policy to destroy the symbols of April 25th. Vasco Lourenço was "disciplined" last April 25th because he gave a speech saying that the Army would defend Portugal again if democracy was threatened; he spent the next five days in jail. Eanes, in his way, was disciplined, too. Once the civilians took over, Eanes sat in the President's palace in Belém and was asked out mainly to cut ribbons and review schoolchildren—and no one even told him about Otelo's being arrested until the afternoon after it happened. Some people blame the right wing of the military for trying to marginalize the men who gave democracy back to Portugal. Some people blame the political right, and talk about right-wing bombings after the revolution which have never been prosecuted, and about a "double standard" for Portuguese justice. Some people blame the Communists. Some blame the Americans—because America tends to pressure its allies into "cleaning" their armies of what it considers leftist officers. And some blame history. "It was naïve, perhaps, to think we could have gone a long way together," Vítor Alves says when he talks about the revolution. "We were so different. We were caught by the left, the right, the Socialists, the Communists. We were a bottle of champagne badly opened, but we are not murderers."

António Eanes is a Catholic, and he calls Otelo "a sin in the collective conscience." He says that he regrets never giving Otelo something useful to do, never finding a proper job for the headstrong soldier who had failed as a revolutionary because he wanted a revolution that would cause no suffering to anyone. Otelo would have made a fine diplomat. He was close to Samora Machel in Mozambique, and to a lot of other important Africans. He went to Africa nearly every year (that is, every year he wasn't under house arrest of one sort or another). He and his wife and children had their vacations on Machel's beautiful white-sand beaches, and while they were there Otelo always did something wonderful. He arranged loans. He persuaded Portuguese engineers to come to Mozambique and teach and build. He invited Mozambican students to the universities in Lisbon and Coimbra. He cemented friendships. There must have been a way for Por-

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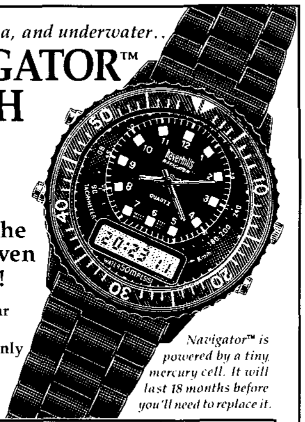

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tugal to use him well, to give him a little status and a little glory—to concede the glamour that had attracted the revolution watchers and the revolution groupies.

There was nothing glorious about Otelo's trial. The presiding judge was a conservative man, not very independent and under a lot of pressure from the prosecution. He was quite reasonably scared of the terrorists to begin with, and people say that Candida Almeida convinced him that the only way to avoid reprisals was to make sure everyone on trial was put away for a long time. He copied her two-hundred-page accusation nearly word for word in his own *despacho de pronúncia*. He presided over a "high-security courthouse"—it was built for the trial in a Lisbon suburb called Monsanto—and after the first day he saw to it that the prisoners were separated by nets from the bench and the public, and even their own lawyers. There was never much of a public anyway, given that the trial lasted nearly two years and there was nowhere to park a car and the only bus in Monsanto was diverted a quarter of a mile away. Anyone who wanted to follow Otelo's trial had to walk, and even then there were only thirty or forty places, way in the back of a long, narrow room. Dina Carvalho never went to the trial. She is a physiotherapist at a Lisbon hospital, and she had no time off—and now she says she wouldn't have gone anyway. It was too painful. Occasionally, the children went—Paola, who is twenty-six and getting a doctorate in sociology, and Sergio, who is twenty-two and studying engineering. They are nice children, and they make a nice family—cheerful and brave and loving. They have what Otelo would call the military virtues, but I would call them family virtues. The family has held together through war and displacement and revolution and now disgrace, and they are proud of each other and anguished for each other, and they want Otelo home from what Dina, lately, calls "this impossible, inglorious fight."

PORTUGAL is becoming radical in ways that Otelo never imagined. The people running the country now are young economists who love "the market" and talk as if the real revolution was Portugal's discovery of a truly pitiless capitalism. There is an odd euphoria here. António Barreto says that the people fighting for "the

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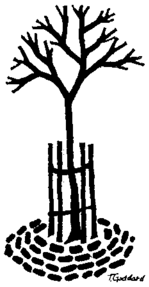
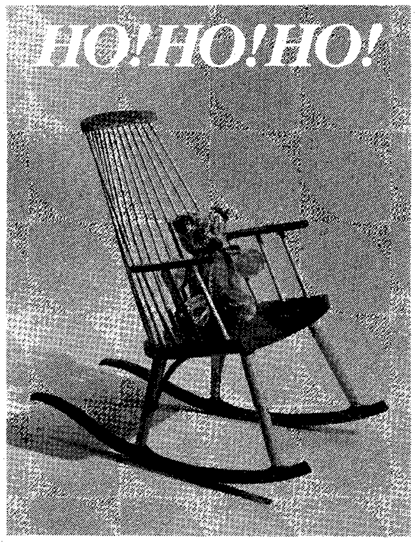
market" are really fighting *against* some mythical welfare state that Portugal never was. They are saying the state cannot provide for everybody, when the state never had a chance to provide for anyone. Portugal is still a terribly poor country. There is no real equality. The "five families" of the old oligarchy are back in force—and style—but twenty per cent of the people are still illiterate, and the government, going through rites of privatization, is offering up the public sector to a country that still depends for its income on the remittances of a million and a half migrant workers. It may be that the Portuguese are dazzled by the "prosperity" of their first years in the Common Market—the years of credit and subsidy before some other country applies and the bills come due.



For better or worse, Portugal belongs to its civilians now, and this has given back to the captains of April 25th a little of their old solidarity. Five years ago, Vasco Lourenço was not speaking to Otelo. He kept Otelo from joining the other captains of April 25th for their annual parade, and Otelo cried, and they stopped speaking. But Lourenço testified for Otelo at his trial, and so did Eanes—although it was Eanes himself who had arrested Otelo after the "people's coup" in 1975 and, during the ten years that he was President, had done as much as anyone in Portugal to keep Otelo out of the way and out of any power. Just before the instruction ended, Almeida Cruz went to one of Eanes' friends, a Major Sousa e Castro, and offered to drop the charges against Otelo if Otelo could be persuaded to admit his guilt and leave Portugal. Eanes refused to see him. Then Almeida Cruz went to Caxias and asked Otelo, and Otelo said no. Otelo tells me that he was counting on "justice" to exonerate him. He was going to "defend the prestige of the democratic institutions." It is not in his character to go quietly into exile for the sake of what other people would call his freedom. He could be pardoned by the President, except that first he would have to serve out half his sentence—and anyway there is no indication that Mário Soares thinks Otelo is innocent. He could be amnestied by the parliament. His sentence is severe, given the fact that one of the auxiliary judges—it was the nightclub judge—wanted to acquit him. (When he heard the sentence, the judge cried, "I have been betrayed.") It seems especially severe when you consider that two FP 25 terrorists who were convicted for actually committing crimes got only seventeen years to Otelo's fifteen, and the *arrependidos* got off entirely. Otelo says he would accept an amnesty (he would have no choice, actually) even if it made the state look magnanimous, which is precisely what the state would want. His case is on appeal now. If he loses, he will be automatically discharged from the Army and moved from Caxias to a state prison, where there are no soldiers around to call him Sir and buy his cigarettes and salute him. Candida Almeida has a hundred and forty more terrorism cases pending—cases that have to do with specific crimes, in specific places—and there are warrants out for Otelo as the "moral author" in forty of those cases, which means that even if he wins his appeal he could be arrested again the minute he leaves the courtroom.

Moral authorship is an ambiguous notion, and it can open the law to all sorts of manipulation and political and public pressure. It has to do with guilt by influence and guilt by association. Most jurists with any sense prefer to keep that kind of guilt "moral" and leave it out of their courtrooms and penal codes. Germany went through its arguments about "moral authorship" during the worst of the Baader-Meinhof years, when there were hot-lines for anonymous informers and people who knew people who knew terrorists were being hauled out of bed in the middle of the night and thrown in jail. Italy had *its* arguments during the Brigata Rossa years, when a philosophy professor at the University of Padua named Toni Negri was arrested as a "terrorist mastermind." Moral authorship can be a convenience—a way for states to "solve" terrorism by locking up the people whose ideas alarm them along with the people who put those ideas, or say they do, into practice. Portugal calls them the "politicals" and the "operationals," and charges them with a kind of collective crime, and sends them to prison together.

Otelo does not mind prison, he says, but he is determined to be free. He wants to win a "public victory," and an amnesty may be his only chance unless a parliamentary commission



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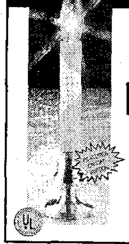

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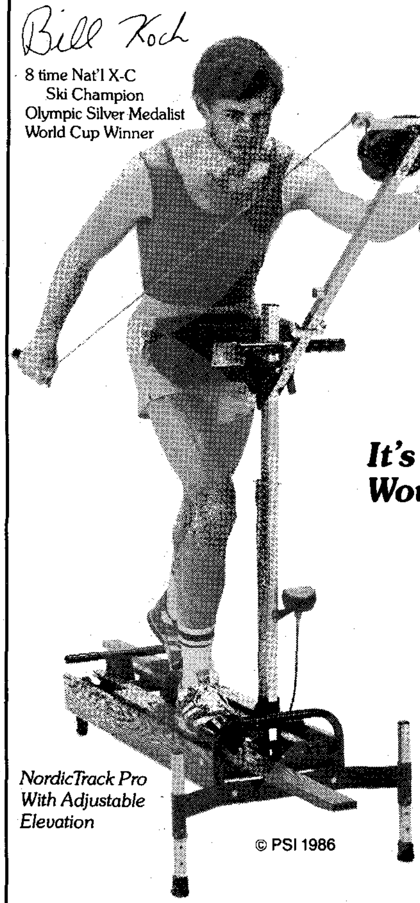

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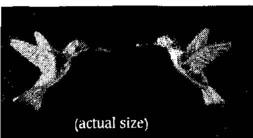

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clears him or the Attorney General drops the other charges against him—or his appeal is still pending on January 22nd next year. The law in Portugal says that a case has to be decided within three years of the *despacho de pronúncia* or the prisoner goes free, and January 22, 1985, was the day Judge Adelino Salvado formally pronounced the accusations against Otelo. A group of European jurists was just in Portugal trying to arrive at some strategy to help him. People from the European Committee for the Defense of Refugees and Immigrants, who know Otelo's work in Africa, are trying to help him, too. They sent a professor from the law faculty at Oldenburg to observe his trial, and they are sponsoring an appeal to the Court for Human Rights in Strasbourg—but mainly what they try to do is organize Otelo's friends abroad into some sort of coherent international defense for him, and every few weeks, from their Basel office, they mail "Otelo reports" around the world. They were shocked at first by the apathy in Portugal. They were shocked that even Otelo seemed to accept it.

Otelo says sometimes that he doesn't believe in the revolution anymore. He wants to know if *o povo* anywhere have managed to keep a vision of a better life for very long. He is not worn out, he says, but he is troubled by "the futility." He thinks about "the dignity of the masses" and about how to maintain that dignity, and wonders if his heroes, like Che Guevara, are still in the hearts and minds of the poor people they died for. He was so proud of his own people—of the peasants in the Alentejo and the workers in Lisbon and Setubal and all the soldiers and sailors home from Africa. None of them have written to him, or sent a telegram, or made a phone call, since he went to prison. None of *o povo* have demonstrated or gone on strike. It is the "bourgeois intellectuals" who stand at the gates of Caxias with their candles, singing revolutionary songs. I always laugh when Otelo talks about bourgeois intellectuals. "You bourgeois intellectuals," he will say. "You are the only ones who fight. You are the only ones who care about fair trials and due process." When I tell him that that's what bourgeois intellectuals do—worry about things like due process—he says that if there is ever a *real* democracy in Portugal no one will be allowed to say a word against bourgeois intellectuals. This is something he guarantees. —JANE KRAMER

THE THEATRE

The Mathematician

IN Hugh Whitemore's "Breaking the Code," at the Neil Simon, Derek Jacobi appears as Alan Turing, the English mathematical genius who in 1942 helped to crack one of the German Enigma codes, the naval one, thus saving British ships from lurking U-boats. It must be said right off that "Breaking the Code" is not about breaking the code; it is not even a play, really, but more an attempt at a portrait in collage, a cluster of small scenes—some flashback, some flash-forward—in the life of this cryptic man, a homosexual, who was caught in 1952 and punished, in accordance with the barbaric British laws of the time, and who poisoned himself in 1954. The evening opens in a police station, where Turing has come to report a burglary of his house—a burglary that he thinks was probably committed by an acquaintance of the young man he has picked up. The detective on duty becomes alert; he is far more interested in the live-in guest than in the thief, and we watch as Turing, with inexplicable innocence, slips a noose around his own neck. "Inexplicable" can be considered a key word here, because the scenes, for the most part, are shallow and without any particular distinction, and they don't really tell a story, though Mr. Jacobi gives a performance of such boldness that it often masks the weaknesses of the script. Mr. Jacobi's Turing is a twitching nail-biter with a stammer, fairly detached in emotional matters—in his offhand seduction of the young man, for example, or in his kindly offhand rejection of a girl who loves him and wants to marry him. (To her he simply states that he is homosexual.) Yet when he lectures a group of schoolboys on computers and math he becomes rapturous, and loses the stammer. And when, near the end, he has to tell his mother about the trouble he is in because of his homosexuality, there is a surge of affection on both sides that is quite moving. There is emotion, too, when he recalls the only love of his life, a schoolmate who died when still a boy. But most of the time the detachment, the absent-mindedness approach the anesthetic. Even the stammer and the nail-biting don't seem to indicate much inner turmoil.

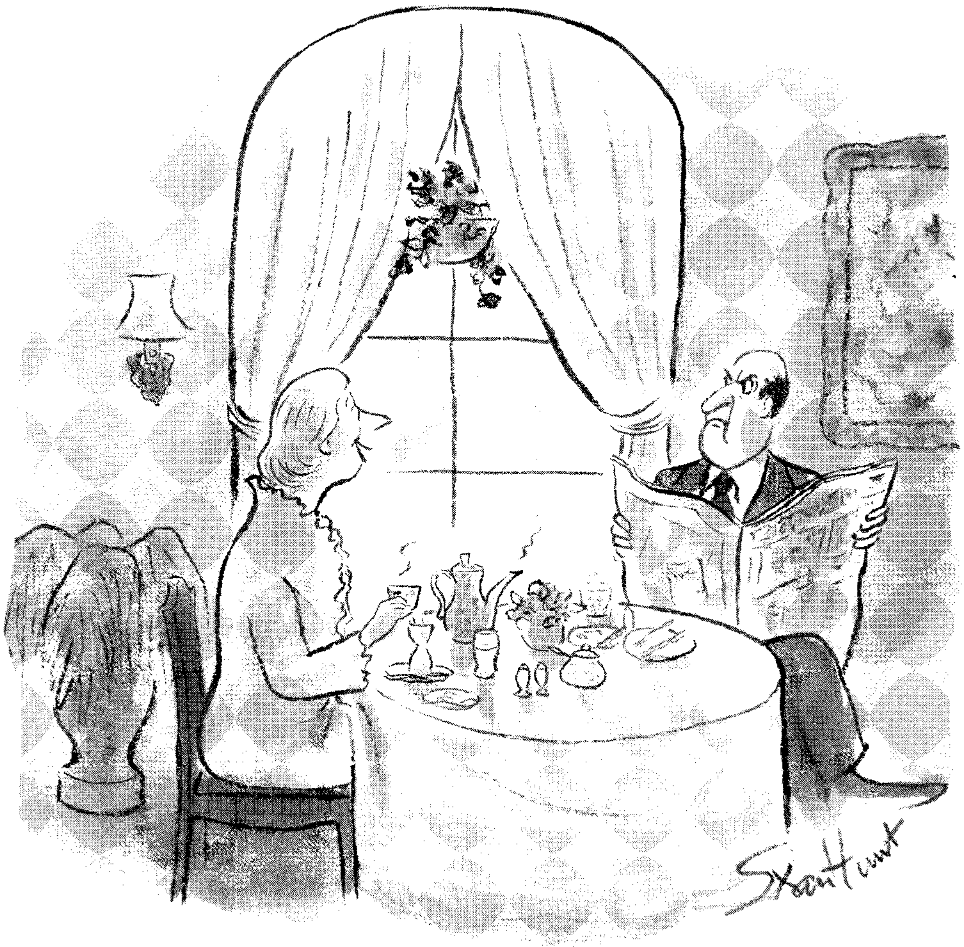
Mr. Jacobi displays these disparate qualities with relish in a bravura performance that almost sweeps all before it. Not quite. Michael Gough, a fine actor, is quiet and subtle and strong, too, as Turing's superior officer at Bletchley, where British intellectuals worked on secret matters during the war; Rachel Gurney is very good as Turing's mother, at first puzzled by her puzzling son and later open and wholehearted. I also admired (and believed) lovely Jenny Agutter as the girl who loves Turing, Colm Meaney as the detective, and Michael Dolan as the pickup. Clifford Williams, the director, has kept everything clear and on the move. Liz da Costa's impressive costumes and scenery were lighted by Natasha Katz. The play is based on "Alan Turing: The Enigma," by Andrew Hodges.

—EDITH OLIVER

The Home Front

THERE'S some wonderful acting going on at the Westside Arts Theatre, in a well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow. "A Shayna Maidel"—the phrase is Yiddish for "a pretty girl"—isn't what its title might suggest. It's neither a play about a girl on the lookout for a nice Jewish doctor nor a nostalgic depiction of life in the Old Country. Rather, it's a portrait of a Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. Half of the Weiss family—Mordechai (Paul Sparer) and his younger daughter, Rayzel (Melissa Gilbert), having left Poland (presumably in the twenties) and come to America—has been living in New York for many years, leading the arduous but upwardly mobile life of many immigrant Jews. In 1946, when the play opens, Mordechai, at seventy, is just on the point of retiring, while Rayzel, having changed her name to Rose White and moved to her own apartment in Manhattan, is pursuing a career. Of the other half of the family—the mother and the older daughter, who failed to get out of Poland before the Nazi invasion—only the daughter, Lusia (Gordana Rashovich), has survived Auschwitz.

When Lusia arrives in New York,



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toward the beginning of the play, we think at first that it's going to be about the two sisters: the one so well assimilated that she knows almost nothing of her own family and heritage, and whose greatest problem is how to win independence from an overbearing and dictatorial father; the other a refugee with full knowledge of the death camps, who has over that father a kind of unimaginable moral ascendancy. But Lebow's play is so full of ideas that with each scene it seems to be about something new. As figures from Lusia's past crowd onto the stage, memories and dreams of the lost and the dead—her mother (Joan MacIntosh), her husband (Jon Tenney), her childhood friend (Cordelia Richards)—what we see played out in the context of Rose's pretty upper-West Side apartment (perfectly evoked by William Barclay's set) is the personal, emotional aspect of a whole chapter of history. The nonrealistic elements in the play, in addition to making it easier to bear events that would otherwise be too harrowing, set in motion a system of aural imagery: motifs—the sounds of crying, of laughter, of mothers singing or quieting children—that work to weave together the various themes of the play.

The production at the Westside Arts—which, by the way, used to be a German church ("Christus Der Eckstein," says the Gothic lettering on a stone outside)—is exquisitely directed, by Mary Robinson, and is enhanced by two quite extraordinary performances, from Miss Rashovich and Mr. Sparer. Miss Gilbert's performance is never out of tune with the production, but she fails to give Rose the depth that would take her beyond the status of foil or symbol. Still, it's an interesting piece of casting. For many years, Miss Gilbert played Laura Ingalls in the television series "Little House on the Prairie." I never saw the program and don't know what Miss Gilbert looked like as a child; as an adult, though, she is the very image of Garth Williams' illustrations of Laura in the "Little House" books. To anyone familiar with them, the resemblance is uncanny, and, because of what Laura Ingalls Wilder's books have come to mean for children growing up in America—they represent a culture and history that is quintessentially American—it sets off a chain of visual associations that are perfectly in keeping with the play's themes.

Once or twice in the course of the play, the explanation for an action or event may seem vague or farfetched. But then high tragedy is about implausible actions. What man would seriously consider sacrificing his daughter in order to win a war? (Well, it would have to be a very special war.) Lebow here is taking something very like the Greek approach to tragedy; she turns the unrealistic circumstances created by an extraordinary event into a moral context for the dramatic exploration of ordinary, realistic things: the crisis of faith, family relations, the human dilemma. Granted, it's an event within living memory (which, strictly speaking, goes against the rules of Greek tragedy), but, like the Trojan War, it is one that has a kind of mythological status and therefore the power to make small reckonings and little confrontations reverberate. And Lebow's play has the effect high tragedy is said to produce: you weep and weep and emerge from the theatre feeling uplifted without knowing why.

KICKING off the sixteenth season at the Ensemble Studio Theatre is "House Arrest," a slightly surreal domestic comedy, by Bill Bozzone, that chooses to picture contemporary family life as an endless expanse of tract houses from which helpless sons and husbands, kept prisoner in basement rooms by voracious, predatory women, are trying to tunnel their way out. Audiences at E.S.T. may remember Bozzone's earlier work—"Rose Cottages," which was presented during the 1986-87 season, and "Saxophone Music," which was one of the high points of the 1984 one-act-play marathon. "Saxophone Music" was about two men, both of them outcasts and fugitives, living in a furnished room and trying to help each other make a go of it in the outside world. Bozzone seems to like the situation of two men trapped in a room together, for in the new play a father and son are held hostage in the cellar of a Staten Island home by the lady of the house. The son, Lonnie Yolango (Brian Tarantina), has been remanded to his mother's custody by the police after driving his car into the side of a church; the father, Duke (Dominic Chianese), has been so emasculated by his wife that he can't function aboveground. Wandering in and out of the Yolangos' violently tasteless house, whose doors are electronically controlled by Mrs. Yolango (Suzanne Shepherd), and whose décor is largely dictated by her interest in taxidermy, are an abusive police lieutenant (Kevin Geer), a corrupt priest (Patrick John Hurley), a loud, vulgar neighbor (Crystal Field), and the neighbor's loud, vulgar daughter, Denise (Ann Talman), whom the two women want to fix Lonnie up with. Denise is the sort of girl whose desire for a career in standup comedy takes her to amateur night at the Bowl-A-Rama Lounge—though actually it's Denise's mother who takes her there; this is a play that hates mothers, not women in general.

As Deborah Shaw's costumes, Kevin Roach's set, and Risa Bramon's frenetic direction all make clear, "House Arrest" is about what monsters mothers are. I can't say that the play never made me laugh or piqued my curiosity about what would happen next, but "House Arrest" isn't as funny as "Rose Cottages" or as interesting as "Saxophone Music." Moreover, there's something forced about it. I don't think the play is (as the press release maintains) either "a bizarre look at the breakdown of the American family" or "a dark comedy . . . inspired by the recent practice of placing family members under house arrest." I think it's inspired by other recent "dark" and slightly surreal domestic comedies—like Christopher Durang's "Baby with the Bathwater" and "The Marriage of Bette and Boo" and Keith Reddin's "Life and Limb" and "AfterSchool Special"—and I think it's about the tendency of reviewers to make such plays sound more profound than they are. It's no trick to throw a lot of ugly clothing and furniture onto a stage or to make people seem ugly by overdirecting them. Nor is it hard to weave cartoon characters and surrealistic events into something that looks like social commentary. That "House Arrest" isn't as hateful as it may sound, and that some of the performers—notably Mr. Chianese, Mr. Tarantina, Mr. Geer, and Miss Talman—manage to wring pathos or comedy out of the material, is a credit to Bozzone's dramaturgical instinct; even visited by the wrong muse, this man probably can't write a bad play. But, for my taste, it contains far too much Keith Reddin and Christopher Durang and not enough Bill Bozzone.

—Mimi Kramer

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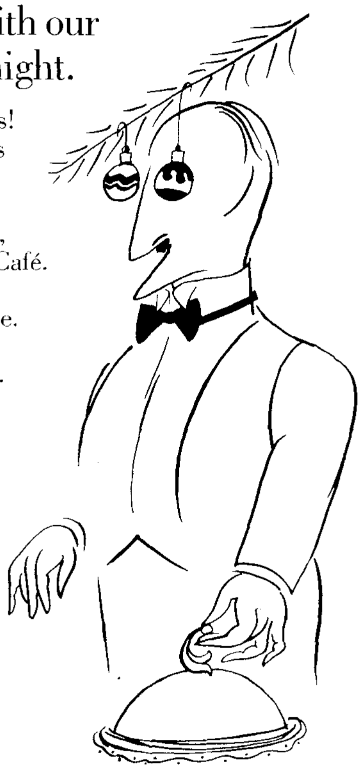

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Nixon in Houston

John Adams’ first opera, “Nixon in China,” opens at the Brooklyn Academy of Music next week, for seven performances. Later, it will be heard in Washington, Holland, and Los Angeles. The work was commissioned by the Houston Grand Opera, BAM, and Kennedy Center and was first done in Houston, last month and this, for seven performances. I was at two of them and look forward to hearing the opera again, for it is a successful and stirring musical drama.

Operas whose main characters are famous living people are rare. Although the real-life originals of Léonore and Florestan might have attended Gaveaux’s “Léonore” in 1798—J. N. Bouilly, the librettist, claims in his memoirs to have played a Don Fernando role in their perils during the Terror—on the stage they are disguised as Spaniards. But “Nixon in China” is set squarely in Peking on February 21-25, 1972; Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Dr. Kissinger, and—had she been released from prison for the purpose—Mme. Mao could have attended the Houston première. In Act I, the Spirit of ’76 lands at Capital Airport; Nixon, Chou En-lai, and Kissinger visit Chairman Mao; at a banquet, Chou En-lai proposes a toast and Nixon responds. In Act II, Mrs. Nixon visits a glass factory, a clinic, a pig farm, a school, the Summer Palace, the Ming tombs; the Americans attend a performance of Mme. Mao’s ballet “The Red Detachment of Women;” in the final scene (originally Act III, set at the farewell banquet given by the Nixons), Dick and Pat, the Maos, and Chou En-lai remember and recount, in private duologues or monologues, events in the past that have led to the momentous meeting.

“Nixon in China” defies any easy classification. Mussorgsky’s “Boris Godunov” is perhaps the closest parallel—a heroic opera about people on whose personalities and decisions the fate of nations depended—and Handel’s “Saul” and Verdi’s “Don Carlos” might also be cited: not in any claim that Adams is Mussorgsky’s, Handel’s, or Verdi’s equal but to suggest that his opera is serious in intention. I say “his” because in the last resort an opera stands or falls by its music, but “Nixon in China” results from what its librettist, Alice Goodman, describes as a polyphonic collaboration. The Diaghilev, as it were, of the enterprise was Peter Sellars, who brought Goodman and Adams together and proposed the subject. A good subject: a meeting—like those of Wotan and Erda in the “Ring” or that of Attila and Leo I, pictured in Verdi’s “Attila”—that changed the history of the world. News reports, memoirs, histories provided the basic matter; television tapes provided the basic iconography. Then artistic imagination took over, to shape this raw material into a work of dramatic art. The full resources of grand opera were brought into play. “Nixon in China,” like the 1874 “Boris” and the 1867 “Don Carlos,” contains a ballet, but not an irrelevant, merely decorative one. Princess Eboli, masquerading as the Queen, appeared at the climax of the “Don Carlos” ballet. In the “Nixon” ballet, Dr. Kissinger plays the villain, and Pat, followed by her husband, intervenes in the action. The opera has choruses, crowd scenes, episodes of spectacle. (The presentation of the long final scene needs rethinking; in Houston it grew visually dull, while high events and ideas were being sung of.) But there is nothing meretricious, no “effects without causes”—Wagner’s phrase for the electric sunrise that brought Act III of Meyerbeer’s “Le Prophète” to its close.

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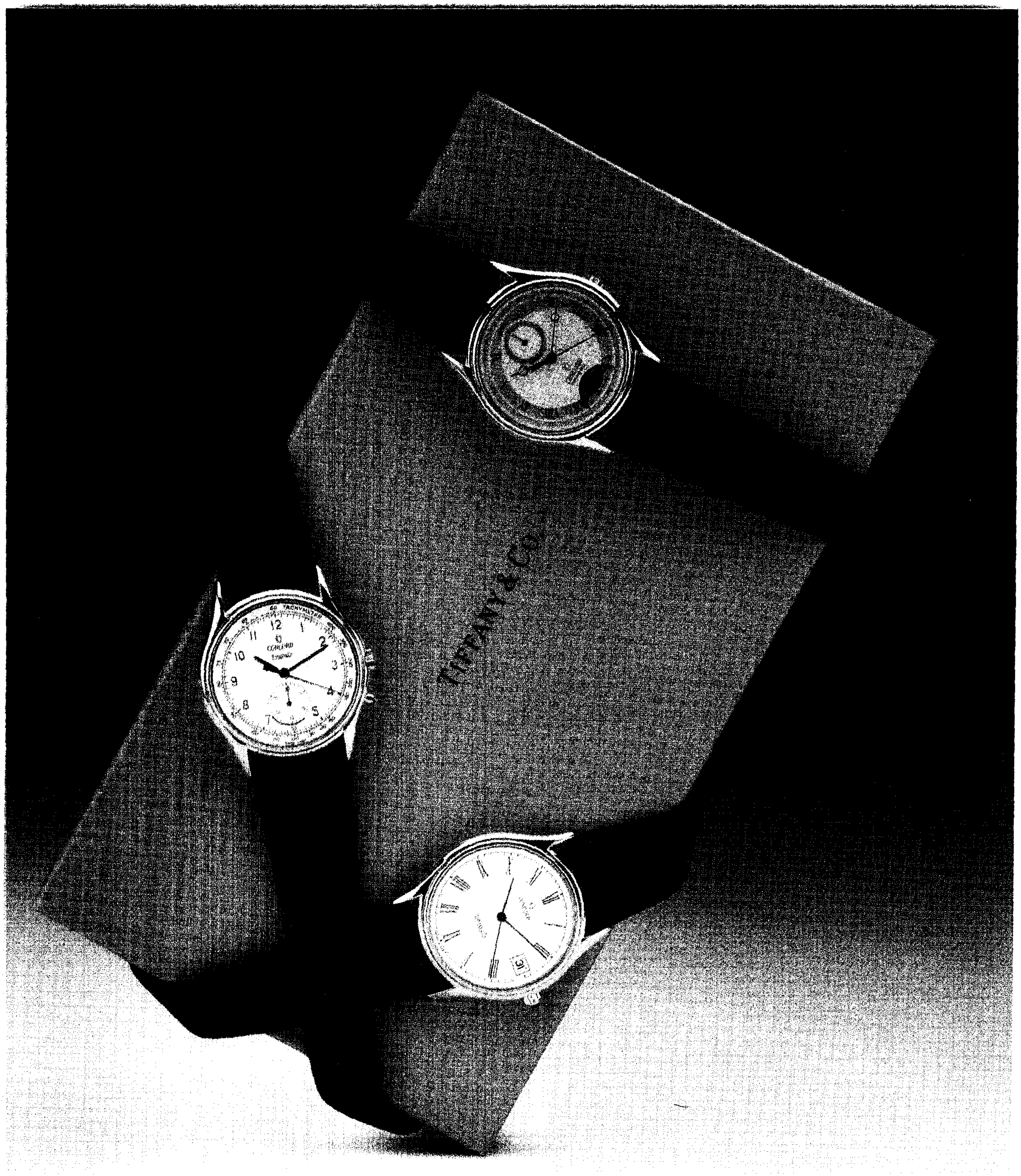
Goodman’s libretto is written in octosyllabic couplets linked, for the most part, by near-rhyme. The metre, flexibly handled, allows a wide range of tones. The first chorus ends:

The people are the heroes now
Behemoth pulls the peasant’s plow
When we look up, the fields are white
With harvest in the morning light
And mountain ranges one by one
Rise red beneath the harvest moon.

And the final scene contains this exchange between the President and the First Lady:

PAT — You won at poker.
NIXON — I sure did.
I had a system. Five-card stud
Taught me a lot about mankind.
Speak softly and don’t show your hand
Became my motto.
PAT — Tell me more.
NIXON — Well, the Pacific theater
Was not much to write home about.
PAT — Yes, dear. I think you told me that.

The choruses and dialogue of “The



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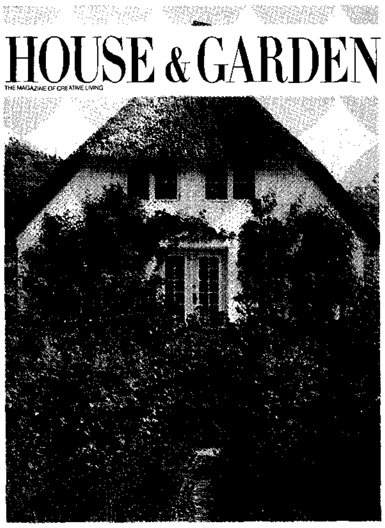

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Red Detachment" are in Skeltonics, or "tumbling verse":

> Flesh rebels
> The body pulls
> Those inflamed souls
> That mark its trials
> Into the war.
> Arm this soldier!

In a lecture Goodman invoked Skelton's morality play "Magnyfycence" and Andrew Marvell's "Bermudas" as influences on "Nixon in China." The influence of the first is easier to find, both technically (Goodman could claim of some rough passages, as Skelton did, "For though my ryme be ragged, Tattered and jagged . . . It hath in it some pyth") and thematically. Her lines are good to sing. And without simplism or glibness she has written philosophical and political speeches for Mao, Chou En-lai, and Nixon in poetry that bears pondering.

The music caught me by surprise, for I thought I'd had more than my fill of Minimalism, and a first glance at the piano-vocal score—an A-minor scale thirty times repeated, over alternate A and F pedals, while upper voices climb the scale more slowly—had been daunting. But Adams' command of mounting tension and slow or sudden release, of clouding and brightening, is so sure that during the performance no tedium set in. There are a few passages where formula becomes insistent. The alternation of dominant-seventh chords and exotic resolutions is perhaps overworked. The alternation of triads with two notes in common (like those that open the last act of "Don Carlos") is protracted for bars on end. Yet the music of "Nixon" became more, not less, interesting on repeated hearings. As the opera proceeds, the writing grows richer, rhythmically freer, more lyrical. Pat's aria in Act II is a number that sopranos will want to lift out for concert repertory. Mme. Mao's triumphant coloratura aria—originally the second-act finale—is a showstopper. In the ballet, there is a romantic pas de deux aspiring to more-than-Minkus rapture—at once a parody and a fond tribute to surefire device. The Red Detachment enters, on point, to a perky tune both funny and exciting. "Nixon" is entertaining as well as serious. The vocal writing gives to each character a distinctive, revealing mode of utterance—of rhythm, of gait, of melodic outline. The orchestration, as always with Adams, is colorful and precisely expressive.

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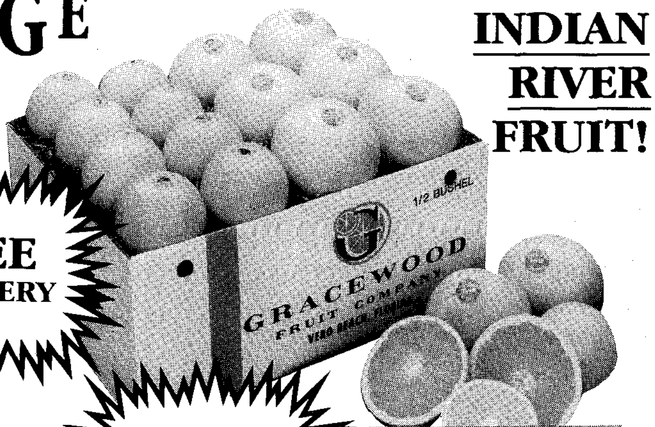

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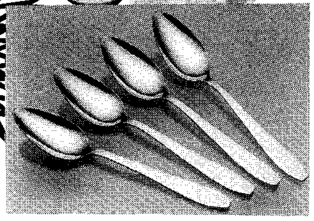

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it presents Mr. Nixon in too favorable and romanticized a light. In a program note Goodman writes:

> I pondered Nixon's love of history and his belief in peace and progress . . . I became more and more certain that every character in the opera should be made as eloquent as possible. . . . the heroic quality of the work as a whole would be determined by the eloquence of each character in his or her own argument.

So the opera needs to be heard with critical ears; it doesn't do our thinking for us. For five scenes, it glows with the euphoria engendered by the Peking meeting; only in the last scene do some weariness, wariness, and disillusion set in. Kissinger is cast as a buffo—during the ballet, a lecherous, sadistic buffo—but otherwise there are no villains. Program notes describe Mao as "probably the closest thing to Plato's Philosopher King that this world will ever see" and Chou En-lai as a Lincoln to Mao's Washington. Premier Chou has the last word, in a visionary, beautiful song:

How much of what we did was good?
Everything seems to move beyond
Our remedy. Come, heal this wound.
At this hour nothing can be done.
Just before dawn the birds begin,
The warblers, who prefer the dark,
The cage-birds answering. To work!
Outside this room the chill of grace
Lies heavy on the morning grass.

There was a very fine cast, conducted by John DeMain. Carolann Page was a touching Mrs. Nixon. Trudy Ellen Craney was an incisive Mme. Mao, with a rare ability to project distinct vowels high above the staff. John Duykers' Mao, harsh in timbre, was poetic and wise in delivery. James Maddalena's Nixon was buoyant, intelligent, and believable; and, as a colleague put it, "he also communicated something the real Nixon almost never could, a sense of inner life." Sanford Sylvan filled Chou En-lai's music with a luminous beauty of sound and utterance. Peter Sellars' direction, Adrianne Lobel's sets, Dunya Ramicova's costumes, and James Ingalls' lighting conspired to create a stage action always vital, focussed, at one with the music, the words, the drama as a whole. Mark Morris's choreography was both chilling and funny.

Houston has an admirable creative record. "Nixon in China" was the fourth new American opera it has produced in recent years, and was the second opera to be played in the larger auditorium of the new Gus S. Wortham Theater Center. The first was a dreary "Aida." Something about that, and about the Center itself, later.

AT the Met, it was grand opera as usual—no, worse than usual—on the first night of "Il Trovatore," the second of the season's three new productions. The set, by Ezio Frigerio, is a Svoboda-type staircase—steps, landing, steps, landing, steps, landing—spanning the stage from side to side. It is decked with six large movable columns, two on each landing, and varied backgrounds. Any movements not from side to side must be up or down steps; military marches on the diagonal look particularly clumsy. Each scene in itself is not unhandsome, and swift open-stage changes are what Verdi expected. But operatic décor in his day—illusionistic painted drops and wings—had variety of color and form, and shallow scenes alternated with preset deep ones. Mr. Frigerio's scenery grew monotonous, and on the first night the audience began at last to jeer as the columns heaved into action to cluster into yet another configuration. Most of the singing took place out on the first landing. Its distance from the footlights, the falling away of the stage before it, and the openness all around seemed to make it an acoustically unfavorable place. When the director, Fabrizio Melano, and the designer joined the curtain call, they were booed.

Booing is an ugly sound, but here it reflected recognition that this staging is ill-conceived—inimical to the drama and unhelpful to the singers. The cast needed help. Luciano Pavarotti, who took the title role, is no sort of actor, physically, vocally, or, any longer, verbally. The voice is firm and true, but its bloom has gone. "Ah sì, ben mio" was not melting, and "Di quella pira" was not ringing. Dame Joan Sutherland gave a careful account of Leonora, one that had its moments. A bright flash of coloratura in the first aria and, in the soprano-baritone duet, the word "Vivrà"—just those two notes—showed something of the old power and brilliance. But much of the performance was distressing to anyone who had heard the soprano in her prime. The Azucena, Livia Budai, a Met débutante, also had some good notes, amid many that were hooty, carelessly pitched, and crudely produced. The Luna, Leo Nucci, was also cavalier about pitch—fond of attacking notes from below. His timbre can be quite handsome, but

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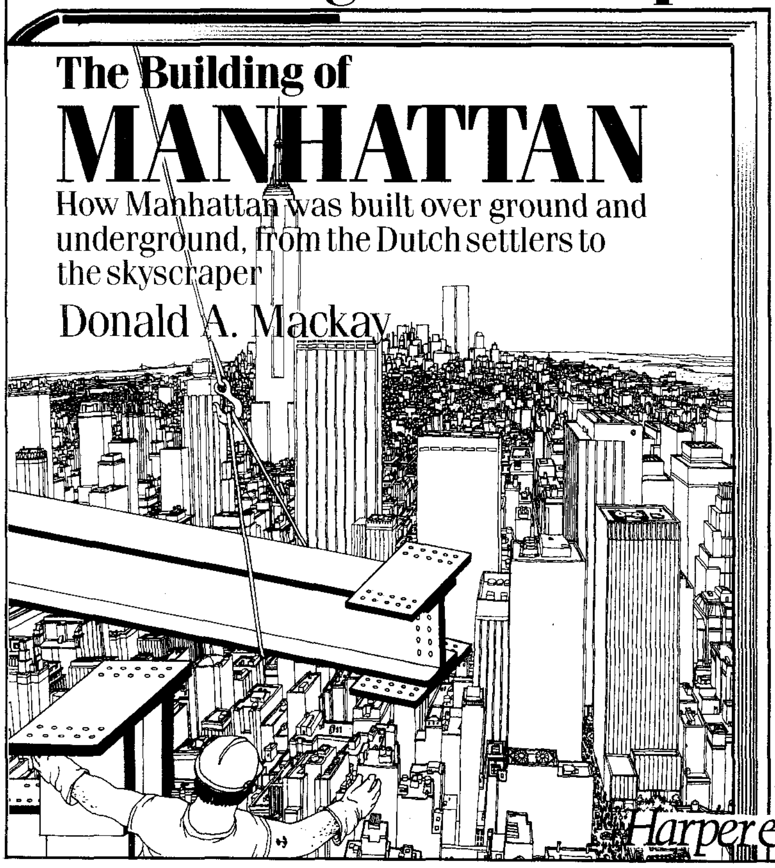
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he was uninteresting. Franco De Grandis made an unimpressive Met début as Ferrando. Richard Bonynge conducted with a sense of tradition adjusted to both the strengths and the shortcomings of his cast.

"Il Trovatore" can still be an exciting opera. As Richard Dyer remarked in the Met program note—amid some more arresting perceptions, none of which found reflection in the performance—"No one today dismisses the music of 'Il Trovatore' as vulgar." This performance made a poor case for it, and for grand opera in general.

THE City Opera season ended with six performances (in four days) of a new double bill: Oliver Knussen's "Where the Wild Things Are" preceded by the Mozart fragment "L'Oca del Cairo." The conductor was Hal France, the director Frank Corsaro, and the designer Maurice Sendak. The "Wild Things," completed in 1983, is Sendak's children's book ingeniously enacted in three dimensions to attractive music openly inspired by Mussorgsky, Debussy's "Boîte à Joujoux," and Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." The plot is a plebeian version of Colette's for Ravel, without its delicacy or moral beauty: a badly behaved little boy has a wondrous adventure. There are tender, poetic episodes in Knussen's score. The "wild rumpus," which should be a climax of the piece, falls rather flat; neither the music nor the slow lumbering of the wild things suggests the "orgy-like explosion of physical energy" prescribed in the libretto. Karen Beardsley was the child. The score was not as vividly played or as well balanced as it is on an Arabesque recording.

Mozart embarked on "The Goose of Cairo" in 1783, sketched a fair amount of the first act, complained—with reason—of the ineptitude of the book, which is by the Abbé Varesco, the librettist of "Idomeneo," and abandoned the thing. There survive two short arias, two duets, a quartet, and the first-act finale, drafted on full-score paper but with only the orchestral introductions, the vocal lines and the bass, and a few instrumental motifs filled in. There are also fifty bars of recitative and forty-eight bars, not autograph, for voice and bass, of a number that starts "Siano pronte alle gran nozze" and breaks off in midphrase. Among various sketches is the melody line of another aria. We have a scenario of the action and the libretto of

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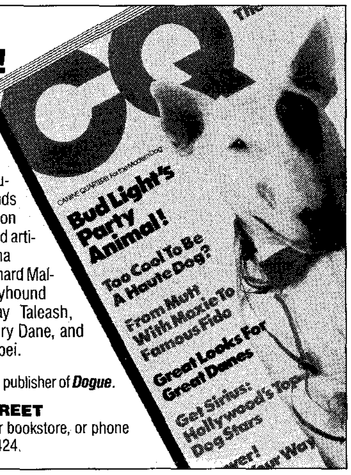
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the first act. Various attempts have been made to do something with these fragments. At least three of them combined the "Goose" pieces with those of the also unfinished "Lo Sposo Deluso." A one-act "Oca del Cairo" orchestrated by Virgilio Mortari appeared at Salzburg in 1936 and reached La Scala four years later. Mortari composed new recitatives; he added the finale of the "Posthorn" serenade as overture, the soprano cavatina "Deh, non varcar," the close of the concert scena K. 272, and the trio "Mandina amabile," K. 480. This Mortari version, Englished by Sheldon Harnick, has had a few American productions. The City Opera retains Mortari's musical numbers but drops them into a new, spoken libretto, by Frank Corsaro, performed in Italian. This is Corsaro's plot: singers await the arrival of the music for a new opera; when the pieces arrive, they sing them. Diversion is provided by a crocodile, which enters the rehearsal room and consumes (offstage) a tenor and a guard; and by a large mechanical goose, which "lays" a horrid grimacing mannikin, with tousled wig, who says "Ich bin Mozart" and capers about eagerly through the finale.

Varesco's libretto is clumsy, but it's not as leaden as Corsaro's. Moreover, since the numbers are now divorced from the dramatic context, any music would do. One could have heard real Mozart—plenty to choose from—instead of Mozart-Mortari. There is a difference. Since Mortari made his edition, there has turned up in Bergamo, among Simone Mayr's papers, a score of "Siano pronte": a hundred and sixty-five bars fully orchestrated, a bass solo leading into a trio. The piece is in Mayr's hand and is ascribed by him to Mozart. The Neue Mozart-Ausgabe accepts and publishes it as authentic. My guess is that it is Mayr's completion of a Mozart draft score, now missing, similar to the draft scores of the other "Goose of Cairo" numbers. In that case, only the opening bars would be fully scored by Mozart. A comparison of their bright texture and exuberant figuration with what Mortari invented for the voice-and-bass fragment is revealing.

"L'Oca del Cairo" and "Lo Sposo Deluso" were false steps on the way to "Figaro." The music that survives is worth hearing—but in concert or phonograph performance, or as "dramatic scenes," not as accompaniment to an alien plot.

—ANDREW PORTER

Poplars, c.1875

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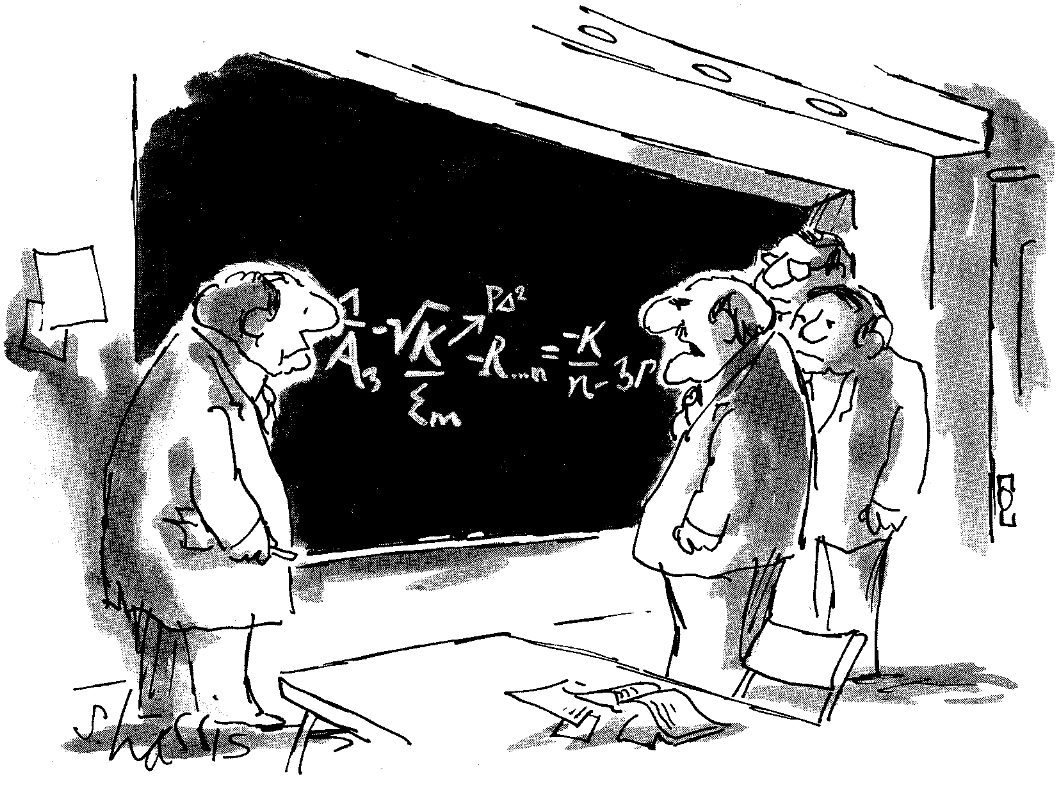
Children's Books for Christmas

CONTRARY to what many people believe, a children's book is very hard to write. Let anyone who doubts it sit down with a pad and pencil and try to write something as sweetly persuasive as Margaret Wise Brown's "Goodnight Moon," whose thirty-three quiet lines have safely wafted untold numbers of children across the boundary that separates day and night. Or try to create a world within a barn, as E. B. White did in "Charlotte's Web," a book about the sweetness of being alive, in which White marches up to Death, looks him in the eye, and cuts him down to size. White's achievement is all the more remarkable because a children's book cannot bear the full weight of adult reality and yet the good ones never deal only with the trivial. A children's book can flirt with adult emotions. It can foreshadow adult life the way a kitten playing with a string foreshadows the pounce of the full-grown cat. But there is much a children's book cannot really deal with, such as passion, lust, pride, envy, hate, and sexual love—in short, all the things most literature is about. An awareness of evil, it has been said, is what separates mainstream literature from that which is written for children, not only because we try to protect children from evil but because they don't understand it. Yet the most powerful children's books, those that have lasted and that matter, find ingenious ways to address major themes.

Not surprisingly, our great children's books have been written by our great writers, from Kipling, Dickens, and Stevenson on down to E. B. White, the finest stylist of our day, whose "Charlotte's Web" is still unmatched after thirty-five years. Often a major writer turns his hand to a children's book quite casually or by happy accident. "Stuart Little" came to White in a dream, which he jotted down and elaborated years later, to entertain his nieces and nephews. "Treasure Island" was written to amuse Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd, during a rainy Scottish holiday. "It's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship . . . and a sea-cook with one leg," Stevenson wrote to a friend. "A chapter a day I mean to do; they are short. No women in the story; Lloyd's orders. . . . It's awful fun, boys' stories. You just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain, no writing, just drive along as the words come!" Once created, these accidental books have a quality of inevitability, as though they couldn't possibly *not* have been written. Sadly, in the case of major writers there is often the irony that what the author regarded as his least important works are the only ones that survive with their lustre undimmed. One reason they survive is, of course, that children's books—the good ones—tend to be timeless; they deal with the human heart, which if it is dealt with truthfully does not date. Another is that a book for children often springs from the deepest emotions of the author. Fantasies dreamed up for children seem to lure writers into saying things they might not say if they were addressing adults. In this respect, writing for children can be a perilous venture, dangerously self-revealing and difficult to control, yet offering the possibility of expressing deeply felt emotions that could not be so well expressed in any other way. C. S. Lewis, who wrote the seven children's books that are known as the Chronicles of Narnia, gave this point an added twist. "I am not quite sure what made me, in a particular year of my life, feel that not only a fairy tale, but a fairy tale addressed to children, was exactly what I must write—or burst," he wrote. "Partly, I think that this form permits, or compels, you to leave out things I wanted to leave out." Much of Lewis's emotional life was driven by an obsession with chastity, and we might guess that sex was what he desired to leave out of his fantasy world.

Though good children's books are written by good writers, it does not follow that any first-rank writer can pull a children's book out of his hat. There seem to be special and subtle qualities of personality and feeling, perhaps arising from early experience, that go into children's books, and these qualities are not necessarily pos-



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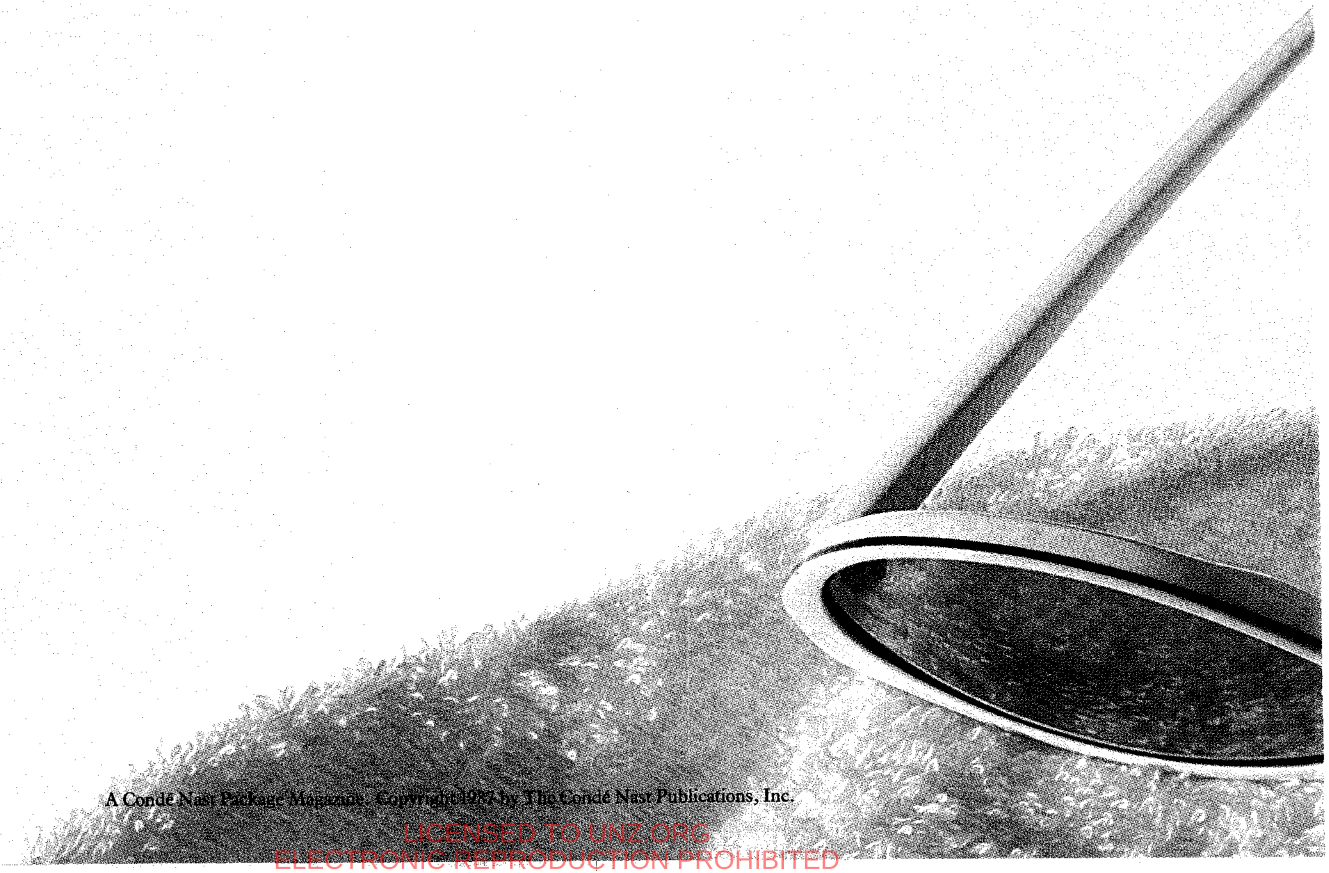

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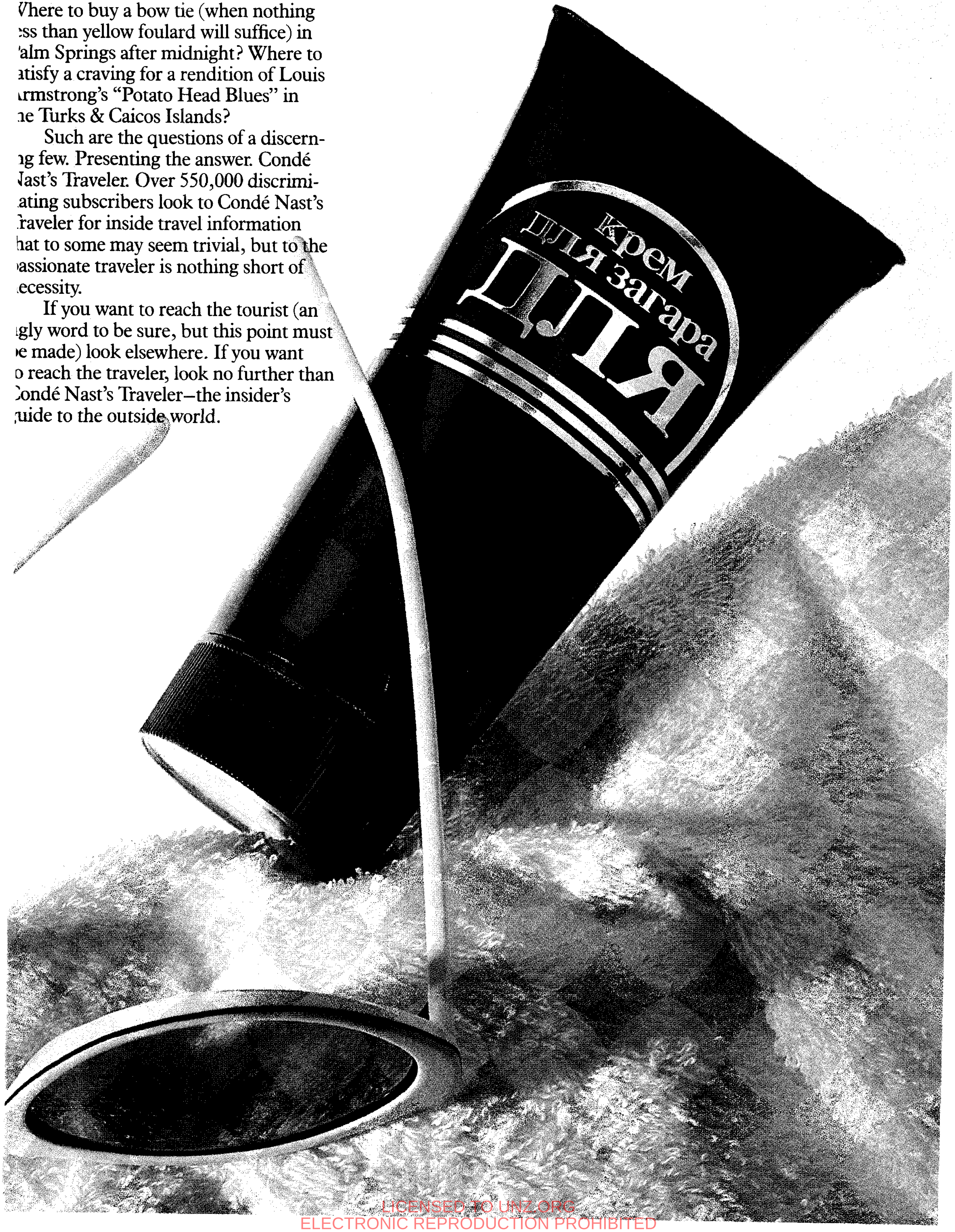

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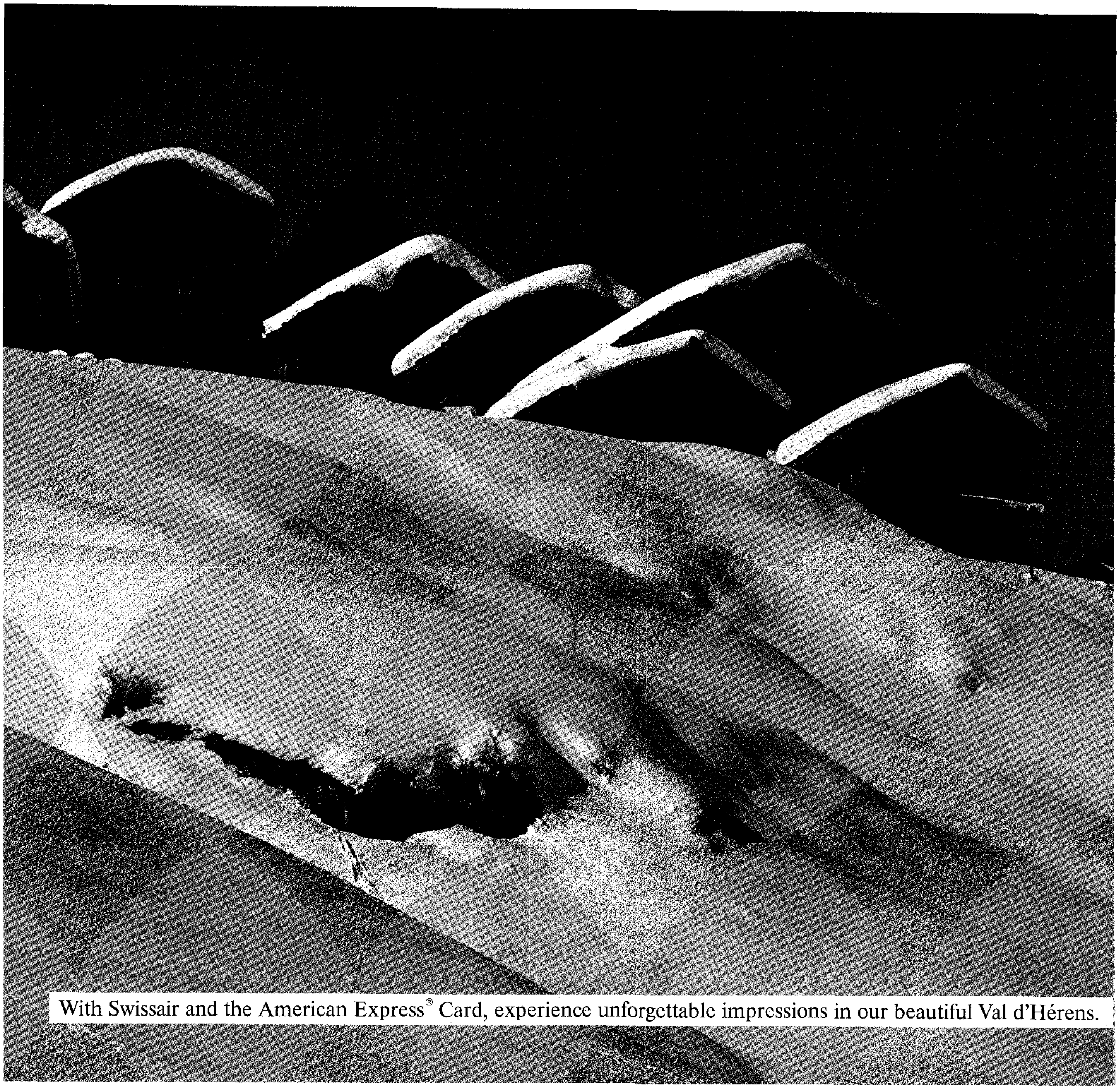

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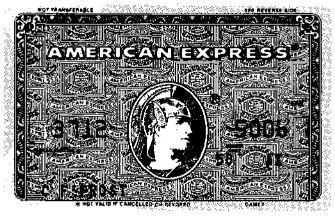

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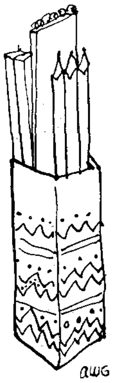
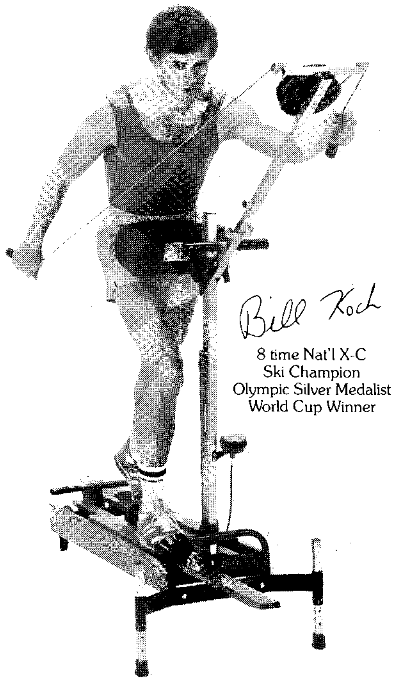
essed by all writers, no matter how killed they may be. One of these qualties, of course, is playfulness—an bility to run and jump with an idea nd merrily juggle it, like a ball. Anther is to have never quite relinuished some part of the childhood syche, to have remained in touch vith the world as it seemed when one vas very young. Kenneth Grahame aid, "I feel I should never be surrised to meet myself as I was when little chap of five, suddenly coming round a corner. . . . I can remember verything I felt then; the part of ny brain I used from four till bout seven can never have alered." P. L. Travers, discussing he creation of Mary Poppins, aid, "If you are honest you ave, in fact, no idea where hildhood ends and maturity egins. It is all endless and all ne." Many of the great chilren's writers had childhoods hat were unusually solitary and intense, even painful in one way or another—Beatrix Potter, Kipling, C. S. Lewis, to name a few—and this may be why impressions and feelings from that time remained with them so vividly.



The most powerful children's books are full of longing and wishes, just as childhood itself is. Don't we all remember clouds of longing descending on us and sitting, like a fog bank, somewhere just above the heart? Children instantly respond to the wishes that are such a prominent feature of fairy tales. Children wish for so much, and especially the unattainable: to grow up overnight, to have curlier hair, to have more friends. Above all, they long for love. In an emotional landscape without sex to focus love, the longing for love is unspecific and unrealized, like a genie in a bottle—an unformed figure, dense and dark with latent power. In fairy stories, there is love between princes and princesses, but they are not mortal figures, and royal love has little relation to what occurs on an earthly plane. "The Wind in the Willows" is full of longing, but, as Grahame himself noted, "It is free of the clash of sex." In "Stuart Little" E. B. White toys with love in the most delicate, marvellous way. Stuart, the mouse, is in love with Margalo, the bird, but Margalo takes wing, and Stuart, leaving his home and family, goes off to look for her. His quest is, in White's words, "the continuing journey that everybody takes—in search of what is perfect and unattainable." He added, "This is perhaps too elusive an idea to put into a book for children, but I put it in anyway."

No matter how fantastic they seem, the best children's books also touch, in one way or another, the solid earth of reality. Peter Rabbit was a real rabbit, one of several that Beatrix Potter kept as pets. The microcosm she portrayed was one she began to observe in childhood and studied with fierce intensity for twenty years before she put the distillation of what she had seen in nature into her tiny books. She spent the greatest part of her childhood secluded—almost imprisoned—in a rigid Victorian household in London; only on country holidays could she joyfully escape into the natural world. She collected everything—beetles, toads, dead birds, leaves—to take back to dreary London. She was not squeamish. She and her brother boiled dead specimens—notably, a fox—in order to mount the bones. She kept pet mice, rabbits, and hedgehogs; her animals were her friends. Drawing pictures was another way of keeping and holding what she loved. A flower drawing done at age nine is clean and accurate, in no way fanciful. She grew into a careful artist with a taste for the precise and the minute—a fern frond, the fabric of a mouse nest, a squirrel's eye. When the time came to leap into fantasy, she had complete mastery of her material and could shape it to suit the purposes of her stories, but she never forsook the truth. Upon hearing the queer story of a tailor in Gloucester who had found a coat finished by unseen hands, she went to the shop intending to sketch it. The shop was closed, but she found another like it, tore a button off her coat as an excuse to go in, and sketched the tailor at work, surrounded by all the oddments of his craft. The beautiful embroidered coat itself was copied from an example in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

"Charlotte's Web" took place in a real barn, on White's farm in Maine, and its characters are based on the barn's ordinary denizens. "I discovered, quite by accident," White later wrote, "that reality and fantasy make good bedfellows. I discovered that there was no need to tamper in any way with the habits and characteristics of spiders, pigs, geese, and rats." He described how a real spider became Charlotte: "I had made up my mind to write a children's book about animals,



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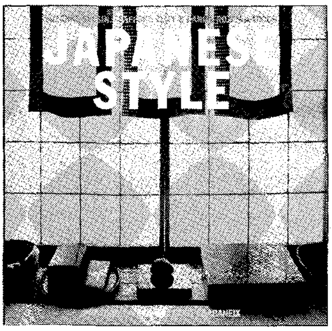

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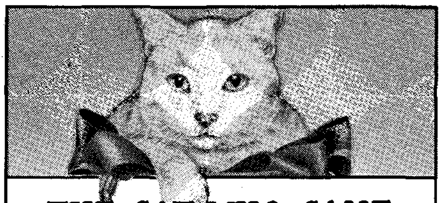

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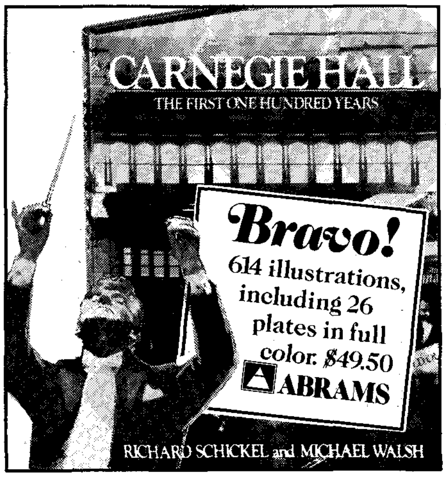
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and I needed a way to save a pig's life, and I had been watching a large spider in the backhouse, and what with one thing and another, the idea came to me." A month later, the spider presented him with the ending of her story: "One cold October evening I was lucky enough to see Aranea Cavatica spin her egg sac and deposit her eggs. (I did not know her name at the time, but I admired her. . . .) When I saw that she was fixing to become a mother, I got a stepladder and an extension light and had an excellent view of the whole business. A few days later, when it was time to return to New York, not wishing to part with my spider, I took a razor blade, cut the sac adrift from the underside of the shed roof, put spider and sac in a candy box, and carried them to town. I tossed the box on my dresser. Some weeks later I was surprised and pleased to find that Charlotte's daughters were emerging from the air holes in the cover of the box. They strung tiny lines from my comb to my brush, from my brush to my mirror, and from my mirror to my nail scissors. They were very busy, and almost invisible, they were so small. We all lived together happily for a couple of weeks." The relationship ended, perforce, when the maid protested a need to dust the dresser. If the poet shed a tear over the annihilation of several hundred tiny lives, he failed to record it. He wrote, laconically, "I broke up the show."

The reality underlying almost any work of fiction or fantasy is seldom far beneath the surface. Mark Twain wrote of Huck that he was a real boy named Tom Blankenship. "I have drawn Tom Blankenship exactly as he was. He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficiently fed; but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. His liberties were totally unrestricted. . . . And as his society was forbidden us by our parents the prohibition tripled and quadrupled its value." Laura Ingalls Wilder wrote eight volumes about her pioneer childhood, beginning with "Little House in the Big Woods," in which everything is true, and even the names are real. No other writer for children has given such a complete picture of that particular time and place. Realism is not, of course, the only reason children love the "Little House" books so much—their emotional content is strong and sweet. The books are also about housekeeping. I have a hunch that housekeeping is of great interest to children, because

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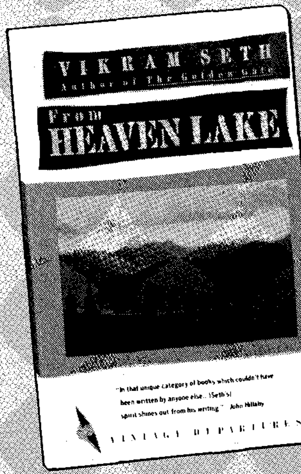

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t represents a first step in putting eality in order and subduing the natual chaos of life. Rat and Mole in 'The Wind in the Willows" do a lot f housekeeping, and we find every etail interesting and satisfying.

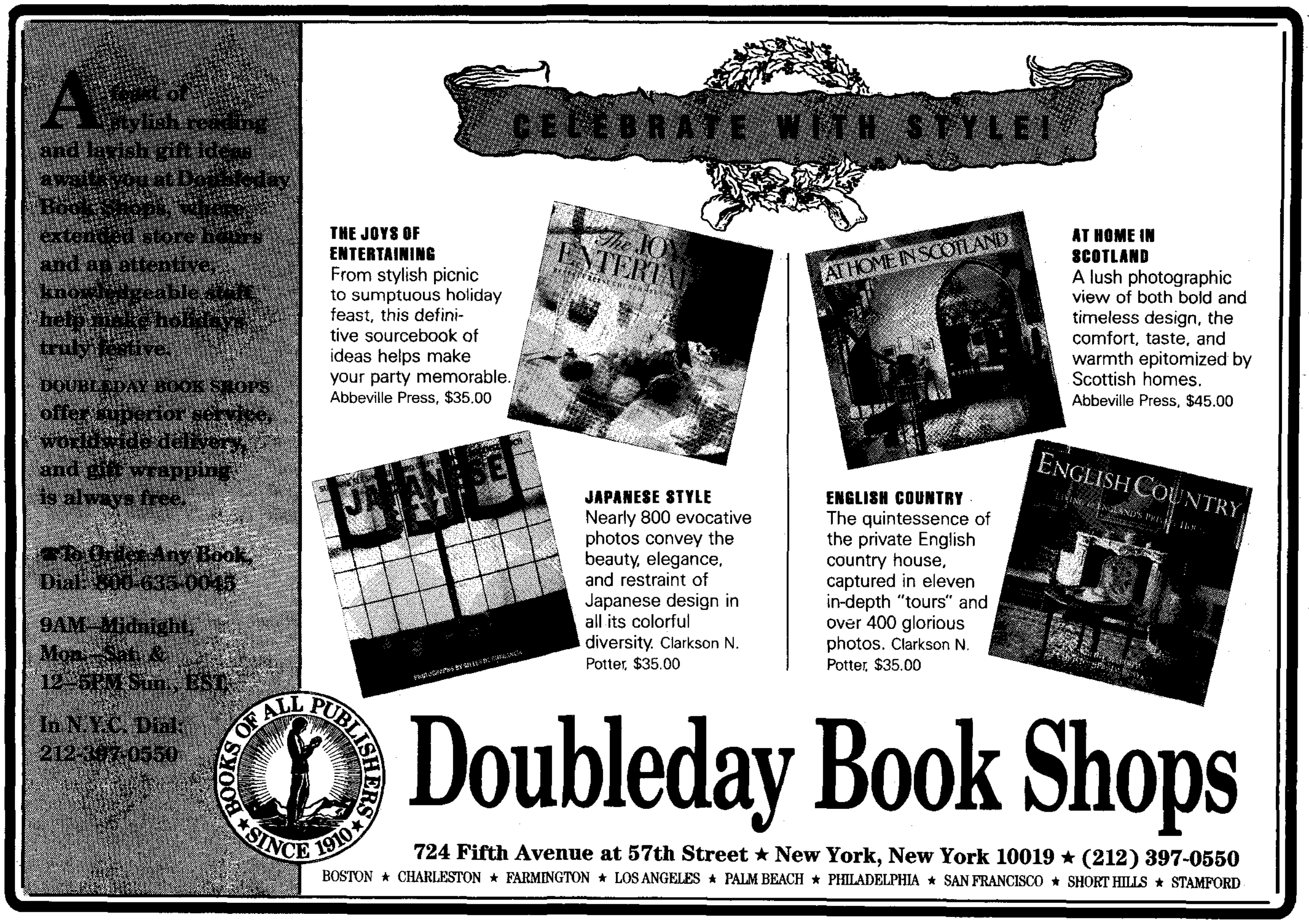
If truth is one reason that great ooks endure, it is also the means by which a writer can avoid the most orrid pitfall in writing for children —the Slough of Sentimentality, or what the great and unsentimental Dr. euss calls "gooky treacle." There is o treacle in Beatrix Potter; rather, a oughness—befitting an artist who, as little girl, boiled a dead fox. Her nimals meet real danger, feel real error, and, when danger passes, get ver it—as we do. She had another ecret, too: an instinctive devotion to implicity, which is a lovely thing in a writer, and is not easily achieved. "I write carefully," she said, "and write t again and again. The shorter and lainer the better. And read the Bible (unrevised version and Old Testament) if I feel my style wants chastening."

We come now to the question of the "meaning" in children's books. Lewis Carroll teasingly explained the meaning of "The Hunting of the Snark": "I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them; so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant." Freud would certainly concur. As a child, I didn't much like Lewis Carroll. "Alice in Wonderland" was fascinating, but it evoked strange, prickly feelings, too. In general, it seems to me, a writer who sets out to capture meaning and put it in a story usually ends up with a lifeless piece of work, but one who starts with something he knows to be true and builds on it honestly will find that meaning will come, like a cat, by itself, find its place in the story, and curl up just where it belongs. The place must be warmed by truth or the cat won't settle down.

Over a century ago, Hans Christian Andersen, whose stories ushered in the modern age of children's books, wrote that stories that are "made up" are worthless. "The real ones come of themselves," he said. "They knock on my forehead and say 'Here I am!' " After all these years, that may still be the best way to explain what makes a great children's story, why we possess so few—and treasure those we have—and why the best are so very hard to write.

THE harvest of children's books is in, and it is a beautiful sight. The picture books are dazzling, and though the quality of the stories doesn't always match the art, it is, as always, difficult to choose the best among so many good ones. If I were a child, I would want them all. Nevertheless, I've done my duty and sorted out the following list of books I've especially liked, beginning with those for the youngest:

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT, and other stories, by Beatrix Potter. After more than eighty years and many printings from the same plates, Potter's publisher, Frederick Warne & Co., has decided to make a fresh start. It has rephotographed her watercolors, which are stored in archives in England, and brought out new-minted editions of her books, with illustrations restored to their original brilliance of color and sharpness of detail. Connoisseurs of her art will certainly be pleased. The stories are available singly, in the familiar small size, or collected in various formats. The prices for single, hardcover books



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range from $4.95, for a small "Peter Rabbit," to $10.95, for four "farmyard tales" in a large format. Boxed sets of twelve, or all twenty-three, of the tales are $55 and $110, respectively.

UNDER THE BLANKET, by Madelaine Gill Linden (Little, Brown; $12.95). At age two or three, it is great fun to make oneself invisible, and that's what this modest but surefire little book is about. A small girl baffles her friends—a lion and a mouse—by hiding under a blanket while the reader joins them in searching all through the house. The text, in verse, and the watercolor illustrations are equally charming.

MONKEY'S CRAZY HOTEL, by Stephen Wyllie, pictures by Maureen Roffey (Harper & Row; $8.95). A thin monkey runs a large hotel for such guests as a tall giraffe, a fat hippo, and a small turtle. Each requires a different sort of bed, and of course a mixup occurs. The story is much enhanced by flaps that a reader can lift to find pictures that, amazingly, match certain words in the story. If this isn't the right speed for ages two, three, and four, I'm a thin monkey.

RED RIDING HOOD, retold and illustrated by James Marshall (Dial; $10.95). Once again, this durable little heroine, perpetually gullible, sets forth on her fateful errand, and once again she meets a wily wolf, but in Marshall's irreverent version there is more fun than scariness. "Get out of here, you horrid thing!" Granny scolds the wolf. Bright, cartoonlike pictures give new and funny twists to the old story and make this version a winner for the very young.

BASIL OF BYWATER HOLLOW, by Jill Baker, illustrated by Lynn Bywaters Ferris (Holt; $10.95). Basil is a bear with a heart of gold, and this is his big day—the day of the pie-eating contest, which he hopes to win. But Basil is a chronic bumbler, and whenever he tries to be helpful he makes matters worse. Charming illustrations show us a series of disasters that almost overwhelm poor Basil, but he triumphs in the end. A nice, warm, interesting story for the preschool age—as satisfying as one of Basil's famous raspberry tarts.

NO JUMPING ON THE BED!, by Tedd Arnold (Dial; $10.95). It is well known that if you jump up and down on your bed hard enough you will go right through the floor. A lively boy named Walter does just that, and lands in a lady's plate of spaghetti in

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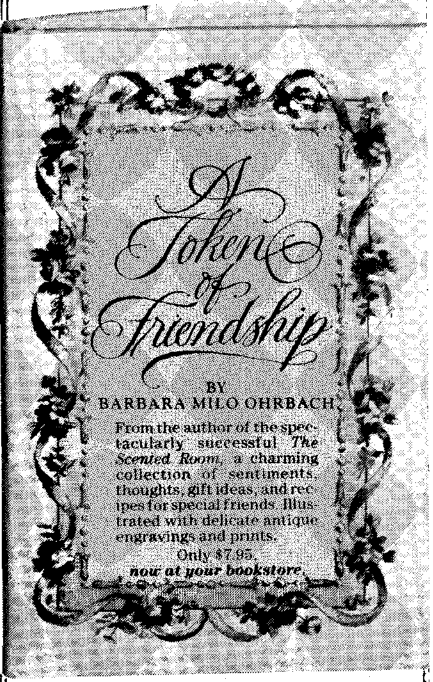

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he apartment below. They both go hrough *her* floor, and land in the lap f a gent watching TV; they all keep oing, and land— Well, that's the imple and quite delightful idea of a ook that seems just right for anyone n the jumping-up-and-down-on-the-ed stage of life.

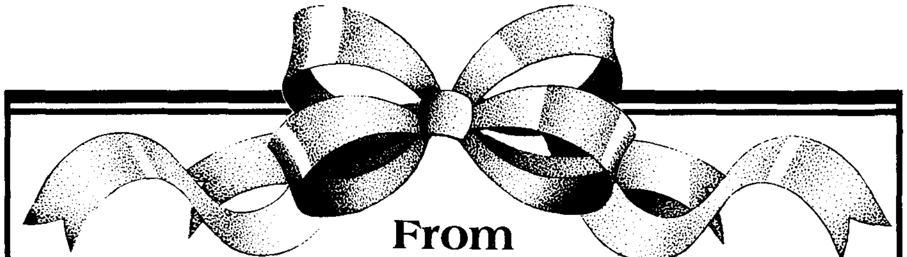
ANIMAL NUMBERS, by Bert Kitchen Dial; $11.95). A counting book of legant design, in which tableaux of nothers and their offspring challenge he reader to count the number in each rood. This is easy enough with one aby kangaroo, gets harder with ten uppies, and becomes dizzying as we rrive at twenty-five snakes, fifty sea horses, seventy-five turtles, and one undred pollywogs.

THE CHILD'S STORY BOOK, by Kay Chorao (Dutton; $12.95). A collection of half a dozen old favorites, including "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Ugly Duckling," retold in a simple, direct style suited to listeners of three or four, or to the seven-year-old who reads on his own. Chorao's illustrations are sunny and uncomplicated. There are no nightmares in this pretty and convenient package.

THE ZABAJABA JUNGLE, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). Steig's hero, a boy named Leonard, is fighting his way through a weird and perilous jungle. "Why is he there? He himself doesn't know. He just has to push on." And what extraordinary obstacles he encounters—writhing snakes, hungry plants, mandrills with blue behinds! But Leonard never falters, and in the end guess what he finds: his parents imprisoned in a glass bottle! He rescues them, and they embrace their beloved son. Let's not worry about what this journey through Steig's dream world may really mean but just accept it as another wonderful adventure with this wonderful artist.

PREHISTORIC PINKERTON, by Steven Kellogg (Dial; $12.95). Pinkerton is an irrepressible Great Dane pup, who chews up everything in sight. In this episode, he joins his mistress on a field trip to the dinosaur hall of a great museum, where the sight of so many colossal bones just waiting to be chewed produces disaster. Kellogg tells his story in wildly exuberant pictures, and it can be almost guaranteed that young readers will find the book funny.

WHERE'S WALDO?, by Martin Handford (Little, Brown; $9.95). Waldo is a cheerful, goofy-looking



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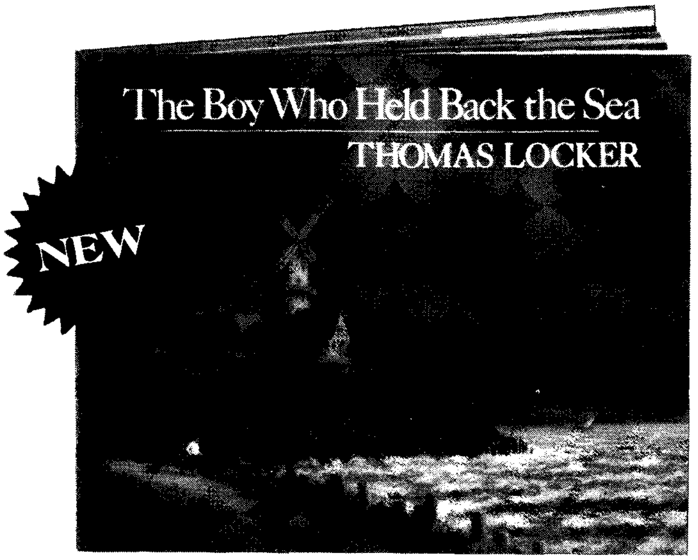

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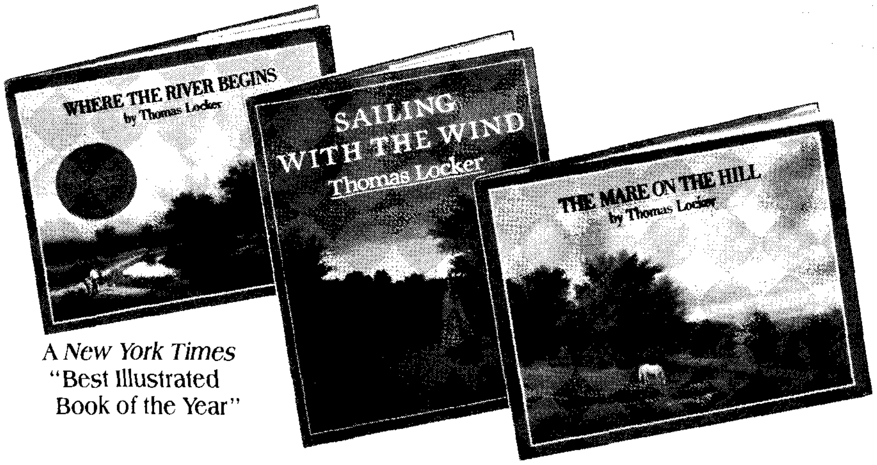

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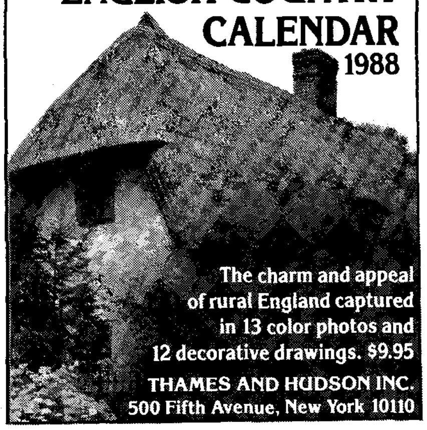

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guy in a ski cap who travels from one mob scene to another. He can be found on ski slopes and beaches, at department stores and fairgrounds. The trick is to spot him in the swirling crowds. Anyone who gets hooked on this unusual game book will be kept busy for quite a while.

THE following picture books seem to be about right for readers ranging in age from five or six to nine or ten:

FRED, by Posy Simmonds (Knopf; $9.95). Already a hit in England, this comic-strip-style story tells about the swell funeral accorded a lazy old cat named Fred, who, unknown to his owners, was worshipped in the cat world as the greatest singer of them all—a feline Presley, Sinatra, and Armstrong rolled into one. Simmonds, best known for satirical drawings in the *Guardian*, has harked back to a theme popular with Victorian artists, whose drawings of stylishly clad cats at balls, picnics, and similar revels were a comment on the social scene. The idea is still lots of fun.

GROWLTIGER'S LAST STAND AND OTHER POEMS, by T. S. Eliot, illustrated by Errol Le Cain (Farrar, Straus & Giroux/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Le Cain's elegant, high-style illustrations make this one of the most beautiful books of the year. The distinctly slim text consists of three poems taken from Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." They rush along full of vitality and action, and though we could have used more, what is here should certainly please any reader who is six or older.

LINNEA IN MONET'S GARDEN, by Christina Björk, illustrated by Lena Anderson (R & S Books; $10.95). Linnea is a little Swedish girl who loves flowers. Accompanied by her upstairs neighbor, a nice elderly gentleman named Mr. Bloom, she goes to France to visit Monet's garden at Giverny, and there she marvels at its beauty and learns interesting things about Impressionism and the lives of the long-gone Monet family. Linnea has an engaging grin, and her enthusiasm is contagious. An original and charming book, this was first published in Sweden.

AT THE EDGE OF THE POND, by Jennifer Owings Dewey (Little, Brown; $14.95). The teeming life of a pond is not easy to capture on paper, but Jennifer Owings Dewey has done it beautifully, in sensitive, intelligent

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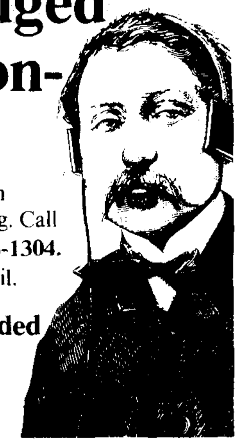

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drawings, lightly washed with color, and a text that is both informative and ull of feeling. A lovely piece of nature writing, suitable for a wide age range.

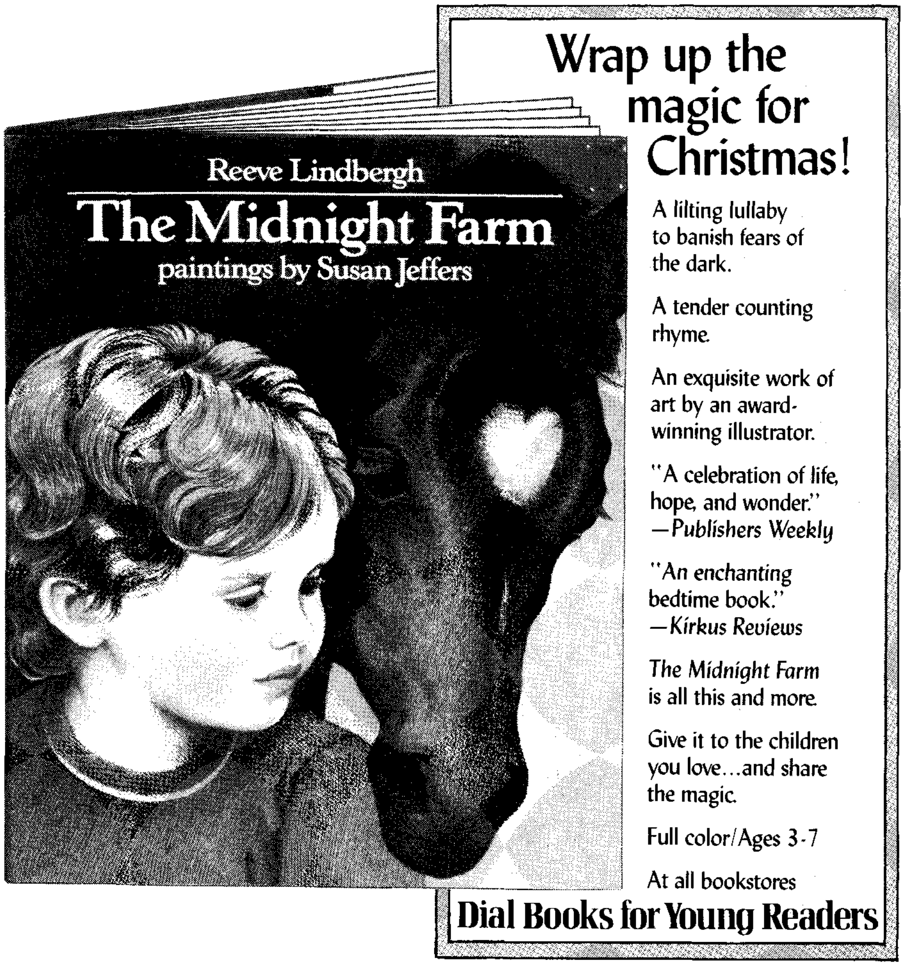
EVOLUTION, by Joanna Cole, illustrated by Aliki (Crowell; $12.95). Beginning with a rock that looks like a bone, we learn what a fossil is and how fossils tell us about the past. A straightforward text moves on through the stages of evolution—how the first fish walked out of the sea, and onward to reptiles, mammals, apes, and man. Joanna Cole has done a fine job of setting forth Darwinism in terms that can be understood even by a six-year-old yet are equally suited to answering the questions of an older reader. Aliki's clean-cut illustrations show us each step in this miraculous story.

HERE are books for fluent readers, in which the illustrations are secondary:

KOKO'S STORY, by Dr. Francine Patterson, photographs by Dr. Ronald H. Cohn (Scholastic; $10.95). Koko is a gorilla trained in sign language, whose vocabulary of several hundred words has given us a new and amazing view of how primates think and feel. This book follows "Koko's Kitten," a picture book of two years ago, and tells us considerably more about the home life of a humanized gorilla. The writing is bland, and some readers will wish for greater depth, but "Koko's Story" is indeed a remarkable chapter in natural history.

YOSSI TRIES TO HELP GOD, by Miriam Chaikin, pictures by Denise Saldutti (Harper & Row; $10.95). Yossi is an Orthodox Jewish boy who earnestly seeks to apply the lessons taught in synagogue to real life. The Rabbi has said, "When we do a good deed, we make an angel," but Yossi's efforts seem only to make trouble with his friends. Yossi's moral dilemmas are skillfully woven into an interesting, believable little story, thanks to the honesty and sweetness of the author's point of view.

A MOOSE FOR JESSICA, by Pat A. Wakefield with Larry Carrara, photographs by Larry Carrara (Dutton; $12.95). Larry Carrara is a burly, bearded, red-haired Vermont farmer who awoke one day to find that a moose had fallen in love with one of his cows, a Hereford named Jessica. The strange courtship became a nine days' wonder, reported by TV and newspapers nationwide, and drew thousands of visitors to the farm, but the most remarkable part of the story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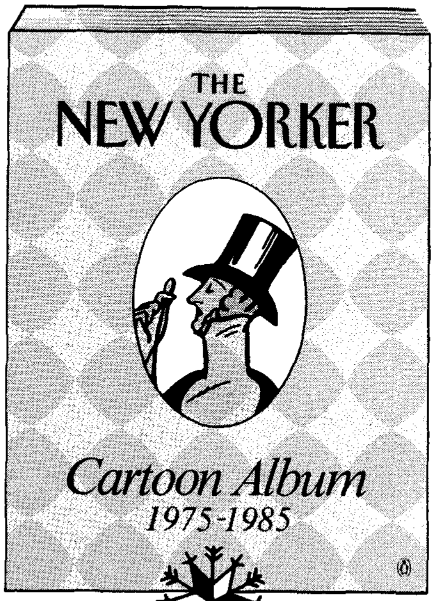

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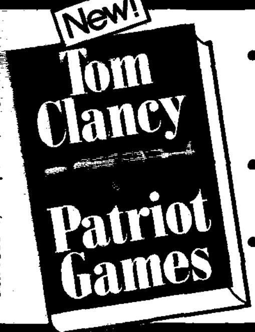

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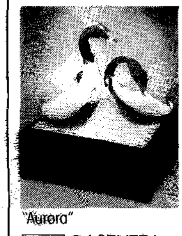
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remained to be told in this book: how Mr. Carrara and his family rose to the occasion—how they extended courtesy, respect, and even love to their queer wild visitor. This is an unexpectedly moving, lovely story about relations between man and animal at their best.

DR. DREDD'S WAGON OF WONDERS, by Bill Brittain, drawings by Andrew Glass (Harper & Row; $11.89). Once again, the simple folk of Coven Tree, a rural hamlet situated in Brittain's fertile imagination, must cope with weird and terrible doings. When Dr. Dredd's caravan pulls into town, the townspeople are delighted by the marvels he has to offer; not until after a bargain is struck do they learn the awful truth. Brittain is a master of the difficult art of being funny and scary at the same time.

THE BOOK OF ADAM TO MOSES, by Lore Segal, illustrated by Leonard Baskin (Knopf; $13.95). Lore Segal has taken on the awesome task of presenting the Old Testament in modern language, and done it wonderfully well. Freed from the encumbrances of repetition and archaism, the stories sweep along in a unified historical narrative. Ms. Segal writes in a clear, elegant prose that never vulgarizes the original, as such attempts often do. It is too bad that Leonard Baskin, a highly accomplished artist, has illustrated the book with pen-and-ink drawings that seem unnecessarily sombre and forbidding, and may, at first glance, discourage readers.

INDIAN CHIEFS, by Russell Freedman (Holiday House; $15.95). Only a little less than a hundred years ago, United States soldiers were completing the conquest of the Indians of the West. These six biographical sketches of brave and tragic leaders of the tribes give us a view of the struggle from the Indians' side. The accounts of battles are necessarily repetitive, since the invaders always won in the end, but the stories are a valuable introduction to the truth about a chapter in our history which most schoolbooks prefer to whitewash.

JOURNEY TO THE PLANETS, a revised edition, by Patricia Lauber (Crown; $14.95). We all look at the heavens and wonder what it is like out there. This handsome, glossy book brings together a wealth of information about our companions in the solar system—how they were formed, what they are made of, what they look like at close range, and a great deal more, gathered from the amazing discoverie of the past decade or so. The text i businesslike and scientific, but not to difficult for a reader above nine or ten The book is generously illustrate with stunning photographs.

WHALES, THE NOMADS OF TH SEA, by Helen Roney Sattler, illustrat ed by Jean Day Zallinger (Lothrop Lee & Shepard; $14). A splendid in troduction to that most mysteriou and fascinating group of mammals the whales. We learn about their phys iology and behavior—how they ea and sleep (in catnaps, with one ey open), how they play and mate (wit much caressing), and how fiercel they protect their young. The illus trations are magnificent. My only re gret is that so little is said about th threats of human predation and pollu tion which still hang over these mar vellous creatures.

WAITING FOR THE RAIN, by Sheil Gordon (Orchard Books; $12.95). A novel by a South African author de scribes apartheid as it is experienced b a black boy raised on an Afrikaner owned farm, whose playmate is th white boy who expects someday t become master. Little by little, th friends are separated by the cruel system that controls their lives, until a last they meet as mortal enemies. Both boys are unhappy, confused, and helpless as they play out the roles history has thrust upon them. The story is a quiet, thoughtful introduction to a tragedy we are all fated to know more about before it is over.

RICHARD KENNEDY: COLLECTED STORIES (Harper & Row; $14.95). These tales, which appeared earlier as separate storybooks, have the same timelessness as classic fairy tales, but there is nothing antiquated about them. Kennedy, a wonderful storyteller, somehow makes wizardry seem not only plausible but up to date. He also makes us believe in wickedness, black magic, marauding giants, and a number of other eerie things that chill the hearts of his readers in a very pleasurable way. A book for fluent readers or for an adult to read aloud.

—FAITH MCNULTY

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Dover–New Philadelphia (Ohio) Times-Reporter*]

A woman in the 200 block of 3rd St. SE reported someone had thrown a banana peel in her pantyhose while it was hanging on her outside clothes line Friday.

DELTA 88. THINK OF IT AS A TECHNOLOGICALLY SUPERB ROAD CAR THAT JUST HAPPENS TO SEAT 6.

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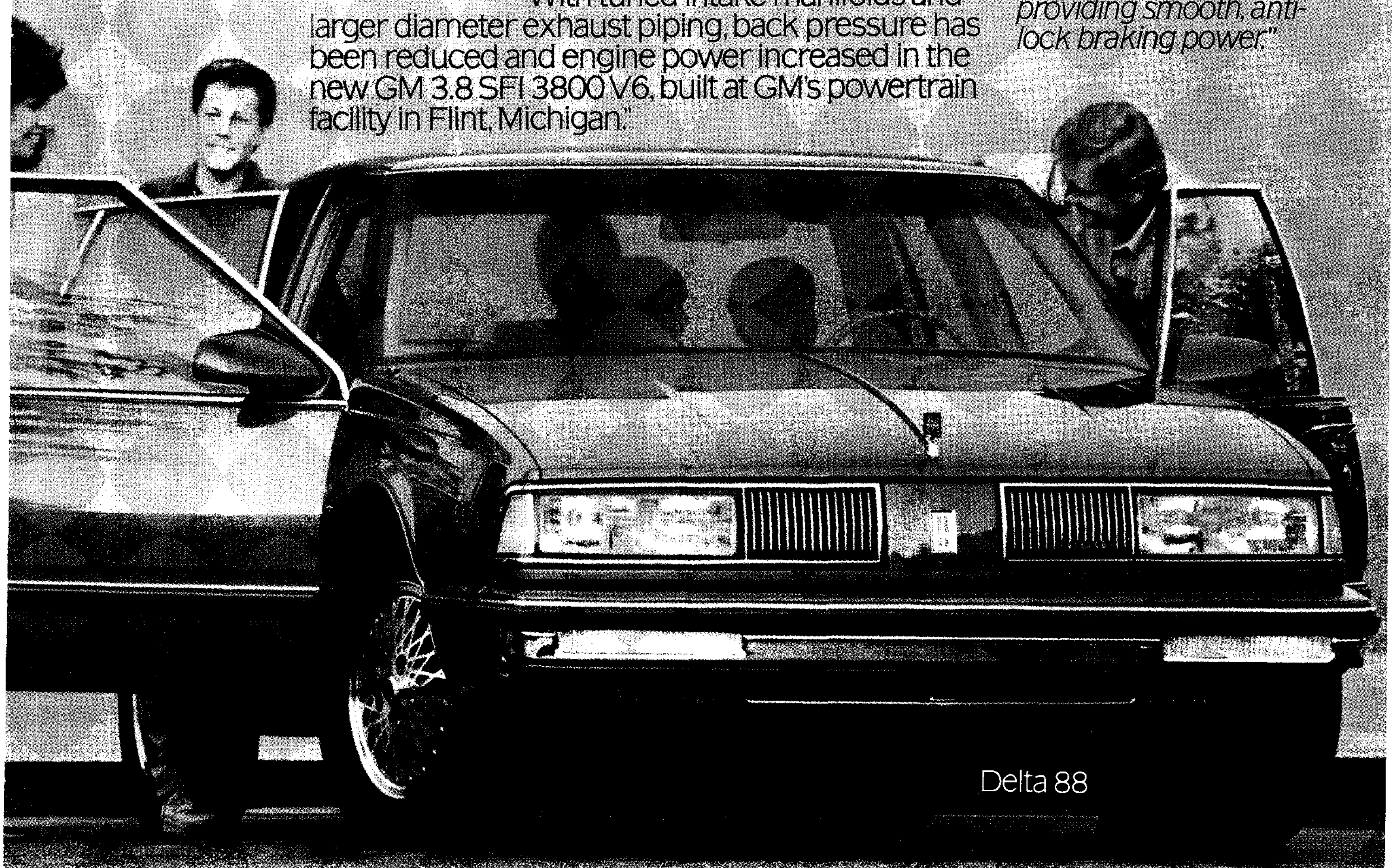
"The Teves electronic anti-lock braking system is available on the Delta 88. During hard braking, brake pressure corrects as conditions require, providing smooth, anti-lock braking power."

"With tuned intake manifolds and larger diameter exhaust piping, back pressure has been reduced and engine power increased in the new GM 3.8 SFI 3800 V6, built at GM's powertrain facility in Flint, Michigan."



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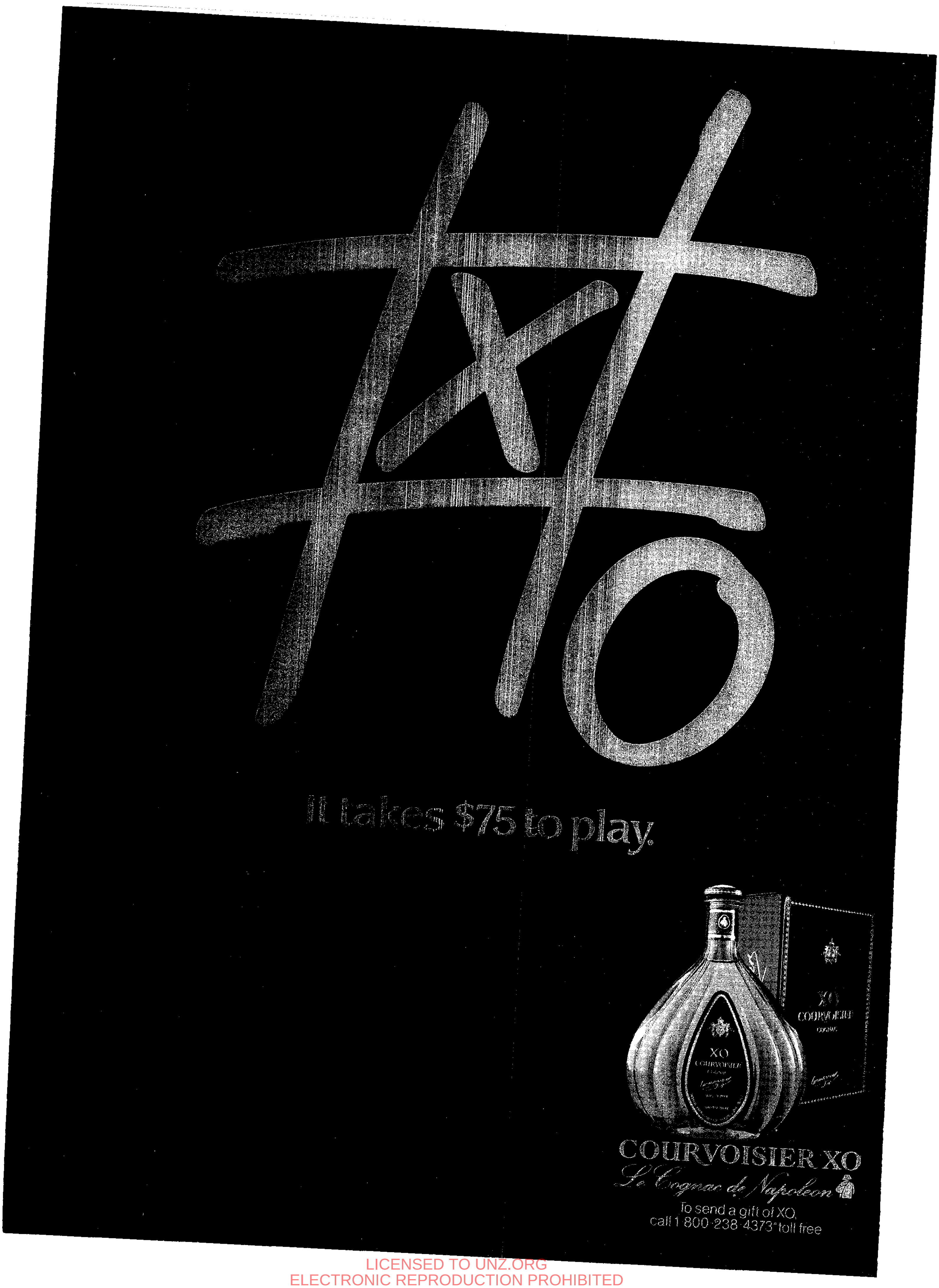
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